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Friends & Enemies
Bernard Lewis

East & West
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James Morris

June War
B H Liddell Hart

Letter from Israel
Amos Elon

Holy City
Christopher Sykes

Beirut, Damascus, Tel Aviv John Mander

David Marquand
Nora Beloff
M A Shaban
John Marlowe

Disenchanted Left
John Vaizey

On Raymond Aron
Michael Howard

Beckett's Ping
David Lodge

Press Revolution
John Beavan

Koestler & Critics
Kathleen Nott

Dr. Leach's Lecture
R

Short Story
B S Johnson

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John Morgan

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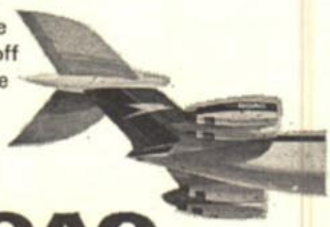

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Encounter

FEBRUARY 1968
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THE MIDDLE EAST—A SPECIAL SECTION

FRIENDS & ENEMIES	3	*Bernard Lewis*
BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, TEL AVIV	9	*John Mander*
STRATEGY OF A WAR	16	*B. H. Liddell Hart*
LETTER FROM ISRAEL	21	*Amos Elon*
SPECTRUM	29	*James Morris, David Marquand, John Marlowe, Christopher Sykes, M. A. Shaban, Nora Beloff, Walter Laqueur*
THESE COUNT AS FICTIONS *(a short story)*	46	*B. S. Johnson*
COLUMN	51	*R*
MEN & IDEAS		
ON RAYMOND ARON	55	*Michael Howard*
POETRY		
MONOLOGUE IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS	7	*Anthony Thwaite*
MAYOR	59	*Yehuda Amichai*
NOTES & TOPICS		
OF UNHAPPINESS & WAR	60	*Nigel Dennis*
THOUGHTS ON THE CRISIS	62	*John Vaizey*
THREE YOUNG RUSSIANS	68	*John Morgan*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
KOESTLER & HIS CRITICS	76	*Kathleen Nott*
PRESS		
THE LONDON REVOLUTION	82	*John Beavan*
AUTHORS & CRITICS		
SOME PING UNDERSTOOD	85	*David Lodge*
LETTERS	90	

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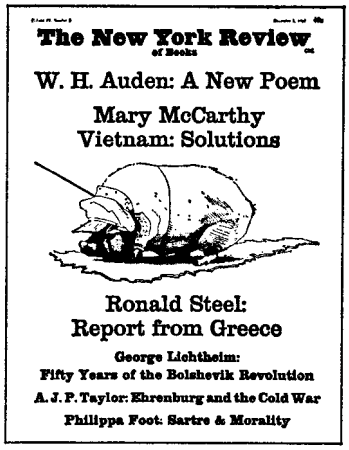

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Bernard Lewis

Friends and Enemies

Reflections after a War

» THE *measure of prudence and resolution is to know a friend from an enemy; the height of stupidity and weakness is not to know an enemy from a friend.*

"Do not surrender your enemy to oppression, nor oppress him yourself. In this respect treat enemy and friend alike. But be on your guard against him, and beware lest you befriend and advance him, for this is the act of a fool. He who befriends and advances friend and foe alike will only arouse distaste for his friendship and contempt for his enmity. He will earn the scorn of his enemy, and facilitate his hostile designs; he will lose his friend, who will join the ranks of his enemies.

"The height of goodness is that you should neither oppress your enemy nor abandon him to oppression. To treat him as a friend is the mark of a fool whose end is near.

"The height of evil is that you should oppress your friend. Even to estrange him is the act of a man who has no sense, for whom misfortune is predestined.

"Magnanimity is not to befriend the enemy, but to spare them, and to remain on your guard against them. «

From "The Book of Morals and Conduct,"
IBN HAZM OF CORDOVA (*994–1064*)

TO BEGIN WITH, the recent Arab-Israel dispute looked like what might be called a normal crisis—a quarrel between states, with the usual wrangle about the facts and rights of the situation. The crisis, it was agreed, was due to aggression or the threat of aggression—by Israel against the Arabs, or by the Arabs against Israel, according to the contending parties and their sympathisers. As the crisis developed, however, it became clear that aggression meant different things to different people, and that more was involved than the mere facts of the case.

For the Arabs, the creation of Israel in an Arab country was an act of aggression; her survival is a continuing act of aggression. Consequently, any action taken by Arabs against Israel is defensive; any attempt by Israel to resist or oppose such action is aggressive.

For Israelis, the overriding fact is the Arab determination to destroy Israel and perhaps also its inhabitants. Israelis know from experience that there are men who can do such things, and others who can watch and acquiesce. In their eyes, therefore, Israeli action, being aimed at survival, is defensive; Arab action, aimed at destruction, is aggressive.

For the Soviet government, the only relevant fact was that Egypt and Syria were in their

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camp, while Israel was not. Any action by a pro-Soviet government is defensive; any action against a pro-Soviet government is aggressive. The Soviet government did not, in 1948, share the view that the creation of Israel was an act of aggression; on the contrary, they joined with the U.S.A. in bringing it about. They gave immediate recognition to the new state, and allowed Czechoslovakia to sell the arms which saved Israel from immediate destruction by her Arab attackers. Since then the Soviets, no doubt disappointed by the Israeli posture in world affairs and encouraged by Arab responses, have changed their attitude.

In the Western democracies, the term aggression denotes an act of war committed by one nation against another in violation of specific or general obligations under international law, and is defined in accordance with established rules and criteria. But even in the democracies, the Israel-Arab conflict was special; the usual rules and criteria were in effect substantially modified, and a cycle of raiding, sabotage and reprisal, accompanied by other warlike acts, was tacitly accepted as normal. The position seemed to be that routine harassment was tolerable, and became aggression only when it exceeded an ill-defined limit.

For the Russians and Arabs, the crisis began with an Israeli invasion threat against Syria—which the Israelis said was non-existent; for the Israelis, it began with Egyptian troop concentrations in Sinai and the blockade of the Straits of Tiran—which the Egyptians said was lawful. Politicians and historians will argue for a long time to come about what really happened, and about the guilt, complicity, stupidity or innocence of those involved. But as the tension mounted, in late May, the arguments about fact and law became increasingly irrelevant. Whatever the causes, whoever the authors of the crisis, it soon became clear to participants and observers alike that the question at issue was no longer a border or a blockade, but the whole problem of Arab-Israel relations. The Egyptian blockade and the Arab alliance, as President Nasser was at pains to make clear, were steps towards the destruction of Israel, and it was this—destruction or survival—that became the main issue in the confrontation. Some Arab spokesmen made a rather perfunctory distinction between the destruction of Israel and the extermination of the Israelis; others, like Ahmad Shuqayri, made it quite clear that they expected both. Whatever the intentions of the more responsible Arab leaders, even the most committed supporters of the Arabs can have few illusions about what would have happened if the Palestine Liberation Organisation and the Arab armies had entered Israel as conquerors.

UNTIL THE OUTBREAK of war and the first news of Israeli victories, there was a real fear that this might happen, and it was this fear that largely determined the response to the crisis of public opinion. There were many people—not all of them Jews—who were resolved at all costs to prevent the destruction of Israel; there were others—not all of them anti-Semites—who were prepared, with greater or lesser regret, to accept it. In countries where opinion could be freely expressed, it was overwhelmingly in favour of Israel's survival; there is some evidence of such feeling even in countries where dictatorial governments, both Communist and Fascist, were pledged to the Arab cause. Especially in Europe, tormented by memories of the Nazis and their many accomplices, the threat of extermination brought a strong reaction in favour of the Jews.

As the magnitude of the Israeli military victory became known, opinion began to change. By demonstrating their proficiency in arms, the Israelis gained new friends in unexpected places. They also lost others. The Jew had defaulted on his stereotype as the frightened victim, to be despised and destroyed or pitied and succoured, according to the inclination of his superiors. Some found this profoundly disturbing. Many more were moved by the real change in the situation. Natural human sympathy for the underdog was transferred from the Jews to the Arabs, and was increased by reports of Arab suffering and humiliation. The Jews needed no compassion, and could be accused of making war to avert a danger which suddenly seemed absurd. As previously the threat of extermination, so now the plight of the refugees evoked pity and anger. The customary supporters of the Arab cause, freed from the taint of condoning genocide, recovered their strength and their voices, and were joined by many others. For a week or two after the end of hostilities, there was a strong reaction in the media against Israel and in favour of the Arabs. Thereafter the alignment of opinion in support of the two opposing parties began to return to its normal pattern.

THIS PATTERN shows interesting and curious features, with significant variations of motive and expression on both sides. There

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are sincere and honest believers in the justice of both the Arab and the Israeli causes, and others whose emotions are more complex.[1] There are some who believe that the creation of Israel was just and necessary; others that it was a mistake or a crime. Similar disagreements exist concerning a number of the new states that have come into being since the war. In general, even those who opposed the creation of such new states would now concede to them the same legal rights of existence and self-defence as are enjoyed by older states, and would agree that the reversal of past errors would cause even greater suffering and injustice than their acceptance. Some however believe that in the special case of Israel the mistake should be rectified, and the Arabs allowed (and if necessary helped) to do the job—sometimes in the conviction that this is intrinsically desirable, sometimes in the rather messianic hope that with the disappearance of Israel all conflict between the Arabs and the West would cease and an era of idyllic friendship be inaugurated.

European and American attitudes to the dispute are greatly complicated by the fact that one party consists of Jews and the other of Arabs. Both peoples arouse powerful and irrational responses. This can be felt in the note of emotion, even of passion, that affects the public discussion of the problem—a passion that has few parallels in debates on other disputes between foreign nations.

TOWARDS THE JEWS there are, on the one hand, feelings of pity and guilt, which sometimes find expression in emotional support for Israel; on the other there are feelings of hostility which can lead to equally emotional support for the Arabs. This is particularly true of those for whom anti-Semitism cannot openly be avowed in the circles in which they move or even, it may be, admitted to themselves.[2]

Towards the Arabs, too, there are feelings of guilt, arising from the memory of Suez and earlier imperial adventures, and also of sympathy among those who feel drawn by some personal affinity with Arab ways. These feelings are expressed in support for the Arab cause. Finally, just as anti-Semitism may be disguised as pro-Arab feeling, so too does anti-Arab prejudice find a more acceptable expression as support for Israel.

POWERFUL IDEOLOGICAL, as well as psychological elements are involved. For many outsiders, the decisive factor is the type of régime existing on both sides. Israel is a liberal democracy, with a free press and parliament, an elected government of social democratic complexion, and a vigorous opposition. Egypt is an authoritarian state, with a controlled press, no legal opposition, and an official programme of radical nationalism and revolutionary socialism. Israel has a mixed economy; Egypt's is state-directed and largely nationalised. Both types of régime evoke automatic loyalties and antagonisms, in which political and economic considerations do not always coincide. Thus, Socialists are sharply divided. For some, Nasser's nationalisations atone for his repressions; for others, Israel's freedom atones for her partial capitalism. Support and hostility among the ideologists seem to be determined very largely by the choice of formulae, the outward aspect and external alignment of the régimes in question; they appear to be very little concerned with the real position or well-being of the people who live under these régimes.

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[1] The possibility should not be overlooked that some who supported the Arabs or Israel did so because their livelihoods, directly or indirectly, depended on it.

[2] The argument that Arabs and pro-Arabs cannot be anti-Semitic because the Arabs themselves are Semites is a mere quibble. Hebrew and Arabic are Semitic languages, but the peoples who speak them cannot be described as Semites in any scientifically meaningful sense.

In any case, the term anti-Semitism was an invention of the anti-Semites, to provide a pseudo-scientific cover for Jew-hating and Jew-baiting, and was never intended to apply to any "Semitic" people besides the Jews. A recent Arab writer on the "Jewish menace" has even argued that anti-Semitism, like Zionism, freemasonry, etc., was a Jewish invention, the purpose of which was to involve other Semitic peoples in the hatred that is rightly directed against the Jews.

It would be palpably unjust to assert that all critics or opponents of Israel are moved by anti-Semitism; it would be equally mistaken to deny that anti-Zionism can on occasion provide a cloak of respectability for a prejudice which, at the present time, is not normally admitted in public by anyone with political ambitions or cultural pretensions.

In Arab countries there is no such restriction, and publishers in Cairo and elsewhere have produced a rich and sometimes vividly illustrated anti-Jewish literature in Arabic. In the absence of indigenous source material, it is based mainly on the classics of European anti-Semitism. One of these, the so-called *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, was commended by President Nasser himself. (*President Gamal Abdel Nasser's Speeches and Press-Interviews 1958*, Cairo, p. 402.)

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More consistent in their responses are the obverse and reverse racialists, two groups who see the problem exclusively as a conflict between races. What matters, for them, is that the Arabs are an Afro-Asian people and Israel a state created by a population whose leadership is predominantly European in origin and attitude. For each of these two groups of racialists, one of the parties to such a dispute, irrespective of the circumstances, is necessarily right, the other necessarily wrong. The two groups are alike in their passion and their fury; they differ only in their choice. They include some grotesque and sometimes pathetic figures—the old-guard anti-Semite who becomes a champion of Israel, because he hates the Arabs even more than the Jews; the Anglo-American liberal, who claims a monopoly of sin for his country as fiercely and as absurdly as his parents claimed a monopoly of virtue; the tortured WASP radical, who sees the Arab-Israel conflict as, ultimately, one between Harlem and the Bronx, and makes a choice determined by his own personal mixture of prejudice and guilt.

Of all forms of partisanship, these are the most irrelevant, the least related to the realities of the Middle East. Both Arabs and Israelis show a very wide diversity of racial types, ranging from Nordic to African; none of the peoples of the Middle East have ever developed the acute consciousness of race and colour that afflicts their neighbours in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The conflict between Jews and Arabs may be seen as political and economic; as national, social, cultural, even religious; it is certainly not racial.

Finally, there are the simple souls for whom any cause licensed by Moscow must be progressive, even an alliance with religious fanatics and chauvinistic nationalists—and those others, equally simple, for whom the whole problem is merely the result of communist plots and subversion.

DURING THE CRISIS and the war that followed it, there were many who responded predictably to the emotive words—Arab and Jew, imperialism and nationalism, socialism and democracy, Washington and Moscow. But the issues were not clear-cut, the responses were not consistent—and many fervent supporters of one side or the other were startled at the company in which they found themselves. On the continent especially, the Left was torn in two, with the larger group favouring Israel. Revered stalwarts of the leftist cause in Viet Nam, Algeria, and Cuba spoke up for Israel—and were joined by the survivors of *Algérie française*, still thirsty for vengeance against the Arabs. Sartre and Soustelle in a common cause made a strange sight. In England, liberal and socialist supporters of Israel were similarly embarrassed by the company of the friends of Rhodesia and the avengers of Suez. On the other side, left-wing defenders of Arab socialism and Afro-Asian rights were reinforced (to their alarm) by Nazis, Fascists, and professional anti-Semites—including those German veterans who had found a refuge and a new vocation in Cairo. Rumania broke ranks from the Communist bloc and showed sympathy with Israel, while Spain and Greece rallied to the Arab side. It was all very confusing. In Turkey, the two extremist student organisations, normally in conflict, both demonstrated in support of Nasser—the Right for Islam and the Holy War, the Left for socialism and the struggle against reaction.

One group, from whom some guidance might have been expected, in fact gave very little—the Arabists[3] and other scholarly specialists in the Middle East. The commitment of the Arabist to the Arabs is not based on the international or ideological alignment of Arab governments, to be abandoned or reversed when that alignment changes. He is not pro-Arab because the Arabs are pro-Russian or pro-Western or anti-Israel, and then anti-Arab when the Arabs change their minds. Such relationships rest ultimately on contempt or indifference; his rests on respect—the respect of a scholar for the people to whose language, history, and culture he devotes his life. For such a one, as for many Arabs who cannot speak out, the final test of Nasser or any other Arab ruler is not his attitude to Israel and the powers, but his treatment of the Arabs—those under his rule and those of other Arab countries. Arabists may hold various views on the rights and wrongs of the Arab-Israel con-

[3] The term *Arabist* is frequently misused in the popular press to denote an expert or participant in Arab politics, or an advocate of Arab causes. An Arabist may be any of these, but that is not what the word means. "Arabist" is a term of scholarship, and means a specialist in the field of Arabic studies—language, literature, history, civilisation. It is thus equivalent to Germanist, Slavist, Hispanist, and other similar terms. A Hispanist is not an adept at Spanish affairs, a former ambassador in Madrid or Costa Rica, or an admirer of bullfighters and of General Franco. He is a scholar in the field of Spanish language and culture. "Arabist" should be used in the same way.

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flict, and some of them have expressed these views. Many, however, confronted with a choice between condemning the Arabs and defending the régimes which represent them, have preferred to remain silent.

SOME OF COURSE were silent because they did not have the opportunity to speak. Scholarly caution was of little use to the popular media, and singularly ineffective in debate with committed advocates. In general the editors of newspapers, programmes, and features seem to have preferred vigour to objectivity; the views and predilections of the regular commentators on Middle Eastern affairs were known, and an appropriate choice was easy to make. Some journalists and politicians managed to give a fair presentation and interpretation of the news; others were passionately partisan, and resorted (or submitted) to all the tricks—editorial, stylistic, dramatic, photographic—of propaganda, abandoning not only objectivity but even normal journalistic standards in their zeal to whitewash or blacken those whom they love or hate. At least one newspaper seemed to have become manic-depressive, with pro-Israel and pro-Arab phases on different days or even on different pages. A week after the end of hostilities it was clear to any reader or viewer that while, in certain circumstances, Jews and Arabs might sit down together and talk peace, with the pro-Jews and pro-Arabs there could only be war to the death. Meanwhile, such intemperate outbursts of support became in themselves a political factor, making peace more remote. Both sides, if they are influenced at all, become more obdurate; the one in the belief that help will be forthcoming, the other in the suspicion that counsels of moderation are inspired by ill-will.

MONTHS HAVE PASSED since the battle, and many of those concerned are having second thoughts. These are not easy, even for the outside observer. The manufacturers and distributors of lies continue their work, undeterred and unhampered by repeated exposure. The presentation even of the most basic facts is distorted by interest and prejudice, ideology and emotion. Yet the effort must be made to penetrate beyond the catchwords and slogans and to see the Middle East, not as a battlefield in an ideological, racial, or great power war, but as it is. Then perhaps men of good will may find it possible to be pro-Israel without being anti-Arab, and to be pro-Arab without endorsing the clowns and tyrants who have degraded and dishonoured a great and gifted people.

Anthony Thwaite

Monologue in the Valley of the Kings

I have hidden something in the inner chamber
And sealed the lid of the sarcophagus
And levered a granite boulder against the door
And the debris has covered it so perfectly
That though you walk over it daily you never suspect.

Every day you sweat down that shaft, seeing on the walls
The paintings that convince you I am at home, living there.
But that is a blind alley, a false entrance
Flanked by a room with a few bits of junk
Nicely displayed, conventionally chosen.
The throne is quaint but commonplace, the jewels inferior,
The decorated panels not of the best period,
Though enough is there to satisfy curators.

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But the inner chamber enshrines the true essence.
Do not be disappointed when I tell you
You will never find it: the authentic phoenix in gold,
The muslin soaked in herbs from recipes
No one remembers, the intricate ornaments,
And above all the copious literatures inscribed
On ivory and papyrus, the distilled wisdom
Of priests, physicians, poets and gods,
Ensuring my immortality. Though even if you found them
You would look in vain for the key, since all are in cipher
And the key is in my skull.

The key is in my skull. If you found your way
Into this chamber, you would find this last:
My skull. But first you would have to search the others,
My kinsfolk neatly parcelled, twenty-seven of them
Disintegrating in their various ways.
A woman from whose face the spices have pushed away
The delicate flaking skin: a man whose body
Seems dipped in clotted black tar, his head detached:
A hand broken through the cerements, protesting:
Mouths in rigid grins or soundless screams—
A catalogue of declensions.

How, then, do I survive? Gagged in my winding cloths,
The four brown roses withered on my chest
Leaving a purple stain, how am I different
In transcending these little circumstances?
Supposing that with uncustomary skill
You penetrated the chamber, granite, seals,
Dragged out the treasure gloatingly, distinguished
My twenty-seven sorry relatives,
Labelled them, swept and measured everything
Except this one sarcophagus, leaving that
Until the very end: supposing then
You lifted me out carefully under the arc-lamps,
Noting the gold fingernails, the unearthly smell
Of preservation—would you not tremble
At the thought of who this might be? So you would steady
Your hands a moment, like a man taking aim, and lift
The mask.
But this hypothesis is absurd. I have told you already
You will never find it. Daily you walk about
Over the rubble, peer down the long shaft
That leads nowhere, make your notations, add
Another appendix to your laborious work.
When you die, decently cremated, made proper
By the Registrar of Births and Deaths, given by *The Times*
Your two-inch obituary, I shall perhaps
Have a chance to talk with you. Until then, I hear
Your footsteps over my head as I lie and think
Of what I have hidden here, perfect and safe.

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John Mander

Beirut, Damascus, Tel Aviv

Thoughts on a Journey

Beirut

IF IT IS RATIONAL DISCOURSE you're looking for—do not go East, young man. Not anyway to that region known, variously, as the Near or Middle East. Such, I'm sure, would have been the advice proffered by Old Hands. I am glad I did not take it. For one of the few truths, one discovers, about the Arab-Israeli conflict is that it is not always discussed (how unlike our own conflicts) in rational terms. Sad it may be, but people here do not misapprehend one another: they hate one another.

It is enough to make Europeans (as if they did not already) feel superior. How long is it since we Europeans had a go at the Jews—why, a generation at least. And the Cold War: was that really much of an affair? Who, except Philby's partisans and the odd Berlin student, ever got killed? The Europeans have their wars of religion behind them: and the Russians have proved themselves White Men after all. To journey to the Middle East is to travel backwards in time.

Strangely, though the Middle East saw many journalists last summer, few journalists saw, or apparently wanted to see, "both sides." Why? In Beirut, at the bar of the St. Georges, they tell of visa troubles and duplicated passports. The lights of Beirut twinkle around the bay: the prawns are delicious and the company is cosmopolitan—"anyway, the food's execrable in Tel Aviv, no?" (During the June crisis journalists referred circumspectly to Tel Aviv as "Television City.") The truth is, of course, that there is little to stop anyone taking a trip to Cyprus—as I did—and catching the next plane for Tel Aviv. The British and Americans issue second passports without fuss, and nowadays the Israelis don't stamp them anyway.

There is another reason. There seems to be a kind of territorial loyalty involved. Those who saw the war from the Arab side do by and large sympathise with the Arabs' plight. Just as those who followed it from the other side—most notorious, the Churchills, but also the *Time/Life* men and a host of others—don't seem to see Arabs as people at all. The partisanship, and the osmosis that seems to give rise to it, is evident in small things. "You know that in the *Knesset* there is an inscription predicting Israeli dominion 'from the Euphrates to the Nile'," I am told by a British journalist, normally the most sceptical of men. Later, in Israel, I check. There isn't. But most Arabs believe this *canard*, as do many who live among Arabs. It has become truth by repetition.

as do many who live among Arabs. It has begins and ends in nationalism. But there is a difference, perhaps a significant one, in style. Israeli nationalism, like French nationalism, is hard and cool. You can argue with an Israeli—he likes nothing better—but you cannot budge him. You do not, admittedly, budge an Arab either. But arguments with Arabs take a different form. There's Hakim, for example. Hakim is agreeable to an *arak* and *mezzeh* at a nearby restaurant. He is a well-known editor, poet, and man-about-town. Before we begin, it is clear that I am to be denounced (to get it out of the way, as it were) as a Western

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agent, friend of America, dupe of Zionism, and so on. I bear my cross with patience: after all I am hear to listen, not to contradict. But natural contentiousness gradually gets the better of me. When, for instance, I am informed that the West, today, hates the Arabs *more* than the Nazis did the Jews ("and I have studied the documents," Hakim declares) it is too much. "But nobody," I say, "nobody in the West *hates* the Arabs, except for a few *colons*. They may fail to understand your point of view—indeed, I think they do. But I don't accept that they hate you."

Hakim does not agree: he produces an article written for the *Sunday Telegraph* by Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne shortly after the June war. "Worsthorne's article gives the game away. To you, we are still Wogs—and you rejoiced openly in Israel's victory. The Thin Red Line still stands—only now you get the Jews to do your dirty work for you...." Now I had read, and disagreed with, Worsthorne's article at the time. It pointed out—rightly—the significance for the White West of clumsy Goliath's overthrow by puny (but technologically skilful) David. But it rejoiced, I thought, rather too freely in the contrast—and, were I an Arab, I too would have found its implications offensive. I tell Hakim so: "But I'm a good three-quarters in agreement with you. Of course it's offensive. But when you say the West hates you, I think you're projecting your hatred of the Israelis—you're a refugee from Palestine and I can understand your hatred—on to the White World in general. And I don't agree. I am against Worsthorne, if you like, but I'm against Frantz Fanon too...."

I was offering, I had hoped, a half-way house. But such is not the way of argument in Araby. From Hakim, but also from others, I hear a strange tale. (We are not unfriendly, you understand. On the contrary, the *arak* is beginning to take effect; another glass and we may be swearing blood-brotherhood.) Hakim says: "You see, in a way I am sorry for you people. You've never been given the facts straight. It's not just three-million-odd Israelis we're up against. That's the cap of the iceberg. They've got those sixteen millions out there in the Diaspora, running your Press and Mass Media for you, raising funds and lobbying, working on those guilty little Christian consciences of yours—ah! we know how it is done. But *we* don't own any Sunday papers. We're just Wogs who have to be taught a lesson...."

Useless, I suppose, to argue that "the Jews" don't own the *Sunday Telegraph* either—or for that matter any important part of the British Press. And how to account for West Germany, where "the Jews" can hardly be said to be running the show, and where Günter Grass' enemy, the nationalist Springer Press, was vociferously pro-Israeli? Guilt about the past? Well, no doubt. "White" or "European" solidarity? Surreptitiously, that may have crept in. But if one looks at the West's new found pro-Semitism through Arab eyes one sees (R. D. Laing's theories come to mind) that Arab paranoia makes a kind of sense in its own terms. True, there is remarkable ignorance of the way the West works. But the point about Christendom's sense of guilt, which Islam has to pay for, is uncomfortably close to the bone. Of course, "the Jews" don't run the West today, any more than the Elders of Zion ran it in Tsar Nicholas' day. And of course it is scarifying to encounter these ghosts from the past (so brilliantly caught in Norman Cohn's book, *Warrant for Genocide*) back in the flesh.

YET ONE CAN SEE why the Arabs—only fifteen years ago a speech of Nasser's proudly proclaimed the Egyptians to be "a Western people"—should be bewildered by the apparently unanimous hostility of a White World where they once counted many friends. Some explanation—here I would agree—*is* required. To some Arabs, of course, it is provided by Marxism. But shrewder Arabs have noted that governmental enthusiasm for their cause in Communist countries is by no means shared by their peoples. And again, Marxism does not quite fit: for what does the West gain, rationally, from her "Imperialist outpost" on the Levant? Only trouble, surely. If economic interests were primary, should the West not be wooing the Arabs and refusing to put all her eggs in the Israeli basket? The truth is, Western support for Israel—and here I think the Arabs are right—is not a wholly rational matter. The "Elders of Zion" theory—and that is where much of Arab ideology comes from—is wrong and ridiculous. But how absurd it must seem to an Arab that Christendom, having so distinctly worse a record in regard to the Jews, should appear suddenly so solicitous for their welfare. And how powerful an influence must these Elders possess over the minds of Westerners if they were able, fifty years back, to win Balfour, Lloyd George, and Churchill to their cause. The theory is absurd, granted:

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but history, seen through Arab eyes, is not lacking in absurdity either.

Damascus

BEIRUT HAS ITS CHARM, but it is a Mediterranean, cosmopolitan charm. On the surface, at least, Beirut could be Marseilles or Valencia or even Piraeus. But Beirut, though you can find the whole ferment of the Arab world in miniature there, is not a place with much character. It seems a Western city—though it is amazing to be told that 90 per cent of Beirut's girls "would not dream of going out with a boy alone." And the character of the Lebanon, as you drive through the neat stone-built villages on the fringes of the Mountain, seems Western enough—certainly no less so than Israel. It is only when you cross the Mountain and drive down into Syria, across the anti-Lebanon, that you realise how Western the Lebanon is. The anti-Lebanon, in effect, is the watershed between Europe and Asia. Beyond the Mountain is another world—a world closer to India than to the Mediterranean. The approach to Damascus is in character. A narrow river winds down between barren hills to the city: a strip of green on the rim of the desert. Beyond the city, with its minarets and towers, the river waters an oasis—the *Ghouta*—which the Prophet, it is said, declined to enter, choosing not to anticipate the joys of paradise. One glimpses something of how Damascus must have felt to the early Arab conquerers in the courtyard of the great *Ummayyad* Mosque. A forest of green and gold, here is the oasis-paradise of the Prophet set in glittering Byzantine mosaic—striking testimony both to the nomads' craving for release from the all-judging eye of the desert and to the Arab's genius for using others' forms to express a vision native and unique.

DAMASCUS, IF THE newspapers are to be believed, should be a hotbed of revolution. It was the coming of the left-wing Baathists to power at the beginning of 1966, many say, that set in train the events of June 1967. Certainly, the tone of official propaganda is extreme, indeed near-paranoid. But then Syria has always been a wild place, ideologically speaking. In the sixth century Syria was famous for her warring sects—one reason, incidentally, why so many schismatic Christians welcomed the Moslem conquest. Syria, too, was the home of the Assassins and the Druzes, and ancient ties continue. The chief trouble, one guesses, lies in the fact that Syria, though the cradle and mart of so many civilisations, was never a Nation (*pace* Queen Zenobia). Egypt has been a nation—though more often enslaved than free—since long before the Semites, Arab or Jew, entered history. Syrians claim Damascus as "the oldest city in the world" and point proudly to Zenobia's kingdom of Palmyra, and the glorious but short-lived age of the *Ummayyad* Caliphs. But Syria is historically little more than a geographical term, descriptive of the lands between the Turkish mountains and Sinai, between the Mediterranean and the deserts of Arabia.

TODAY, SYRIA IS a place of wild talk—and wilder action. The *Al Fatah* guerrillas are trained here, and in Arab politics Damascus follows the principle *personne à ma gauche*. Yet Damascus did not look—I was, I understand, the first Britisher to be admitted since the June war—either like the capital of a country recently at war or like a revolutionary city. Leaking sandbags, which could never have afforded much protection, still clutter the pavements outside the principal Ministries. A quarter of the male population is in uniform; but black-out preparations are minimal. In the *suks* the life of commerce goes its accustomed way: the pots and dishes are stamped *"Made in Bucharest"* or *"Made in Peking,"* but the scene is as traditional as you could wish. This is the Damascus T. E. Lawrence knew, and Lady Hester Stanhope—or for that matter St. Paul, or the Prophet himself. Lofty sheikhs from the desert stride down the alleyways, retainers at their heels. The women, especially the older women, go deeply veiled; peasants from the surrounding countryside, in colourful costume, jostle with Damascene clerks in their European suits. Druze and Maronite, Armenian and Jew mingle with the tribe of the orthodox, Bedouin or city-bred.

HOW DEEP does the left-wing ideology penetrate? Again, it is difficult to say: appearances are deceptive. Much, on the surface, is certainly reminiscent of life in Communist countries. The hotels are grim, echoing memorials to a past that is said to have been "overcome." At breakfast—three tables are occupied out of 50—lugubrious East German is seated next to silent Russian: the comrades are hardly comradely. The news-stands are no less dispiriting.

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No Western papers. The only material in English of Russian or Chinese provenance (here, at least, the Syrians hedge their bets in the traditional manner: even the Little Red Book has been translated into Arabic). Incongruously adjunct to this Marxist-Leninist propaganda is another, rather different variety. The titles are translated to me—but it is hardly necessary, the toothbrush moustache and the lank forelock are all too recognisable. Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* vies with the Little Red Book for the fealty of the Damascenes. (A link, incidentally, is provided by a translation of Marx's *zur Judenfrage*: a Syrian student could be forgiven, I suppose, for thinking Herr Dr. Marx some kind of Teutonic forerunner of the author of *Mein Kampf*.) Certainly, a pretty conjunction. But penetrate a little further, to the foreign language books imported for Damascene students, and the scene changes. Here are books for economic students from J. M. Keynes and Lord Robbins, political studies by Harold Laski and Kenneth Galbraith; here is modern literature in paperback from Norman Mailer, Françoise Sagan, and Graham Greene. It would be difficult, I imagine, to find a book-shop like this in the length and breadth of the Communist world. Superficially, then, Communism is triumphant; beneath the surface, the age-old Western orientation of the Syrian intelligentsia persists.

On my first evening I attend a film which I have not yet seen, but which is the talk of Beirut. It is *La Bataille d'Algers*, the Italian-Algerian co-production, which reconstructs General Massu's blitz on the Casbah in 1957, and records a dramatic setback for the cause of the *F.L.N.* Meticulously the film tracks the hunting-down (in this, as far as I could make out, no actual documentary material is used) of the *F.L.N.*'s *apparat* in the city. The cinema, next to my hotel, is besieged by a teen-age mob when I arrive. How will one get to the box office? Immediately a young Arab approaches and offers to procure a seat in the balcony; another, seeing I am a foreigner, courteously escorts me through the mob to the numbered seat. After such courtesy, then, it is startling to watch the young audience's reaction to the film. A French *gendarme* or a *colon* informer has only to be shot down or stabbed in the back—it is not a film for the squeamish—for a howl of triumph to rise from the pit. Curiously, even acts of violence *against* the *F.L.N.* seem to provoke the same reaction. Have all these youngsters read their Frantz Fanon? Or can it be political violence for its own sake that is applauded? True, the film ends happily for the Algerian cause, and the crowds surge out of the Casbah, with the *F.L.N.* flag unfolded on the boulevards. But it is scarcely comfortable, as a Westerner, to be the spectator of such uninhibited lust for violence. It is a sharp reminder that the June war is only a few months back, and that anti-Zionism and anti-imperialism are not just Government propaganda. It reminds one also that the Arab's courtesy to the individual foreigner is not to be confused with political benevolence.

And why should Arabs not be angry? Outside Damascus, I was taken to visit one of those camps for Palestinian refugees about whom (though not *for* whom) so much fuss is made. The chief impression is not of squalor; the camp is efficiently run, and rations are adequate, if only barely so. (Children under five, astonishingly, do not qualify for rations.) What strikes the visitor, and must deeply depress him, is rather the *psychological* condition of the inmates.

Nothing underlines this like the difference between the post-1948 "intake" (inhuman term to express an inhuman condition) and the refugees from the June war. The former are cowed, passive; they stare apathetically at the visitor and say their piece by rote. Here is a grandfather, Biblical-patriarchal, whose family once owned twenty cows and a dozen acres. The *Haganah* came one morning, he says, and drove the Arab people from the village at the point of the bayonet. Would he go back? No, he is too old; and among his kinsfolk the fear and hatred of Israel is too great. There is no future; only the camp and the (barely believed in) hope of *revanche*.

Despite the talk, then, there is no fight in these people. The only escape is offered ironically, not by their fellow Arabs, but by the education provided by the United Nations schools. (There is only one doctor for seventeen thousand inmates, I was told: but the schools are good.) It is possible to get an education and qualify for a job in the city; Syria lives up to her nationalism in treating refugees on equal terms—which Lebanon and Egypt do not. That is some consolation—though it reflects little credit (*we* pay for it) on either Arab or Israeli. But the "new refugees" are a different matter.

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A woman screams, "They killed my husband." Another: "They came to our village and raped all the girls. I know. I saw it." Is it true? One is fairly sure it is not: after all, Israel during the June war was overrun by journalists, and it wouldn't be hard to check such a thing. But it matters, perhaps, less whether it is true or untrue than whether it is believed. And it is believed. We are often told that we should not take Arab propaganda too seriously. Perhaps that is a mistake: we should take it as seriously as it deserves—as seriously as the refugees take it. The facts may not fit: but the hatred is real. These people lived in Palestine, as did their ancestors before them; they do not live there now. The Israelis are to blame, so are the British and their countrymen: these people have a right to be angry.

Tel Aviv

TEL AVIV was never a lovable city. Of course, it is a modern creation and its birth was impoverished. But it lacks dignity and style to an extent that is at first surprising—though it can also be taken as a tribute to the Jacobin strain in Zionism. True, the new theatres and museums are good; but the norm in architecture, as in most things, is uninspiring. There is a sameness and rectangularity about the neatly stacked four-storey housing units which make up so much of the city that remind one of some satellite-town of Warsaw or Vienna. It requires an effort of the imagination to remember (only the temperature is there to remind you) that the grey sea twinkling in the beachy curve between Jaffa castle and the new *Tel Aviv Hilton* is indeed the Mediterranean. Tel Aviv is sometimes said to be "Americanised." One day, perhaps, but not yet. If it is Miami Beach she is competing with, she has still a long way to go. This is *Mitteleuropa-by-the-Sea*: salubrious, social-democratic, a trifle *kleinbürgerlich*.

Israel has many shocks for the travelling *goy* —the more philo-Semitic he is inclined to be. The reason, after all, why the Balfours and the Lloyd Georges were attracted to Zionism was not only their sympathy for the plight of Russian Jewry (or their need to compete with the Central Powers for Jewish support). They were men of the Book with a romantic concern for the people of the Book. Most of us who are not Jewish (but also many who are) know little enough, I suppose, of Jewish history between Josephus and Chaim Weizmann. We do not expect, certainly, to find much visible evidence of a Jewish presence in Palestine during these centuries—though there was never a time when Palestine was without Jews. What is disconcerting is to find so little visible evidence of the centuries that are familiar to us from the Book. There is so little to *see*. The Greeks have their Parthenon, the Persians their Isfahan, the Arabs the Dome of the Rock and the *Ummayyad* Mosque. What do the Jews have? They have their Wall, and their martyrs, and their Book. If Hitler had succeeded in destroying them, one feels, they might have become one of the Invisible Peoples of history. That it should be so bears witness to that intense inwardness of spirit which the world once took to be the Jewish genius. Israel, today, is the country where generals between manoeuvres scrabble for arrowheads and Roman coins. One sees the point—the Zionist would have Israel like other nations, with her portion of ruins and ancient monuments. No wonder the admiring gentile often finds himself at one with the Jewish anti-Zionist: he may not know much about Jews, but he knows that they are not meant to be like other nations.

Like Israel itself, the business of being a gentile in Israel is full of paradoxes. Should one not feel, where all are Jews, something of what Jews must feel in the *goy*-dominated cultures of the West? Jewish friends tell me that the welcome they receive from Israelis *is* subtly different from what an outsider can expect. I am sure they are right. One looks, almost, for some masonic sign, some mysterious hand-clasp, revealing the Diaspora Jew to the lately ingathered. But the Israelis (and especially the young *Sabras*) tell a different story. Some of their best friends—like yours—are Jews. But, really, what is so special about being Jewish? Clever New York Jews talk for ever about the Jewish novel, Jewish sensibility, the Jewish intellectual tradition. But could you trust one to drive a tractor, or to point a machine-gun the right way? The fact is—or so I am told—young Israelis find their approaches somewhat embarrassing. "They're so *self-conscious* about being Jewish. Is Franz Kafka 'Jewish' (or how much), or Marcel Proust, or Bellow and Malamud? But, really, does it *matter*? We read them because we like them, not because they're Jewish...." *Sabras*, who talk like this, are the stuff the early Zionists set out to breed. If they have an inferiority complex it is because they belong to a small country on the margin of

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Western culture—a kind of Semitic Finland—not because they are Jewish. They are hard-headed, hard-working, nationalistic, a little over-serious. But they are not too concerned with the Jewish feeling for redemptive suffering or with Jewish uniqueness.

No COUNTRY, perhaps, is so difficult to write about as Israel. The visiting Diaspora Jew has his criticisms (they can be extremely violent); but he is constrained by a natural loyalty not to indulge them. The *goy* is in still worse case; in the West, at least, anti-anti-Semitism is *de rigueur*, and the visitor is as likely as not to be sentimentally pro-Israeli. It may strike him that the Jews of Israel have abandoned their religion (except, of course, its restrictive aspects) about as thoroughly as the Protestant English. At one kibbutz I visited I was shown the crèche, the swimming pool, and something called the "culture-room" (this for coffee and magazine-reading in the evenings, and for practising the *hora*). The new volley-ball court provoked the (translated) comment from our lady-guide: "Tell the visitor, if only all the children in the world could enjoy such amenities what a happier place it would be...." Ah, the authentic Zionist-Messianic tone! Israel a light to lighten the Gentiles! One could not point out that swimming pools and crèches (and even culture-rooms) are not unknown elsewhere: the point is, they were not known in Pinsk and the *shtetl*. How unworldly, how idealistic, how Tolstoyan was early Zionism—and how provincial. And the synagogue? Well, yes, there was a synagogue two miles away in town; a few old people went to it on the Sabbath. It was a "left-wing" kibbutz, and the guide was a little ashamed. "And how," I asked tactlessly, "would the lady define a Jew?" "We are not Jews," came the answer pat, "we are Israelis."

One should not have asked the question, I suppose. But it was hardly mere gentile sentimentality to ask it. This was the land promised to her people under covenant—by Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and Arthur Balfour. It was hoped by many early Zionists that Israel would be the motor of a spiritual revival in world Jewry. But Jewish intellect and spirituality flourish far more vigorously in, say, the United States than they do in Israel. The Arabs fear—or say they fear—a mass influx into Palestine of Jews from the Diaspora. That will not happen: and it is merely foolish for Arabs to torment themselves with the prospect. What the Zionists have created is something much smaller and more mundane than the founding Fathers (and their gentile sympathisers) envisaged. It functions not at all badly: it is democratic; it is egalitarian; it has (by local standards) a first-class army. These are no mean achievements: but it was not quite for this, the gentile feels, that he recalls Jacob wrestling with the Angel.

Which brings us, inevitably, to the question of Arab and Israeli nationalism. Nationalism is the word we use in both cases: I think misleadingly. There is a difference in quality, evident in the briefest encounter, which has everything to do with Israel's recent triumph—and with her rapid advance over the past two decades. The contrast most likely to strike the foreigner is between the Israelis' apparent disunity in time of peace and their solidarity in time of war—and the opposite phenomenon in the other camp. Every Arab, you would think, shares identical views about the miseries of the Arab world, the wickedness of Imperialism, and the machinations of world Zionism. It extends even to the *sprachregelung* (of which Dr. Arendt made so much in her book on Eichmann). The proof, for example, that Cecil Hourani is "not a good Arab"—according to one nationalist I met—was that he had referred in his now-famous "An Arab Speaks to the Arab World" [ENCOUNTER, November 1967] to "the Invasion of Israel"—the correct phrase being, of course, "the Liberation of Palestine." It was not so much that Hourani was advocating heretical ideas (he was doing that too): much worse was that he had stumbled over the rules of Arab rhetoric.

Notoriously, this unanimity of the Arabs melts away in the face of adversity. Conversely, the Israelis, otherwise able to agree on no two things, show a solidarity in adversity which owes little to formal military discipline and almost nothing to rhetoric. The *Sabras* care little for what they call *Zionut*—the claptrap of Zionism—but they showed an instinctive loyalty and solidarity that left no observer unimpressed. Why the difference? The roots, no doubt, go deep in Arab and Jewish history. But the plain fact is that the much-vaunted "Arab solidarity" is largely a sham (when it comes down, for instance, to the elementary solidarity of the fighting unit, or to lack of compassion for Palestinian refugees). Israeli nationalism is bred in the bone. Rhetoric and *Zionut* are not necessary: the Israeli knows what has to be done, and does it without fuss.

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In saying this, one is not disparaging Arab sincerity or Arab patriotism: the Arab's feeling for his land, and for his past, is a real and passionate thing. I am trying, rather, to point to something intimate and intangible in the "character structures" of the two peoples. You have only to talk casually to Arabs and Israelis to note the difference. The Arab is passionate, and his passion can lead to cruelty and massacre. But he is not a cold intellectual fanatic; he is emotionally warm, and willing enough to make the allowances that friendship and courtesy traditionally require. He may appear to speak the language of Nazism; but he has not the temperament of a Himmler or an Eichmann. The Israeli seems to me a tougher proposition altogether. He knows the answers; his mind is made up; he is maddeningly contentious and self-righteous. He defends an intellectual position as he would defend a pillbox. What he maintained over drinks before dinner he will be maintaining at midnight and after. There is no doing him down. He will break rather than bend. He is not good company.

Naturally, much of this is unfair. The argumentativeness of the Israeli is also a source of delight: there is no view, however belligerent or pacific, that has not its representative in Israel. Intellectually, Israel is the child of Europe: the dialectic is well-oiled and cherished as a machine-gun. There is no doubt whatever that it is easier for the average Westerner to talk to Israelis than to Arabs—which accounts for much of the success of Israeli propaganda both before and after the June war. The Israeli is a gifted communicator: in this, at least, he is very much the post-emancipation Jew. The Arab can be a charming fellow: which is why Colonial Englishmen preferred him to the contentious Jew. But you no more believe what he tells you than you take the first price you are offered in a Damascus bazaar. And the Arab, in addition, appears to lack the desire to convince. The Israeli is anxious to put his case across, and does it effectively. By contrast, the Arab does not feel the need to put his case across—because he feels it to be self-evident. Does this date back to the ancient distinction between the House of Peace (*Dar al Islam*) and the House of War of the Infidels? According to the authorities, it may very well do so. A friend suggested to a high Iraqi official that the Arab countries should hire a New York public relations firm to put over the Arab case in the West (preferably, as with the West Germans, a Jewish one). But only an *Arab*, the Iraqi replied indignantly, could be entrusted with such a task! The proposition was immoral: either you are a believer or you are not.

Is any resolution of the conflict possible, in theory or in practice?

In theory, it seems to be lamentably clear that no solution is possible, and those men of goodwill who hope to reconcile the antagonists are not realistic. The Arab's blindness is simple: he does not see Israel, because he does not wish to see it. And because he does not wish to see it, it is not there (Travel Agencies and International Airlines please note). The Israeli is blind in a different way: he sees the Arabs and he senses their irreconcilable hostility. But he does not see, though a nationalist himself, that the Arab is affected by the same historical current. It is true that Israeli nationalism is East European and 19th-century in its roots, and that Arab nationalism is closer to the rhetorical, inorganic nationalism of the Third World. But nationalism it is, nevertheless. Many Israelis are idealistic, willing enough to help the Third World to their skills, not least the Arabs. Others are hawks (or "Dayanites") who believe in thrashing the Wogs every ten years or so. But the one attitude is not really less offensive to the Arabs than the other. The Arabs are not anxious to be worsted by the Israelis in the field once again; but they are no more anxious to be patronised by them.

The practical answer, no doubt, is what is known elsewhere (if it were not so rude a word) as separate development. Let Israel develop at the rate she chooses (and her potentialities are no longer so very sensational: militarily, she may "dominate the Middle East," but economically she will remain a mini-power, somewhere between Denmark and Holland.) Let the Arab countries find the rhythm that will alleviate their social and economic misery and at the same time do least damage to their traditional society. By all means let there be mutual understanding and respect. But respect may imply, after all, not fraternisation but *distance*. And if both sides are to keep their distance we, the outside world, will hardly be able to stand aside.

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B. H. Liddell Hart

Strategy of a War

THE MOST CRUCIAL STROKE in the "Six Day War" of 1967 was the first, the air stroke—or, in modern parlance, the "air strike." The details were revealed very soon after the event, presumably with the permission of the Israeli censorship which in 1956 had been extremely, and in some respects absurdly, secretive. In particular, a valid chapter in the account of that war by Randolph and Winston Churchill, brought out as a paperback only two months after it ended, provided a remarkably clear picture of the techniques developed by General Weizmann, the creator of the Israel Air Force, and applied by General Hod, its present chief, who, personally, played an even more decisive role in the first fateful hours of 5 June than is yet known outside a small circle.

Besides the combined calculation and subtlety of a plan that paralysed the whole of the numerically superior Egyptian air force at the outset, the staggering ground turn-around time of the Israelis, barely seven-and-a-half minutes, was itself a great contribution to surprise—enabling many of the Israeli pilots to start on a second sortie within an hour, and make eight sorties in the day, compared with the Egyptian reckoning that they might manage to do two. It is no wonder that Nasser sought to disguise his *débâcle* by asserting that American and British aircraft had reinforced Israel's.

Numerous reports have emphasised the effect of the way that the Israeli air attack came in from unexpected directions, and how upsetting that proved.

A general point of more significance was brought out in an operational analysis of the campaign in a "Voice of Israel" broadcast on 15 July by Colonel Dr. J. L. Wallach (Professor of War Studies at the University of Tel Aviv, who was reactivated in May for duty with the General Staff):

> The first point I would like to make is the prime importance of the Israeli Air Force's actions in destroying the hostile air forces and gaining air superiority over the battlefields. There was nothing new in *the method itself* of attacking the enemy airfields in order to destroy a maximal number of aeroplanes on the ground and in order to render the runways useless for a certain period of time.... But what was really outstanding on 5 June 1967, was the fact that IAF had accomplished the main part of its mission in less than three hours.... The key to this phenomenon may be found in the high technical level of the force, which enables the maximal utilisation of its planes, in the high standard of its pilots and in their courage, but also in the fact, that in the IAF there is no gulf, so characteristic in most air forces throughout the world, between ground staff on the one hand and flying personnel on the other. IAF has succeeded in welding together both branches of the service into one family, in which one respects the functions of the other....

Colonel Wallach then went on to discuss and emphasise the no less important part played by the armoured forces in reaping the effect of the air stroke:

> Among the ground forces the priority belongs without any doubt to the Armoured Corps.... The IDF grasped the importance of armour already in the Sinai campaign of 1956. Since then

SIR BASIL LIDDELL HART's *first work was the famous draft of a military training manual in 1920 which was felt to be "too revolutionary." His subsequent works on theory and strategy contributed, as is well known, to the* Blitzkrieg *concept of armoured warfare in World War II and now to some of the efficient unorthodoxies of the Middle East conflict. As the former Israel Chief of Staff, General Yadin, wrote in a letter last summer, Liddell Hart's books were carefully studied for "lessons" which, he adds, "were, thank God for us, not learnt by the Arabs, including the British-conceived Arab Legion...." Liddell Hart's two volumes of* Memoirs *have recently been published by Cassell.*

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this corps has been strengthened and improved. Its excellent technical level enabled it to carry out a diversified range of combat missions: break-through through fortified enemy localities; encircling movements over terrain, normally considered as uncrossable by armour; combat of armour against armour, while utilising to the utmost the elements of movement and fire and pursuit of a withdrawing enemy in order to block his route of retreat. All these combat missions were performed during the present war over different terrain: upon the dunes of the desert, on the covered terrain of the Western Bank, and on the mountains of the Western Bank and the Syrian Plateau, both so difficult for the deployment of armour. . . .

However, not less important than the technical expertness was the method of deploying armour. This was mostly done in the largest concentrations and thus its shock power was brought to the best advantage. Simultaneously the mobility of the Armoured Corps was used to the utmost. In accordance with the best tradition of armour operations, as theoretically formulated by the Englishmen Fuller and Liddell Hart, and actually applied by the Germans Guderian and Rommel, the Armoured Corps dashed forward without paying much attention to its flanks and rear, knowing that sooner or later the fate of flanks and rear will be decided by the deep penetration into the rear of the enemy dispositions, leading to the collapse of the enemy's resisting power. There was an incessant dashing forward, in which took part commanders from the highest level down to the last driver of a tank or an APC, which prevented the enemy's proper evaluation of the situation and his reaching balanced decisions. The incessant creation of new facts, presented by the armoured spearheads of the IDF, which emerged at unexpected spots and at unexpected times in all theatres of war—in the south, the centre, and the north, but above all in the Sinai peninsula—forestalled every enemy effort of opposition to the IDF forces. . . .

Long ago, before the Sinai campaign of 1956, the IDF had decided upon the principle of troop leadership which is expressed in the phrase "Follow me!" The execution of this principle is not easy at all. Its realisation has cost in the past, as well as in the present campaign, the lives of some of the best commanders. But on the other hand this phenomenon presents the key to the secret of IDF's *élan*. There is no surprise that it prevails over armies in which commanders lead their troops from the rear and in which the officers are the first to despair and give up battle and abandon their subordinates. . . .

Colonel Wallach then emphasised how much the Israelis had profited by organising their formation in combat teams of variable pattern, termed an *Ugdah*, instead of in a fixed size and rigid pattern divisions. The composition of these combat groupings varied in accordance with the particular task allotted to them, and also the way that the battle developed. Extra strength —in armour, or infantry, or artillery—was added or subtracted "without destroying any organic framework and without imposing a stop for re-grouping." This organisational flexibility had produced the maximal operational flexibility.

THIS ACCOUNT has been supplemented by others. In a letter to me in the last week of August, General Yadin, the strategic planner of the 1948–49 War of Independence and subsequent Chief of Staff, wrote:

> The Churchills' book . . . missed the basic strategic principle of Rabin's plan (it was *his* plan, which was only slightly modified by his political superiors), *i.e.*, the subtle and superb exploitation of the true strategy of indirect approach . . . teachings which, thank God for us, were not learnt by the Arabs, including the British-conceived Arab Legion. The latter obligingly moved into the trap although the whole campaign against them was a brilliant chain of tactical improvisations all based on the main doctrine of the indirect approach.

THE WHOLE COURSE of the Israeli campaign, a perfect *Blitzkrieg*, was of particular interest to me because it was the best demonstration yet of the theory of the strategy of indirect approach, and in its subtler sense of seeking and exploiting "the line of least expectation"—a theory evolved nearly forty years ago. The Germans, to my chagrin, applied it in 1940, under Guderian's inspiration and influence. But even Guderian or Rommel, generous as they were in acknowledgement, did not grasp the subtler side of it so well as the Israeli leaders have done since 1948: the first of three successive tests they have had to meet, when Yadin (now more famous as an archeologist through his discoveries at Masada) was the directing brain of their strategy, and Allon (now Minister of Labour and a potential Prime Minister) commanded in turn the offensives in Upper Galilee, in the centre at Lydda, and then on the southern front against the Egyptians. With each test, the Israelis have improved—contradicting the experience of history that armies learn only from defeat not victory.

What struck me most in their latest campaign, compared with the second in 1956, was the significant development of the Israeli plan and operations in combining the strategical offensive with the tactical defensive—in getting round the back of the Egyptians in Sinai after the opening penetrations and, by blocking their lines of retreat, forcing them to attack in trying to escape.

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It was also significant that the centre "division" under General Yoffe, which established the main blocking position, at the Mitla Pass, gained its initial penetration of the frontier line by taking a route through sand-dunes that the Egyptians evidently believed to be impassable.[1] It came as more of a surprise to the Egyptians because this route, by a rough desert track some twenty miles south of Rafa and El Arish, between the coastal and Ismailia roads, had not been used or attempted in 1956. It was found that only a mere company, with a few anti-tank guns, was covering this route—and was soon overrun. That was fortunate, as the main armoured force on the coastal route, under General Tal, met much tougher resistance than in 1956—until Yoffe's armoured force brought its flank, and rear-menacing, leverage to bear.

Tal's force started by tackling two opposing divisions on the north coast, in the Gaza Strip and the El Arish area. That meant forcing successively two fortified positions, the first of them some eight miles deep. But he levered away the resistance by inner flanking moves, while seeking to lure the Egyptian armour into counter-attacking his forces, which kept well-balanced and ready to shatter counter-attacks. The bait failed, as the Egyptians stuck to the defensive, but their very passivity helped Tal's forces to surround and destroy them piecemeal, particularly when they eventually began to fall back towards the Suez Canal under the threat to their flank and rear. Sweeping forward past Romani, Tal's right prong reached the Canal at Qantara and Ismailia on the fourth morning.

AFTER A HARD FIGHT at El Arish, eventually captured by a night attack with mechanised infantry, he had divided his "division," sending a powerful left prong south-westward into the desert interior to combine with Yoffe's force, and block another of the Egyptians' escape routes at Bir Gafgafa. There it met a fresh armoured brigade (equipped with the latest Russian T.55 tanks) that had been sent forward from the Suez Canal to keep open this bottle-neck. But this was kept in check for over two hours by an Israeli regiment of light tanks, despite heavy casualties, until a reinforcement of more powerful tanks (Pattons and Centurions armed with the 105mm. gun) came up to reinforce it, and liquidate the Egyptian armoured brigade.

Yoffe's "division" was equipped with modernised Centurion tanks armed with the 105mm. gun, and he reported that these proved more effective than the T.54 (and even the latest T.55 Russian tank) used by the Egyptians. His initial advance met no serious opposition owing to taking an unexpected route through the sand-dunes. But in the fighting on the second day he had heavier losses when linking up with Tal's "division" in the battle for El Arish. By the time his leading battalion reached the road junction of Heitan, on its way to the Mitla Pass, it had only 14 tanks left, and of these seven were towing the other seven, which were out of fuel. But they sufficed to create a blocking position, which was cemented on the third morning when Yoffe got up reinforcements to his advanced battalion, as well as some more petrol to restore its full mobility. After spending the day in rounding up thousands of prisoners from the blocked Egyptian forces, whose vehicles were caught and destroyed by the Israeli air force, Yoffe resumed his advance to the Suez Canal on the fourth morning, and arrived on the Canal in the afternoon at Port Taufiq, opposite Suez.

Sharon's "division" on the left wing was also deployed and employed in a dual-pronged way, and with the deceptive use of dummy tanks conveyed the impression that it was aiming at a dash through Quntilla to the Gulf of Aqaba and the capture of Sharm el Sheikh, as in 1956, whereas it was actually thrusting westward to Suez.

In its initial drive south-westward Sharon's "division" obliquely crossed the route taken by Yoffe's, and thus came down on the flank of a strong Egyptian tank and infantry force that was holding Abu Agheila, where it had a very tough fight, and then on the rear of the Egyptian armoured force that was poised near Themed for an advance to capture Eilat, Israel's port at the top of the Gulf of Aqaba. Although it did not achieve as spectacular a bag of prisoners as the other two "divisions" did its distracting effect made an invaluable contribution to the success, and rapidity, of their westward drive to the Suez Canal.

The three Israeli "divisions" on the Sinai front, which had to face seven Egyptian divisions, were under the control of General Gavish, who was in charge of the Southern Command.

IN SUM, THE PLAN was a superb application of the strategy of indirect approach, and its corol-

[1] It fulfilled an axiom I had deduced in my earliest book on the history of strategy, and often made since, that: "Natural hazards, however formidable, are inherently less dangerous and less uncertain than fighting hazards. All conditions are more calculable, all obstacles more surmountable, than those of human resistance."

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lary of choosing "the line of least expectation," to throw the opponent off balance.

On the Jordanian front, rugged and more constricted, there was less scope for manoeuvre, and the handicaps on it were greater because of the Israelis' very natural, and passionate, desire to occupy the whole city of Jerusalem as soon as possible. Moreover they had not expected that King Hussein would actually take the offensive in aid of Nasser, in view of the way that Nasser has sowed dissension in Jordan.

WHEN VISITING Israel in 1960 as a guest, I had lengthy discussions, some on the map, with Generals Laskov, then Chief of Staff, and Rabin, then Vice-Chief, about their course of action in any future war. From these discussions it was evident that the contingency with which they were most concerned was that Hussein might be overthrown by a Nasserite plot—and in that case they would advance into Jordan immediately before Egyptian and other Arab forces could move in and threaten to cut off their own semi-isolated position in Jerusalem, and worse still, cut through Israel's narrow waist, while north of Tel Aviv is barely ten miles wide—so that an armoured force, striking by surprise from the Jordan frontier, might reach the coast in half an hour. But so long as Hussein remained on his throne, and in power, the Israelis were in general content to preserve a defensive posture and avoid any provocation to Jordan that might push it into the embrace of Nasser.

The cramping conditions around Jerusalem, and the unexpectedness of King Hussein's active intervention in the war, hindered any such wide and subtle manoeuvring as that carried on the southern front in Sinai. Moreover, when this Jordanian offensive intervention became clear, the Israelis' intense emotional urge to seize the opportunity of regaining possession of Jerusalem as a whole was a handicap on any subtle strategy by General Narkis, the commander of the Central Command. Even so, the operation was carried out by a series of local flanking moves with an armoured brigade, a dismounted paratroop brigade, and an infantry brigade—and despite stiff resistance from the Jordanian troops the Israelis achieved their prime objective by nightfall on the third day, while exploiting their success by the speedy capture of Jericho on the West Bank of the Jordan and Hebron, south of Jerusalem. A loss of some 200 killed was not a high price for such a victory, in which the Jordanian casualties were estimated at about 8,000.

MEANWHILE THE FOUR BRIGADES of the Northern Command, under General Elazar, overran the northern part of Jordania west of the river, by pincer-moves against Jenin and Nablus, each of an indirect kind and culminating in a rear attack. Their swift success was greatly helped by the way they unbalanced their opponent's dispositions, as well as by the Air Force's help in disrupting the opponent's efforts to re-group his forces.

In the next, and final stage, of the war—starting on 9 June, the fifth day—the Israelis switched their northern effort against the Syrian forces, whose artillery had been battering the Israeli settlements around and north of Lake Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, since the outbreak of war—from the high ground east of the valley. Time was short because of the "cease-fire" for which the United Nations assembly was calling, so that here again the time factor was a handicap on effective use of the indirect approach and manoeuvre. Thus the Israeli moves were narrower and more direct than they need otherwise have been—and their losses consequently heavier. Nevertheless, they succeeded in clearing the heights by the second evening—with a total loss of little more than 400 (which was far less than the Syrians suffered)—and could easily have driven on into Damascus, the Syrian capital, by the third day but for the "cease-fire."

If they had driven on eastward far enough to reach the area inhabited by the Druses, they might have helped to establish an independent state there that could have been a buffer between Syria and Jordan—to the benefit of the latter, and of the future of the Middle East.

WHILE DUE ACCOUNT should be taken, as the Israeli leaders do, of the strategy that they applied with such brilliant success, it is no less important to recognise the influence of the training and "climate" of the Israel Defence Forces. It was well epitomised in a recent letter I received from one of my correspondents there, Gabriel Motzkin, when describing his own experience.

> It is the best possible means of understanding both Israeli society and the role the army plays in it. While in America many of my friends thought of the Army as a last resort for those too stupid to avoid it, in Israel people who are rejected by the Army sometimes leave the country—so great is the disgrace. In so far as the Army offers a desirable career in most Western countries, this career usually demarcates an officer class separate from the military mass. Israel is fortunate in combining the virtues of a citizen-army reminiscent of some Machiavelli-like proposal for

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Florence together with the machinery, training, and intelligence which are the inputs of modern war.

These virtues are evinced not only in minutiae such as the changed and more cheerful greeting of many an acquaintance from the local bus drivers on up, or the common mess for officers and sergeants in many Israeli bases, but also in the far more fundamental way in which training the soldier is approached. Manstein, in his dedication to *Lost Victories*, avows he could never have accomplished anything without the spirit of the German soldier—and this in the 1950s, when it is to be thought that such a dedication was not pro forma. Israeli training, while paying careful attention to technical mastery, physical fitness, and absorption of discipline, emphasises the spirit and cohesion of the military unit. Whether this, in its interaction with the surrounding society, is cause or effect, is probably unascertainable. Israeli society, unlike the Arab society we have had a chance of seeing at close hand during the past months, is egalitarian and collectivist rather than élitist and individualistic. Mutual help, such as carrying the faint or wounded, is induced in many armies. In some, it never attains a worthwhile level of efficiency. In Israel, it is quite spontaneous. The first time I saw a soldier faint during basic training, I was also pleased to see several others immediately pick him up, and remarkably, continue running—this without being told. Another mark of spirit, although I haven't had the chance of observing other armies, is the spontaneous and continual singing—even when we are quite tired and on a rational calculation, would probably be better off saving our breath in the hot and sweaty sun. Tired is not the word, of course, as the Army is fond of both night exercises and teaching its troops to go without sleep or with little sleep for extended periods.

More important, perhaps, in explaining why Israel would be a difficult place to attack, apart from the close-knit social structure, is the high level of the non-coms. Most of the corporals in charge of training have completed the equivalent of a French *baccalauréat* and have undergone a basic training far more rigorous than mine, which is that of future staff officers (needless to say, combat officers receive the roughest training of all). Every action or operation our sergeants or corporals have asked us to perform is something they executed simultaneously with the troops. The consequent level of resentment among the ranks is very low—most rather like the non-coms even when furiously despising a particular exercise.

All this, of course, would be wasted without intelligent strategy—but then strategy without an instrument is evidently a futile procedure. Even if the Arabs could have anticipated the morning air attack, or possessed a brilliant three-sided attack strategy, completely surprising the Israelis, they still would have lost, for the Arabs are possessed neither of the administrative coherence necessary to execute and signpost a full-scale war nor of social structures and values by which good soldiers can be developed. Israeli soldiers often stood in for non-coms, and non-coms for officers during the past war—they had been trained both in the military and during their entire life for such an eventuality—for the Israeli officer is not only the bearer of authority from above; within the social context, he has also been delegated the authority inherent in the military unit as a group of citizens. Consequently, when he dies, the unit does not crumble. . . .

AS TO THE POST-WAR situation and the question of a peace settlement, the experience of the past twenty years—and indeed, the last half century's history of the Middle East—shows all too clearly that little can be expected from negotiations, but only from time and stability. Any settlement is likely to take a long time, and it is foolish for the Western powers to indulge in hopes of hastening the process—either from altruism or short-sighted concern for their own short-term interests.

Meanwhile in the present political turbulence, it is most important for Israel's security that she should remain in control of the whole, or almost the whole, of the area she has conquered—Sinai, the part of Jordan west of the River Jordan, and the high ground in Syria from which the Syrians have been able to harass the Huleh Valley and Galilee. For security of defence, it might possibly suffice if Israel retains the high ground from Jerusalem to Jenin, exclusive of Nablus, and this would avoid the disadvantage of taking in a large number of Arabs, but it would mean a somewhat longer frontier, and one more difficult to guard against guerrilla infiltration. In Sinai, no such problem arises, as the Arab population is small, but it might suffice strategically, and be less cause of friction, if the Israeli frontier ran along the heights north and south of the Mitla Pass.

It is to be hoped that the Israelis will be able to withstand any pressure to give up this "security area," and that there will be no British or American pressure, even well-meaning pressure, to give it up in the supposed hope of conciliating her enemies. Past experience of Arab politicians offers no ground of hope in such conciliation. A better chance lies in the possibility of non-political Arabs coming to see the advantages of co-operation with Israel for the benefit of the Middle East in general.

I also think that Israel should not only be accorded freedom of passage through the Suez Canal, but that the Canal itself should be internationalised. The Israelis might well, and wisely, decide to stay there until it is made, and accepted as, a truly international waterway.

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Amos Elon

The Conquerors

Letter from Israel

ISRAEL'S LEADERS are sitting on their laurels as uneasily as on a heap of ants. As a result of the six-day earthquake, everything has changed here radically—parties, populations, national opinions, military strategy, the facts of economic life. But little happens. Much seems ready for movement; yet official action remains slow, spasmodic and limited in scope. Cabinet sessions—in Israel always long and wordy affairs, dedicated less to decision-making than to the art of thinking out loud—have never been as lengthy or as frequent. At no time have there been as many ministerial committees, sub-committees, official brain trusts, action groups. On a Sunday in August the Cabinet went into a session that continued—with breaks only for food and sleep—until the following Wednesday. The subject under discussion: what to do with occupied Jordanian territories.

Various proposals for action—as well as inaction—were discussed, but in the end nothing was decided. Meanwhile, in the occupied areas themselves, policy—that is likely to have a more than medium-range political and economic effect—is in the often contradictory hands of civil servants and army officers. One disappointed cabinet member commented: "Israel now resembles an enormously powerful machine with a stuck gear-box."

There are various reasons for this delay. One is obvious and very human. The men of Jerusalem, now discussing the momentous consequences of a war they did not want, simply were psychologically unprepared for what happened. Victory has, in a way, stupefied them; their imagination falters under its weight. Exhausted by success, Israel's ageing power-élite seems paralysed by a sense of crushing responsibility. How great this responsibility is, they are only now beginning to realise. The occupied areas, notably the former Jordanian West Bank, a traditional hotbed of violent nationalism populated by some 950,000 Arabs, at times seems like a crocodile that one has received on one's birthday; one does not know whether to flush it down the toilet as soon as possible, to put it up more or less permanently in the bathtub, or to display it behind protective glass in the living-room.

Israel which has always had "more history than geography" now suddenly has both. It controls 90,000 square kilometres instead of 20,000 before the war; it holds the east bank of the Suez Canal; its armies are forty-five kilometres from Amman, fifty from Damascus and a hundred from Cairo. Before 6 June the Jordanian army was within shooting range of Tel Aviv. The annexation of Old Jerusalem and its environment has opened vast, undreamt-of possibilities in tourism; the seizure of Egypt's oil fields in Sinai might render this country, at least temporarily, self-sufficient in oil, and open possibilities for export as well.

But the overriding desire, at least of most cabinet members, is for peace and not for territories; this hope has not yet been crushed by continued Arab intransigence. Ministers realise they are no longer discussing some industrial credit or tax increase that can be undone at will at year's end, but an issue that is likely to decide the fate of this country for generations. And so they hesitate.

A second reason for the government's slow motion is that the 21-man "National Coalition" hastily slapped together on the eve of war is still no empty phrase; it is supported by practically the entire *Knesset*. There is a widespread desire

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to arrive at decisions not by majority vote, but preferably by unanimous consent. Divisions within the cabinet come on the basis of personal opinion rather than party policy. There are serious differences among Messrs. Dayan, Allon, Eban, Shapira, Begin and Eshkol; but at this stage none of them is ready to impose his view by a simple majority vote.

A third reason seems no less important. "We know how to fight and win a war," a columnist on one of the local papers wrote recently, "but we don't yet know how to decide." Government decision-making techniques here have often been described as outmoded, suitable more for the early days of Zionist colonisation than for running the affairs of a modern, highly complex state. While there was planning for war, there has been little, if any, planning for peace; though, based on army estimates, government had had good reasons to believe in victory, nobody had thought of what to do with any of the territories certain to be occupied. All planning was purely military. There has never been, and there is still no policy planning apparatus, either in the government or in the universities, to parallel the most effective one run by the army. The political system here is Government by Committee, but the absence of an effective chairman is widely felt. The events preceding this last war, culminating in General Dayan's entry into the cabinet on the wave of a near-hysterical popularity, gave a supreme expression to the crisis of leadership in Israel. Dayan's appointment reassured public opinion. But the crisis of leadership continues. Prime Minister Eshkol, still sulking and annoyed with his own party for wresting the Defence Ministry from his hands on the eve of victory, unwittingly defined his own position when he remarked, partly in jest and partly in bitter seriousness, that he now was "a Minister without Portfolio."

In Jerusalem, as elsewhere, it was felt immediately after the war that the likeliest Arab partner for an early settlement with Israel would be King Hussein of Jordan. Of all Arab rulers, he had suffered the worst defeat; he had lost almost half his population, a third of his national income and half of all agricultural production. It was felt that while Egypt and Syria could sit it out, lick their wounds, cure them with further Soviet medicine, Jordan could not. Moreover, the "courageous young king" had always been known as the most moderate of Arab rulers, more open to reasonable counsel than others, and dependent on the good-will of the West as well. Had he not anxiously been trying to stop Syrian-trained infiltrators using his territory as a base for terrorist attacks on Israeli settlements even after Israel's highly controversial reprisal attack last year on the Jordanian village of Samua—a substitute for an attack on Syria whose security at that time was deemed guaranteed by Russia? Had not his grandfather "almost signed" a formal peace treaty with Israel prior to his assassination in 1951? In an interview a few days after the war, General Dayan was asked about peace talks with the Arabs. His laconic answer was: "We are waiting for them to ring us up." Months have since passed. Hussein has not yet telephoned Dayan, nor have any other Arab leaders; and it is becoming increasingly questionable that they ever will. On Allenby Bridge, spanning the River Jordan a few miles from Jericho, there have been a number of meetings between Israeli and Jordanian representatives, but on purely technical matters only, such as the restoration of the destroyed bridge or the repatriation of refugees. As far as such things can be ascertained there have been no other discussions and no political feelers have been put out by the Jordanians, except on one occasion through an unidentified third party; judging from what Prime Minister Eshkol recently told an interviewer about this feeler it does not appear to have been serious. Nor has there been much encouragement from the Israeli side to do it, if indeed such encouragement could help break the stalemate. Some observers argue that there is no longer anything in it for Hussein that would make it worthwhile for him to risk his head; the annexation by Israel of Jerusalem and its environment and certain border rectifications in the Jordan Valley and the coastal plain would leave him at best with poor pasture land inhabited by restive people long opposed to his régime.

In their present mood of victory, most Israelis are not too bothered by such arguments, nor has there been anything in what the Arabs have said or done to encourage a different line. Both sides have thus been pushing each other to positions hardly more negotiable than before. Hussein has been calling on West Bank Arabs to revolt against their Israeli overlords, and Dayan has been taking an increas-

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ingly inflexible position. Last summer, when Rudolf Augstein, publisher of the German news-magazine *Der Spiegel*, asked General Dayan how he hoped to achieve peace, the following account of his conversation with the General was recorded:

DAYAN: By standing firm as iron, wherever we are now standing, until the Arabs care to consent.

——*Then it's only King Hussein who is likely to qualify as a partner in negotiations. But he isn't strong enough to agree to Dayan's conditions.*

DAYAN: In this case let them find themselves another king.

——*But Jordan as a country may not be strong enough to agree to peace on Dayan's conditions.*

DAYAN: In this case let them find themselves another country.

——*Under these circumstances, it is hard to hope for peace soon.*

DAYAN: That's probably right.

The tone of Dayan's answers may reflect his personality alone; the feeling behind them is characteristic of a much wider circle—a circle deeply pessimistic about the chances for peace and highly suspicious of any possible treaty with the Arabs (if such a treaty should ever come about). Their case is difficult to refute. Dozens of "pacts," "fraternal agreements," and "unions" among themselves have been signed by the Arabs during the past twenty years; few have lasted. "They are worthless scraps of paper," one younger Cabinet minister commented recently, "we would be mad to rely solely on them." In the months following the war, there has thus been a growing tendency here to insist on far-reaching territorial changes —notably the permanent stationing of Israeli troops along the River Jordan, by the Straits of Tiran and on the Syrian heights overlooking Israel's northern settlements—as the basis of any accord with Jordan, Egypt or Syria. When Chief of Staff Yitzhak Rabin announced (and rightly so) on 5 June that Israeli forces would soon shift the scene of battle from Israel to Arab territory, Prime Minister Eshkol immediately added that Israel did not seek territorial gains. Except for Old Jerusalem, this is still the official government policy, at least verbally. But even as moderate a man as Foreign Minister Abba Eban recently said that any peace conference would serve first to negotiate a "new map" of the area. How this map should look is the subject of many a heated discussion, both within the Cabinet (where no decision has yet been reached) and out of it, at political meetings and in the press. Leading Cabinet ministers, speaking "in a private capacity" have already spelled out their views in some detail. Loudest among them are Defence Minister Dayan and Labour Minister Yigal Allon, both "Sabras" and at 52 and 49 years respectively, the two youngest members of the Cabinet. Both are considered serious candidates to succeed Mr. Eshkol, which is perhaps one reason why they have been engaged recently in a race of publicly and privately declaring more and more patches of occupied territory to be inseparable parts of Israel's ancient heritage.

ORIGINALLY, General Dayan had supported a loose confederation between Israel and the West and East Banks of Jordan (apparently under King Hussein) in exchange for a peace treaty and adequate security guarantees. Shortly afterward he supported the idea of an independent Palestinian state under Israeli tutelage. By July he was recorded as saying that the Gaza Strip was part of Israel; this, though recorded on tape, was later denied, but nevertheless caused a good deal of annoyance within the Cabinet. In August, General Dayan told a party political rally that Israel must never return to her former borders. He quoted David Ben Gurion who said once that the borders of 1948 were a cause "to lament for generations" because they did not include the West Bank. The border of 1948, said Dayan, had been part of the reason the Arabs had attempted three times to conquer Israel. What Israel needs for peace, he said, is not only an Arab agreement but the "space and borders" that will no longer tempt the enemy to attack. The 1948 borders are thus no "borders of peace"; those of 1967 are. Here is an opportunity, said Dayan, rare in the lives of nations, to revise borders, and Israel must not miss it.

Dayan drew a distinction between the various captured territories; Sinai, Suez and the Syrian Heights are "dear to our hearts," but he would not compare them with the "cradle of our history, in Hebron, Shilo and Anathot." Those who appreciate the special link between the people of the Bible and the Book of the Bible, he said, must also recognise that there is a "land of the Bible." Its heart was the precincts of the Judges, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in Jericho, Jerusalem, and along the banks of the Jordan. He told his wildly applauding audience that these were not political plans, but some-

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thing much more powerful—the dream of a nation come true. Dayan admitted the present Arab population of Jerusalem, Nablus or Hebron did not want to live under Israeli rule, but, he added, Israel was not here "because the Arabs wanted it." If what they wanted had come to pass, Arabs would now be sitting in Tel Aviv and all of Israel's cities would lie in ruin.

A few days prior to Dayan's speech, Labour Minister Allon had expounded some of his views and proposals in an address to the National Federation of his Kibbutz movement. His proposals, though couched in terms less extravagant in their appeal to national and religious sentiment, amounted to almost the same. Allon suggested the annexation of the entire Jordan Valley, from south of the Lake of Galilee down to the Dead Sea—an area currently only sparsely populated—as well as the heavily-populated area between Jerusalem and Hebron, which would put both Bethlehem and Hebron within Israel's borders. The single remaining enclave, that of Samaria, populated by some 400,000 Arabs, would be granted independence, but with close political, economic and military liaison with Israel. Allon went on to suggest the immediate establishment of Jewish agricultural settlements throughout the annexed areas, and especially on the barren hills along the winding River Jordan, as strategic and political bulwarks towards the hostile East.

Allon did not ignore the problem of the refugees, and suggested that Israel proceed immediately to resettle the hundreds of thousands of Arabs homeless since the 1948 war who are now for the first time under Israeli control. This was not an opportunity to be missed, he said, both from humanitarian and political considerations. If Israel could start with an imaginative, well-planned and generous resettlement scheme, Allon was sure large-scale international aid would be forthcoming. It was possible, according to Allon, to settle some of the refugees on former Egyptian territory, in northern Sinai near El Arish, an area rich in water that was early in this century discussed (between the Zionist movement and the British government) as a possible Jewish national home. Another group could be settled in the independent enclave of Samaria. A third part could be encouraged with generous monetary grants, to emigrate to Canada, Australia, New Zealand or Brazil, each of whom have stated their readiness to receive some of the refugees as their contribution towards a lasting Middle East settlement.[1]

While none of these proposals has as yet been adopted by the Cabinet as a whole, the trend of governmental opinion moves definitely in this direction. The feeling grows that Israel, while in need of peace, can live without it. There is even a rationale behind "non-peace" and one was recently offered by Professor G. Baer (Deputy Head of the Institute of Islamic Studies at Jerusalem University). Writing in *Ha'aretz*, Baer said that tension and danger serve a useful role in the crystallisation of a new nation, "giving it backbone and unity." Some ministers, notably those of the left-wing MAPAM, the National Religious Front, the Independent Liberals and the Old Guard of MAPAI led by Abba Eban and Education Minister Zalman Aranne, would still prefer a settlement with Hussein. But even one of them recently said in conversation that "should the unexpected happen and Hussein telephone Dayan, it might embarrass us awfully...."

THE GOVERNMENT has recently been appearing increasingly as a prisoner of public opinion. This in turn has been fed by the "private statements" of some leading government figures and by a press that is by and large opposed to the return of any territory whatsoever, especially that of the West Bank. Along with the popular afternoon press, Mr. Allon's organ *Lamerchav*, and of course right-wing HERUT's *Hayom*, have become to some degree protagonists of *"Eretz Israel Hashlema"* (the whole, undivided Land of Israel).

The Army of reservists has given way to the Army of tourists in the occupied areas. The ancient towns of Hebron, Bethlehem, Jericho and Nablus in the last half-year have been stormed by tens of thousands of Israelis, with their wives and children, crowding the churches and mosques, climbing the ramparts, causing fantastic traffic jams, exploring the picturesque bazaars, where they quickly buy up English jams, Japanese smoked oysters, and plastic toys from Red China. Judging simply from the size of the crowds, an Arab could have easily re-

[1] A few days after Dayan's speech, Allon was quoted as being affronted by the Dayan declaration that Israel's historical borders took in only the West Bank. He asserted that the Biblical borders also included Sinai and the Syrian Heights. And so the contest continued.

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ceived the impression that there were at least ten million Israelis. At first, the authorities frowned upon this onslaught, and tried to limit it by an elaborate system of permits. But Israel is not only a state, it is also a *mishpoche*: with just about everyone having a relative, friend, or friend's relative near enough to the permit-issuing offices, the system of permits quickly broke down. Mass tourism to the Gaza Strip, to Northern Sinai, and to the ancient cities and breathtakingly beautiful landscapes of Samaria, Jericho or Hebron, has since exercised a political effect of some significance. To the recent immigrant, the shortened bus-route he now takes from Tiberias to Jerusalem *via* the new (but really the old) direct route through Nablus has become a fact of life. To him it has become unthinkable that he must return to the longer, roundabout way through the coastal plain that was the only way prior to the war. One understands the practical reasoning of this; there are emotional factors, however, that seem to play an even more important part. The emotional factor appears to possess such primeval force that one may well ask whether any government would dare to oppose it.

THE TERRITORY OF Israel prior to the Six Day War, though rich in Roman, Byzantine, Nabatean and Crusader ruins, actually had very few historical monuments testifying to the Jewish past here. The old territory never embraced the ancient areas of the Hebrews—who were people of the Hills—but rather that of their plainland enemies, the Philistines, as well as the Edomites' Negev and "Galilee of the Gentiles." The Six Day War has suddenly confronted Israel with its history. Its cradle was not in Tel Aviv, as Dayan put it, but in the Hills of Judea, at Hebron and Jericho, at Anathot, the birthplace of Isaiah, and in the shades of the mighty ramparts surrounding the ancient city of David, in its alleys and pools and above all on Mount Moriah—now the precinct of two great Mosques. Here David placed the Tabernacle and Herod the Great built his temple, of which only the Wailing Wall remains. The sight of the ancient remnants, sparse as they are, has nevertheless fired the imagination of people to an extent that even the "Canaanites," an esoteric group which has always been in favour of shedding Jewish traditions to assimilate with the Arabs, have been described as feeling that some of their best friends are Jews. Avowed Atheists have been

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making moving and pious statements about the sanctity of the Wailing Wall.

THE DAILY PRESS has been filled recently with maps of Joshua's, Solomon's and Herod's conquests on both sides of the Jordan, as well as argumentative articles proclaiming Israel's right to the whole of Palestine, irrespective of the wishes of its present 950,000 Arab inhabitants. Present dwellers there would of course not be molested, but they must expect to live quietly in a Jewish State, because the whole of Palestine is the legal heritage of the Jews. The founders of Zionism had hoped that Palestine could serve as a national home for both Jews and Arabs. But this now seemed to many a hopeless dream, fit only for cranks and political non-realists. While this, in view of recent events, may be the sad truth, it is still difficult to agree with exhortations published in the press such as that by Mr. Aharon Amir, a leading publisher and poet, who wrote that Israelis must overcome what he called the "complex" of partition (of Palestine), to him the unnatural complex of those who cannot think of the country as it was meant to be—a single entity. In a lonely, but correct response, Mr. Dov Bar-Nir argued in MAPAM's *Al Hamishmar* that since two legitimate national movements had clashed over Palestine, its partition, far from being a "complex," was in effect the only just and moral solution. Why, he wrote, undo it now?

With the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other, some of the more fervent have argued that deeds contracted in the Late Bronze Age are the legal and moral basis for present claims, whether for real-estate or political control in general. One example given was the traditional burial cave (now a Mosque) of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their wives at Hebron. The cave was not only conquered by Caleb of Yephune around 2000 B.C., and again by General Dayan last June (this is the argument of Israeli Minister of Religious Affairs, Dr. Zerah Wahrhaftig), but it was also purchased by Abraham from Ephron the Hittite, and modern Israel holds the title. The same was true, he said, of the site of the Temple in Jerusalem, now, after Mecca and Medina, Islam's holiest place. Israel, Dr. Wahrhaftig announced, has the legal right to destroy the present (and most beautiful) Dome of the Rock in order to rebuild the temple; but "it will not exercise this right" because according to the Halacha the third Temple can be built only by God. "I am thus extremely happy," said Wahrhaftig, "that we shall so evade a nasty conflict with the present Moslem occupants of the site."

Even so moderate and serious a man as Professor J. Praver of the University of Jerusalem, in a symposium organised by the mass-circulation tabloid *Maariv*, came up with the astounding statement that although many peoples in history had held Jerusalem, the Jews alone succeeded in "striking roots" there.

A NEW, SOMEWHAT ANIMISTIC cult of holy places has sprung up, actively propagated by the Ministry of Religious Affairs and the Chief Chaplain of the Army, and still spreading, as "authentic" Biblical sites and graves of prophets and rabbis are being "discovered" almost daily in the newly-occupied territories (in late October the official count was more than 300 new "discoveries," including the allegedly authentic graves of relatively minor biblical figures such as Avner ben Ner, King Saul's Chief of Staff, or the prophet Nathan). The Minister of Religious Affairs issued an official announcement criticising Professor Yigael Yadin, the archaeologist, who was reported by an indignant Israeli reporter to have said in New York that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are probably not buried in the Machpela Cave in Hebron. Some old stones, of whatever origin, have become the subjects of adoration bordering on fetishism. While reminiscent in many ways of Catholic practice—the cherishing of bits of the cross, or the handkerchief or footprint of Jesus—a new element was here being introduced into the traditionally abstract character of Jewish religious worship. At the Wailing Wall, a whole densely populated quarter has been razed overnight and its inhabitants moved elsewhere, to make way for tens of thousands of visitors. To judge by sounds and sights alone, the Wailing Wall is paralleling the mass-gatherings in Southern Italy following a "miracle."

The poet-publisher Amir has called on Israel to face "the intellectual and moral challenge of the new borders of victory"—there to establish the greater Israel which would stand firm, persevere and impose its will in the face of pressure even from all the world's powers.

Mr. Amir tried to reassure those of his readers who might have some concern over a possible Arab majority by 1990 in a united country. Majorities, he wrote, do not necessarily count;

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after all, the ancient Romans never had a numerical majority in their empire, nor do the Russians today in the Soviet Union. Israel, says Mr. Amir, "has a Manifest Destiny" to become the dominant power in the Near East, through exploiting her present military superiority and through becoming the patron power of all political, ethnic or religious minorities in the area, from the Maronites of Lebanon to the Kurds in Iraq and the Copts in Egypt. Another leading poet who has recently entered the discussion is Nathan Alterman, perhaps Israel's finest lyricist and through his political essays long known as "the conscience" of the Israeli labour movement. He, too, is for annexing the West Bank. Returning the West Bank to Jordan, he says, even in exchange for a peace treaty, would be another "Munich." A Munich is possible not only between one nation and another but also between a nation and its history, between an individual's present and his sense of belonging to a past.

THE ISRAELI OCCUPATION régime on the West Bank has been marked on the one hand by a humanity and generosity rarely evinced by occupation armies, and on the other hand by growing civil unrest and unwillingness (*e.g.*, by teachers) to co-operate with Israel. Another writer, the distinguished political columnist on *Yediot Aharonot*, Erel Ginai, has suggested that there is "only one safe way to get the Arabs on the West Bank to collaborate with Israel, and that is to impress it on their consciousness that Israel has absolutely no intention to evacuate the territory inhabited by them."

Another poet and regular political commentator, Mr. Haim Guri, writing in the daily *Lamerchav*, felt that there was no need to worry about the possibility of the Arab population gaining a majority through natural increase by the end of this century as long as there was continued mass immigration by Jews into *Eretz Israel Hashlema*. If for one reason or another there will be no such mass immigration from the West, Mr. Guri suggested issuing an "Appeal to the Gentiles"—Norwegians, Dutchmen, Danes, Mexicans, Frenchmen and Italians —who might be, he wrote, more open to Israel's message than the Jews of the Diaspora.

> Let us tell them: Come and partake in the wonderful adventure of building Eretz Israel.... We will share everything with them. We will

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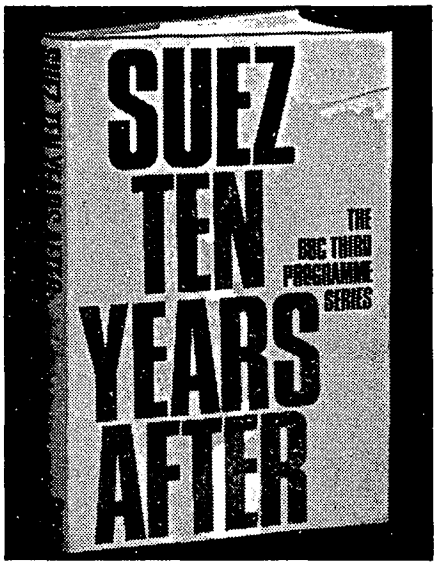

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give them our pretty daughters for wives and their dark or light-skinned women will find men here worthy of the name. We will make it easy for them to convert to Judaism, and those who will not want to convert can live here as a sympathetic minority of Christians or Atheists, tied to us in heart and soul, as citizens.

SINCE THE WAR, a curious reversal of roles traditionally played by "intellectuals" and "power élites" has taken place here, indeed has become a characteristic of the country. In Israel, as elsewhere, intellectuals, poets, novelists, *et al.*, have often criticised real or apparent governmental excesses. Here, as elsewhere, the intellectual community has tried to serve as a corrective to what was or seemed illiberal or over-nationalistic in governmental policies. Since the war, intellectuals and liberals have been in the forefront of a vociferous campaign for holding on to the "liberated areas," while many of the traditional hawks within the government and army have counselled moderation, peace with the neighbouring states being more important in their eyes than the acquisition of new territories. One senior army officer recently referred to Israel's conquering poets, saying: "They frighten me, these intellectuals and poets.... It is strange: if I were intoxicated with victory, that would be bad but natural. But they...?"

How characteristic is all this talk of the climate of opinion in the country as a whole? Some observers dismiss much of it as marginal and unimportant. Others are less sure. Explaining why he was opposed to the annexation of the West Bank as well as to the establishment of a puppet-state there, Professor J. L. Talmon of the Hebrew University recently wrote: "The example of other nations fills me with the fear of lurking dangers to the moral texture, mental balance and spiritual values of a master race." Some of the letters and articles recently appearing in the Israeli press could serve as first illustrations to what Talmon must have had in mind: protests against the "excessive humanitarianism" of the authorities in the occupied areas, demands to reintroduce the death penalty, an offer by one reader of a popular afternoon paper to serve as hangman, or the announcement by Eytan Livny (former Chief of Operations of the *Irgun Zvai Leumi*) that "hundreds of former *Irgunists* are ready to help deal with hostile populations."

OTHERS FEEL THAT most Israelis are at heart realists, who will not be swept off their feet by foggy poets and emotional rabbis who travel about the occupied territories sounding their *shofars* like Joshua's army outside the walls of Jericho.[2] It was argued that given the right kind of political leadership a considerable majority of Israel would stand the test and prefer peace more than territories and security more than ancient sites. As things looked towards the end of the year, hardly anyone expected to be put to such a test. There was nothing to suggest that the Arabs were ready for settlement. Deadlock was in the air.

[2] The Army Chief Chaplain, Brigadier General Rabbi Shlomo Goren, who previously had descended on Mount Sinai by helicopter, blowing his *shofar*, caused a good deal of embarrassment to the government and as much anxiety to the Arabs of Jerusalem, by entering on Tisha Ba'Av the enclave of the holy mosques on Mount Moriah and holding a public prayer there. He had planned to continue to hold regular prayers there and announced plans to build a synagogue in one corner of the mosque courtyard; but government pressure has prevailed upon him to cancel his plans —at least temporarily. His demonstration unnecessarily lent further weight to an Arab obsession dating from the days of the earliest Zionist settlers that the Jews are bent upon razing the mosques to rebuild their temple.

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Spectrum

Araby Betrayed

I WAS IN NEW YORK when the Israelis clobbered the Arabs last time, and as I appeared to be the only person in that opinionated metropolis to cherish any sympathy for the Arabs, I had a disagreeable time of it. No use for me to argue that the Israelis were merely compounding old injustices—no use trying to break through the mesh of deceits and misconceptions that shrouded the affair—no good suggesting that while there were several guilty parties to the Palestine situation, the least guilty were unquestionably the Arabs. No, the Zionist collection boxes clinked too loudly along Fifth Avenue for a dissenting voice to be heard, and the mocking abuse directed at the Arabs across the most urbane Manhattan dinner tables was about as answerable as a street lout's obscenity.

Ah but England, I comforted myself, would be different—shrewd, humorous England. where eyes were not so easily wool-blurred, and memories not so selective. I was wrong. If the language and the bias were less frenetic, still it seemed to me that the British showed little more understanding of the Arab case than the Americans. A great if inept people had been cruelly humiliated in trying to redress what they consistently claimed to be a wrong: but the more savage the Israeli assault, it seemed, the more admiring the British were, and the more blandly the historic origins of the tragedy were dismissed as irrelevant. The most politically sophisticated nation in Europe had been, in my opinion, thoroughly and naively gulled.

I suppose a few Britons are having second thoughts now, as it becomes clear how much the Israelis stood to gain, and how contrived was their posture of embattled innocence: but the temper of this country remains contemptuously anti-Arab. It is true that sometimes a transient phenomenon, like the film *Lawrence of Arabia*, revives something of the old sheikhly allure, and hashish may yet do for Egypt what transcental meditation is doing for India; but the desert song is over, Britons and Arabs are bitterly disillusioned with each other, and when my wife went to the film of *Dr. Zhivago* somebody in the row behind confidently identified Omar Sharif, the Egyptian star, as a well-known Israeli actor whose name he had momentarily forgotten—Topol, perhaps.

Times have changed. Not so long ago the British never tired of discussing their special affinity with the Arabs, born out of a common hierarchal background, and a shared love of desolate places. A company of striking and marvellously articulate adventurers had given a literary glamour to the Arabs: Kinglake, Robert Curzon, Doughty, Gertrude Bell, Lawrence, supported by itinerant artists like David Roberts, J. F. Lewis and Edward Lear, and by rumbustious profiteers like Shepheard of the Hotel and Waghorn of the Overland Route. With no other oriental people, except perhaps the martial tribesmen of northern India, did the British claim this kind of empathy: a complicity, almost, like the collusion between a sporting landlord and a likeable poacher.

No gamekeeper, note: the British relationship with the Arabs was essentially without responsibility. The romantic association was established at a time when the Turks were suzerains of Araby, and the Arabs never did fall under the direct authority of the British Empire. Even Egypt was only a British Protectorate from 1914 to 1936, and except for Aden no other Arab territory ever had a full-blown British imperial government. By the time we achieved hegemony in the Middle East we had already lost the imperial touch and the imperial fervour, and tried to control the Arabs by shifty and half-hearted methods of indirect rule.

IT WAS ALWAYS an equivocal liaison. We seldom stood frank towards the Arabs, and our status in the Middle East was very well represented by the ambiguities of the mandatory system—empire without sovereignty, oblique accountability. We were *hatched* on the map of the

JAMES MORRIS *is the author, among other works, of* The Market of Seleukia (*1957*), Sultan in Oman (*1957*) *and* The Hashemite Kings (*1959*).

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Middle East. Our position was not even based on conquest, which everybody understands, but on the half-truths and evasions of Sykes-Picot, the Balfour Declaration, and Versailles, upon the need for oil and the influence of Zionism. We were the effective rulers of the Middle East from 1918 to 1945, but we went about it sidelong. In the days when the Viceroy of India was the most flamboyantly ostentatious of all panjandrums, the British overlord in Egypt was officially no more than "Agent and Consul-General."

And as our acquaintance with the Arabs grew more familiar, our vision of them changed. The British no longer saw them through the eyes of a few very remarkable men and women. The Kinglakes, the Curzons, the Bells were travellers of rich individualism, easy and urbane, who were likely to feel a natural sympathy with the Arab merits of grace, pride and subtlety: even now there are a few such Britons at large among the Muslims, sustained by an anachronistic love of style and asceticism, or an amiable pederasty. But the myriad Britons who first visited the Middle East during or since the Second World War, and whose memories have so powerfully influenced the national attitude, saw the Arabs in a very different kind. They saw them, for the most part, only from the outside—from the back of a tank, the door of a NAAFI, the pay office of an oil company: and they saw them at their least attractive, demanding *baksheesh* or making rude political noises.

A different sort of Arab, too, entered the relationship. The archetypal Arab of the old conception was the patrician Bedouin, like a febrile bird of prey, fierce, volatile, bound by intricate rules of heredity and protocol that powerfully appealed to gentlemanly Britons. Now, under the impact of nationalism, education and material progress, the city Arab emerged from his Turkish shrouds: a much more ordinary man, more like a Bengali than a Pathan, given to litigation and agitation and often dressed in ill-tailored European clothes —either insensible of the advantages of the British connection, or fulsome in his loyalty.

Old habits die hard. Even when it had long been apparent, by the late 1940s, that the Arabs never would be contented subjects of the *Raj*, that the Egyptian *effendi* was more representative of Arab society than any hereditary chieftain of the *Juheina*, and that nothing short of complete British withdrawal would ever satisfy the Arab nationalists—even then most of the British sympathised with the Arabs, I think, during their first war against the Zionists, and vaguely felt that perhaps we had not treated them fairly. Ever since, however, the Anglo-Arab relationship has progressively curdled. Neither side has put a foot right. The Arabs have advanced in spasms of unnecessary effrontery, the British have withdrawn in fits of unbecoming pique. Neither people has begun to grasp the other's understandable concerns of pride, face, or prosperity. The history of the Arabs is as utter a blank to most Englishmen as Cromwell, Nelson, or Gladstone are ciphers to the Arabs.

MY OWN FEELING, as an unashamed apologist of the old British Empire, is that the British have behaved shamefully towards the Arabs. Not merely did we fatally disrupt the region by the creation of the Zionist National Home: twice, first in Palestine and now in Aden, we have miserably abandoned our duties in the face of force, leaving the *indigènes* to murder each other as best they may, and relinquishing our authority without establishing a firm succession. The true splendours of the imperial mission have left few memorials in the Middle East. Self-interest took us there, ignominy has forced us out, and whenever we failed to stick to our guns, we simply spiked them instead.

But it is almost over, and soon we can make a fresh start—with the vantage unquestionably theirs. When the British soldiery left Sheikh Othman in Aden the other day somebody scrawled upon a wall *"Gone Away—No Milk."* In such a cheerful, absolute spirit should we now begin to restore our shattered relationship with the Arabs. We need not pine. Our Middle Eastern policies have outlived their usefulness anyway. I very much doubt if our fading presence in the Persian Gulf makes much difference either to our oil supplies or the strength of sterling, and I have a strong suspicion that if the Ruler of Kuwait decided to join the franc zone after all, things in Britain would potter on much as before. We have nothing to lose, and we can start more or less from scratch.

It will not be easy. We shall have to accept many more kicks in the teeth, diplomatic disruptions and ill-explained arrests. We shall have to clear our minds of cant over Israel, and recognise that being pro-Arab isn't being anti-Semitic, or even anti-Zionist. But we would be crazy to regard the Arabs as being irrevocably hostile and hopeless, as New Yorkers seem to think. They are a difficult lot, but so are we. We may not appreciate the way they carry on, but they are one of the most fascinating of the world's peoples, and cutting ourselves off in a huff from their culture and their affairs would be like deliberately cultivating a migraine—a blind patch in the national mind.

I don't pretend that friendly relations with the Arabs are essential to our national welfare—we can manage, I am sure, perfectly well without them: but any narrowing of our horizons

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is a sadness, every lost friend is a potential customer antagonised, and each withdrawal from an old sphere of interest makes us a pettier and less interesting nation ourselves. We can no longer hope for pro-consuls or Philbys in the desert, or even for urbane young classicists pausing for a hubble-bubble with the Emir as they ride to Damascus to pick up their letters of credit. We can never again claim that mystic league between our peoples, spiced with desert air and cardamom coffee.

But we can recognise, as a sensible fresh beginning, that the Arabs never sought our complicity in their affairs, and that the nearest they ever got to interfering in ours was at Tours in 718, when a Christian Liberation Army turned the tide of *their* imperialism.

James Morris

Bitter Victory

MORALLY—and politically—there can be no doubt that right triumphed in the Arab-Israeli war this summer. Connoisseurs of the Arab mentality sometimes suggest that when President Nasser threatened to "drive the Israelis into the sea" he did not mean what he said. The Israelis—who have good cause to remember that when dictators threaten genocide it is wise to take them seriously—could be forgiven for adopting a less philosophical view. But although the Israeli Government had no choice but to act as it did, the brutal truth is that Israel cannot obtain the security she needs unless the Arabs are prepared to give it her; and any serious analysis of the situation must start from that unpalatable, but inescapable, fact. Even if the Israelis were prepared, in Professor Talmon's phrase [ENCOUNTER, October] to become "the Spartans of the Middle East" and to live by the sword instead of walking by the book, they lack the power to dictate a peace settlement against the wishes of those with whom they seek peace. And for Israel, anything less than a peace settlement is not merely a second-best, it is a disaster.

Some Israelis seem to imagine that even if Israel fails to come to terms with the Arabs, she can at least enjoy greater security than she enjoyed before the war, by virtue of her conquests on the West Bank, on the Syrian Heights and in the Sinai Desert. This notion is not merely false; it is a dangerous reversal of the truth. The fact is that if Israel fails to make peace with the Arabs she will be worse off than she was before the war. She will face an even more implacable enemy, even more determined to wipe out past humiliations, and even more prepared to pay whatever price may be asked for the wherewithal to do so.

Once this is accepted, however, Israel's current attitudes and behaviour are more alarming than most Israelis seem to recognise. For if Israel can only obtain the kind of peace settlement she needs if the Arabs are prepared to let her have it, it follows that both sides—and not merely the side which lost the war—must be prepared to make concessions. In fact, however, Israel's behaviour since the war has been the reverse of conciliatory; and on the crucial questions of the West Bank and the refugees it has been downright provocative. It is true that Israel cannot conceivably hand over the West Bank to Jordan without peace negotiations. The West Bank is the best bargaining counter she has ever had, or is ever likely to have; and she is entirely justified in retaining control of it until the Jordanians are willing to come to terms. But the success of this manoeuvre depends, by definition, on Israel's willingness to return the West Bank to Jordan when a peace settlement has been reached. Thus, any actions on Israel's part which are likely to give the Arabs grounds for suspecting that she intends to keep the West Bank for ever, and to use it as *Lebensraum* for Jewish settlement, are suicidally inept. And this, of course, is precisely what Israel has done.

At a deeper level, moreover, there is little sign that Israel is prepared psychologically for the adjustments which will be necessary if the Middle East is to enjoy a stable peace. It is clear that Israel cannot hope to live in peace with her neighbours unless they cease to regard her as an alien intruder and accept her as a Middle Eastern state like themselves. Any suggestion of this sort, however, is violently—sometimes hysterically—rejected by the vast majority of Israelis. "Israel," I was recently told, not once but a hundred times, "is *not* a Middle Eastern state. We are westerners, with a western culture and a western political system. We have no objection to carrying the blessings of western technology and western civilisation to the more backward parts of the Middle East. But for God's sake don't ask us to become Middle Easterners ourselves. How would you like it if you were told to become West Indians?"

DAVID MARQUAND *is the Labour Member of Parliament for Ashfield; he was previously Lecturer in Politics at the University of Sussex, and has recently returned from a visit to the Middle East.*

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THESE ATTITUDES are understandable, if unattractive; but they bode ill for peace in the Middle East. The same applies to the even thornier question of Israel's psychological relationship with world Jewry. Most Israelis seem genuinely unable to realise that beneath the wild, illogical and sometimes nonsensical charges which the Arabs have brought against them, there does lie one uncomfortable kernel of truth. This kernel is, of course, the charge that Israel is not a state like any other, but the spearhead of a vast Zionist invasion of the Arab world: an alien bridgehead which is likely to expand inexorably until all the Jews of Diaspora are brought within its confines, unless its expansion is prevented by force. In a strictly factual sense, of course, this charge is absurd. Israel has been in existence for twenty years, and has attracted only a miserable trickle of immigrants from the one sizeable Jewish community in the world whose members are free to leave—namely, the Jewish community of the United States. If this is the case in the 1960s, when large numbers of American Jews are still only partially assimilated, it is hardly likely to cease being the case at the end of the century, when the American Jewish community will be far more thoroughly assimilated into American society than it is now. But although the Arabs are mistaken to fear a great new influx of Jewish immigrants into Israel, they can be forgiven for making the mistake. For the Israelis make exactly the same mistake; and deny, with vehement passion, that it is a mistake at all.

The result is a perverse and tragic paradox. Israelis and Arabs both share the same misconception of the nature and destiny of the state of Israel: because they share it, they cannot make peace. Both believe that because Israel was founded by Zionists, it must remain Zionist. Both believe that because the starving and tortured Jews of post-war Europe had nowhere to go but Palestine, the increasingly assimilated Jews of North America will follow their example. Both believe that because the population of Israel is predominantly Jewish she cannot evolve into an ordinary secular state, in which Jews and Moslems, Christians and atheists, live side by side; owe their allegiance to the secular authorities rather than to any religious or ethnic community; and cease to concern themselves with the ethnic and religious affiliations of their fellow-citizens. In fact, these beliefs are false as well as dangerous. It is true that when Israel was founded it was necessary for her to develop an ideology capable of welding together a mass of immigrants from different cultures and social backgrounds. Since the only thing these immigrants had in common was their sense of being Jewish, it was inevitable that this ideology should have blurred the distinction between Jewishness and Israeli nationhood. But this does not alter the fact that the distinction exists, and that it is bound to become more and more pronounced. Most Jews outside Israel have no intention of going there to live, and their descendants will have less. As time goes on the barriers between the Jewish communities of the outside world, and the societies of which they form a part, will fade away until the difference between a Jew and a Gentile becomes no more portentous to either than the difference between an Anglican and a Methodist. Meanwhile, a new generation will have grown up in Israel. This new generation will know of the heroism and suffering of the present generation of Jews only from its history books; and it will have little in common with the increasingly un-Jewish Jews of the outside world.

THESE DEVELOPMENTS, moreover, are desirable as well as inevitable. Forcible assimilation, of the kind now practised by the Soviet Union, is an evil since it entails discrimination and persecution. That is why it is unlikely to succeed. But voluntary assimilation, of the kind taking place inexorably in the United States and Britain, is a blessing—both to those who are being assimilated, and to the wider society into which they are assimilating themselves. This voluntary assimilation, however, is steadily undermining the ruling ideology of the Israeli state. Hence, of course, the violent indignation with which even moderate Israeli politicians deny that it is happening; and insist, in defiance of the evidence, that somewhere beyond the horizon lies the promise of a great new ingathering of the exiles which will finally realise the original Zionist dream. The paradox is that if these Israeli politicians were right, the future of Israel would indeed be hopeless. If Israel really were the bridgehead for a great Zionist invasion of the Middle East, the Arabs would be justified in fearing her and doing all they could to nip her expansionism in the bud.

PEACE BETWEEN Israel and the Arabs, in other words, is possible only because Zionism is wrong: and it will be probable only when Israel herself makes it clear that she realises that Zionism is wrong. Everything else, it seems to me, depends on that. It is easy to sketch out the terms of a possible peace treaty. Israel obviously needs a guarantee of her *de jure* existence as a state, and frontier adjustments to give her greater military security. In return, she will obviously have to give back most of the occupied territories to their former owners; to allow back the refugees who fled from the West Bank this summer; to accept some status short

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of complete annexation for the old city of Jerusalem; and perhaps to arrange some form of compensation for the original refugees who fled from what is now Israel twenty years ago. But a peace treaty of this sort (or indeed of any sort) would not be worth the paper it was written on unless it were accompanied by a genuine decision on the part of the Arabs to accept Israel as a fact of Middle Eastern life—a decision guaranteed not by signatures on a treaty, but by a fundamental change of attitude. But no such change in the Arab attitude to Israel is possible, it seems to me, until an equivalent change has taken place in Israel's attitude to herself. At present, Israel sees herself as a Jewish state which happens to be situated in the Middle East. Permanent peace will not be possible until she sees herself as a Middle Eastern state, most of whose people happen to be Jews.

In the long run, this change seems certain to take place. The critical question is how long the run turns out to be.

David Marquand

Oil as Hostage

THE BRITISH policy of exercising strategic control over the Middle East as a means of securing uninterrupted access to oil supplies is in ruins. It has been argued that access to these supplies could be secured by normal commercial arrangements. I find this argument invalid because the British imperialist past in the Middle East, and past Western involvement in the Middle East, have made the supply of oil particularly vulnerable to emotional and political considerations which far outweigh questions of commercial profit and loss. First, the extent of British reliance on Middle East oil inevitably exposes Great Britain to the threat of its denial as a form of political blackmail whenever any Arab State finds itself at variance with HMG. Secondly, any attack on any Arab country emanating from, or appearing to emanate from, the West (and this, as we have seen recently, includes any successful Israeli defence against Arab aggression) would probably, from the point of view of public opinion, oblige any Arab régime, willy nilly, to attack the West in the only way open to it, which, in the case of oil-producing States, would be by stopping or diverting oil production, and, in the case of Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon, by blocking the oil transport lanes through their territory. Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, the pattern of oil exploitation in the Middle East, formed in the days of imperial supremacy, assumes the continuance of, and the defences provided by, a supremacy which no longer exists and, by perpetuating the memory without being able to invoke the protection of that supremacy, has become both a provocative and vulnerable target for nationalist resentment.

The pattern of Middle East oil exploitation by the Western oil companies is still the classic "plantation" one designed originally for the cheap production of raw materials in colonial territories. A Western-owned, Western-financed, and Western-managed concessionary Company produces oil in quantities determined by itself for sale (usually to its own affiliates) at prices fixed by itself, handing over to the host Government such share of the proceeds as has been determined between them. Such an arrangement, ideal for the *concessionnaire* under colonial conditions in that it gave him freedom to produce as much or as little oil as he liked and to dispose of it how and at what price he chose, is hopelessly inappropriate under conditions where the *concessionnaire* is working in an independent and potentially hostile country with no possibility of effective diplomatic or military support from outside. Financially, his exposed position renders him vulnerable to the alternatives of expropriation and a continuing squeeze on his profit margins. Physically, his staff are vulnerable to every form of persecution and harrassment. Psychologically, since the whole pattern of the operation seems (whatever may be the reality) to emphasise that it is a Western outpost engaged in the plunder of the national resources for the benefit of the West, the stoppage of oil exports, the wreckage of oil installations, and the disruption of the operation generally, are popularly seen, not as a self-inflicted wound, but as a bloodless victory over the West.

For all these reasons, I believe that ordinary commercial considerations cannot be relied on to keep the oil flowing. For the second of these reasons, endemic Arab disunity and internecine quarrels cannot be relied upon to prevent the possibility of a simultaneous denial of oil supplies from all Arab sources. And, for the first of these reasons, Arab subordination to British policy has, by the inexorable logic of events, been converted into British subordination to Arab policy. This subordination dictated British inaction when Abdel Nasser closed the Straits of Tiran, and inhibits any effective or disinterested British initiative anywhere in the

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Middle East. We British are in the position of a defeated army which has withdrawn from its positions leaving valuable hostages in the hands of the enemy.

THE EFFLUXION OF TIME (perhaps two or three generations)—but no conceivable process of instant diplomacy—may well lead to an accommodation between Israel and her Arab neighbours. Until that happens, nothing short of the defeat and destruction of Israel can remove the threat of Arab reprisals against Great Britain, undertaken as a psychological compensation for humiliations imposed by Israel, so long as Britain, in the matter of oil supplies, and in the present form of oil concessions, continues to be vulnerable to such reprisals. This continuing prospect of subordination to unpredictable Arab attitudes can only be removed, first by reducing the present extent of British reliance on Arab oil supplies, and secondly by a transformation of the existing anachronistic oil concessions.

In the long term, British vulnerability to Arab oil sanctions is probably greater now than it was 11 years ago, although in the short term, the development of super tankers has diminished the threat posed by the closing of the Suez Canal and the Syrian pipelines. Apart from other political difficulties about supplies from newly-discovered oilfields in Nigeria, it is now apparent that supplies from Libya and Algeria might well be included in a general Arab boycott. What is needed is a fuel policy, taking into account alternative sources of supply (*e.g.*, stepping up Persian oil which the Persians are only too anxious to do), and alternative fuels (*e.g.*, North Sea gas), directed specifically towards the object of "getting off the Arab hook," on which we are so humiliatingly impaled, by reducing the present extent of our dependence on Arab oil.

The transformation of existing oil concessions (in which American, French and Dutch, as well as British, interests are involved) would have to take the form of a series of arrangements whereby present concessions would be surrendered to the host Governments, who would then be offered long-term contracts for the purchase of specified quantities of oil, loans on commercial terms for the development of oil resources, and, if required, European "know-how" and technical personnel on a contract basis. This process, combined with a reduction in the existing extent of dependence on Arab oil, would eliminate the present elements of blackmail on one side and colonialism on the other. And it would create the possibility, which does not now exist, of developing the Middle East oil business on ordinary commercial lines, as is done with primary products in other ex-colonial territories, where the "plantation" system was abandoned in anticipation of (or concurrently with) the relinquishment of political control.

In this context, the abandonment or non-abandonment of existing British bases and "special positions" along the "thin red line" stretching from Aden to Kuwait is almost irrelevant. Staying there involves taking sides in Arab domestic disputes without the power either of influencing the outcome or of protecting British interests. Leaving will at all events expedite the process of accommodation to realities.

John Marlowe

The Kiss-and-Make-Up Delusion

IT IS TIME we faced up to the fact that, at this moment of history, there is no way of reconciling Arab pride and self-respect with the existence of a separate Jewish State in the Middle East. This is as difficult for the Israelis as for the Westerners to accept. Israelis maintain rightly that there is physically room for everybody in an area which is certainly underpopulated. They are therefore, inclined to attribute Arab ill-will, war threats and terrorism to the machinations of reactionary politicians, to Soviet or Chinese Communist conspiracy, to Western oil interests or to the anti-Semitism of Ernie Bevin or the expansionism of Abdel Nasser.

All these factors have certainly contributed to the seething Middle Eastern unrest. Yet none of them is more than an accessory. The basic trouble is a deep scar inflicted on the Moslem consciousness by the emergence—at the heartland of the Arab World—of a thriving, efficient, non-Moslem community, reaching Western levels of affluence in stark contrast to the poverty of the surrounding states.

Because Israel is Jewish and Western, not Moslem and under-developed, it sticks out like a beacon of light—or a sore thumb, depending on your preferences. And, as I can testify from a recent visit, the gap is growing greater all the time.

In a more civilised world, perhaps a few generations away, the Arabs and Jews could live together in a wider, secular Palestine, and there would be no need for a separate Israeli State. But the course of recent history makes this inconceivable in our lifetime. Israel has come into being in tragic circumstances, developing its own deep and religiously impregnated sense

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of national identity. Israelis are mostly refugees and children of refugees from Christian or Moslem countries, where they were a persecuted or ostracised minority. They would certainly rather perish than accept a return to subject or minority status. That is why they are ready to compromise about frontiers, but not about recognition of their right to exist.

Arab nationalism, too, in its present phase of development, is inseparable from religion. All the Moslem countries, not just the Arab ones, invariably vote together at the UN. As the Israeli Foreign Minister, Abba Eban, ruefully remarked, you could assemble the 40-odd votes for the notion that the world is flat.

THE ISRAELIS LIKE TO THINK that their three successive victories, of '49, '56 and '67, humbled only the professional soldiers on the other side. In fact, it was equally shaming to the vast mass of illiterate Arab peasantry, who desperately go on trying to believe either that the Arabs had won or that they had been a victim of some wicked Western conspiracy (partly true in 1956). Even after the third round, the truth of defeat is only beginning to seep in. The American-sponsored survey of the 1967 refugees in Jordan revealed that, although three-quarters of them would like to go back and live even under Israeli rule, they are also convinced that war is now the only honourable and effective course open to the Arab nations. They are giving their newly-born children names like Jihad, Harb, or Aïda, which mean struggle, war, and "the one who is returning." Certainly the hatred is being deliberately fomented by the Arab rulers in the surrounding countries. In the period before the June war the fantasy and filth pouring out of the press, radio and television, had reached Nazi proportions.

The mendacity of Arab propaganda addressed to the Israelis over the Hebrew-speaking radio was so preposterous that it was treated as a joke. An exploiter of sick humour was afterwards profitably selling tape recordings of wartime Cairo broadcasts describing, between martial music, the bombing, burning, capture and destruction of Israel's main cities—none of which had been damaged at all. But it came as a shock to discover how much of all this had been believed. One educated and relatively well-disposed Arab was asked several weeks after the war by an Israel official how he thought Arab-Israeli relations might be improved. He suggested they should start by trading Nablus and Jenin for Tel Aviv—he really thought Tel Aviv was in Egyptian hands. He was hustled by car to Tel Aviv to see for himself.

But, whereas the Israelis had hoped the Arabs would turn against the people who had so manifestly misled them, they found, to their dismay, that the Arabs preferred a dream world that protected their pride to the reality that numbed it. The shame and revulsion was impervious to rational argument.

THE UNWILLINGNESS of the Arab communities in Palestine to tolerate a home for the Jews, let alone a Jewish National State, goes back to the earliest days of the British Mandate, and the struggle has continued uninterruptedly ever since. Sir Dingle Foot, the former Solicitor General, told the House of Commons a few weeks ago that he regarded the National Home and the State of Israel as "one of the greatest and remarkable achievements in recorded history," but also said that "the gross, wicked and monstrous" injustice to the Arab refugees is "the underlying cause of the Arab/Israeli enmity in the Middle East." In fact, Arab enmity toward the arrival and installation of the Jews pre-dated the refugee problem by a quarter of a century. And the "underlying cause of the Arab/Israeli enmity" was precisely the creation of Israel, heralded by Sir Dingle as "this great and remarkable achievement." The subsequent Arab refusal even to meet the Israelis and discuss compensation and international resettlement was abundant

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evidence that the refugees were being used by the Arabs as an excuse to preserve a state of hostility, which they hoped would ultimately enable them to wipe out Israel.

Those who are unfamiliar with the generous humanitarianism of the Foot family might be inclined to attribute such a distortion of the truth to latent anti-Semitism. The Israelis almost certainly would. But, in fact, the contrary is true. The Foots (Dingle's brother, Lord Caradon, U.K. Delegate to the U.N., and Michael, leader of the left-wing faction of the Parliamentary Labour Party, think the same) only reflect the rational, enlightened, and entirely inapplicable ideas of the liberally-minded Left, who cannot intellectually take on board that one of the facts in international life is the Arabs' resentment about the existence of a Jewish State in the Middle East. They must, instead, cling to their belief that, given sweetness and compassion from the physically superior Westernised side, the "two wronged nations" could kiss and make up.

If this were true, the only problem would be to get the Arabs to forget their distress and get the Israelis to renounce their conquests. But if the Israelis are right in believing that they are still fighting for survival, then they would obviously be wrong to retreat from what are the strategically favourable lines without any safeguards against future attacks.

IT IS TRUE that Israelis do their own cause no good by being so intolerant of criticism and so ready to ascribe every unfavourable comment to anti-Semitic prejudice (though it could be argued that their recent history provides extenuating circumstances). To a Western secular visitor, there are aspects of their society which are certain to be unattractive: the grip of the synagogue (which seems to be increasing) deprives them, among other things, of that most elemental of home rights, the freedom to marry whom they please. Mixed marriages, like Saturday buses and trains, are forbidden.

The Israelis' treatment of the Arabs in Israel, of whom 250 of the brightest are cherished students of the Hebrew University, is a model of enlightenment, compared to the cruelty practiced towards the Jewish survivors in almost all Moslem countries. On the other hand, though the Arabs have an equal vote, the fact that Israel is a Jewish nation rather than a secular state, means that religious minorities are necessarily outsiders.

In the occupied areas, Israel's treatment of the Arabs is surely better than what the Arabs would have done to the Jews, if the war had gone the other way. Indeed, I met no foreign observer during my month in East Jerusalem who, having lived among the Arabs, had the faintest doubt that there would have been wholesale massacre if the Arabs had occupied Israeli-inhabited areas.

As I can testify, the Israelis demolished about a dozen frontier villages (the homes of several thousands) after the fighting, and left the homeless to be succoured by the nearest Swedish Consul or by the monks of the nearby monastery. But at least they never took civilian life, except when fighting back terrorist activities or stopping clandestine arrivals and escapes. Given Israel's turbulent history, and the wide range of cultures and communities of which the present nation is composed, their record of civilised behaviour is high, though it is not perfect.

But, although criticism is justifiable on human and ethical grounds, it is absolutely over-optimistic to pretend that any supplementary compassion would help to reconcile the Arabs. For what they have against the Israelis is not that they are aggressive or oppressive, but that they are there.

If the humane, liberal delusion was just soft-headed, it could be left—"the cause that wit is in other men"—to such distinguished humorists as Malcolm Muggeridge or Michael Frayn. Unfortunately, it is not just comic, but also pernicious. By encouraging the Arabs to refuse to recognise Israel, and to go on pretending the defeat never happened, they only resuscitate the Arabs' now forlorn hope that the Jewish State may, after all, be destroyed.

It would be far wiser, and in the end, more humane to recognise that there is a new balance of power, and that the Arab leaders, perhaps at the cost of further internal disruptions, will ultimately have to recognise Israel as a permanent feature of the Middle East. They can claim support from the two super powers to prevent its territorial aggrandisement, but the Americans will never allow its destruction. They must learn that escapades like blocking the Straits of Tiran, or sinking an Israeli destroyer, may be fun and glory while they last, but will provoke intolerable retribution.

THE STATED AIM of British policy, reaffirmed many times over by Mr. George Brown in the House of Commons, is: "a settlement acceptable to both sides." Unfortunately there is no such thing. The only settlement "acceptable"

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to Arab pride would be the disappearance ("preferably painfully," many of them would say) of Israel: and *hara-kiri* hardly qualifies as a solution "acceptable" to the Jews.

Faced with this disagreeable truth, the would-be peacemakers are inclined to turn panicky and argue that if there cannot be instant peace there will be nuclear war. This is untrue, precisely because the two big powers are aware of the danger. The Russians have done many provocative things: they have never given away nuclear weapons.

Conceding that, in the present international situation, a settlement is excluded means accepting, for the time being, the twilight between war and peace, in which there will still be many disturbances but, one can reasonably hope, no major collisions.

The British-sponsored resolution, recently unanimously adopted by the Security Council, introduces no basic changes. The two sides—and their respective backers—began giving their contradictory interpretations even before the ink was dry. The Arab and Russian argument is that it means Israel's immediate and unconditional withdrawal from all the territories occupied during the June war. The Israelis stress that the word "all" is not employed and point to other paragraphs which would seem to vindicate their claim that there can be no frontier settlement without recognition. The fact is that if the motion had not been stuffed with ambiguities it would have run slap into a Western or Eastern veto. As it is, it opens the way towards the visit of a UN representative, Mr. Gunnar Jarring, who may at least help to preserve the truce. Clearly defined boundaries might later facilitate some frontier readjustment: even the reopening of the canal, if this can be made worth Egypt's while.

But the "just and lasting settlement" is still a long way off. It will have to await some very basic rethinking, which is now being damagingly delayed by well-meaning Arab sympathisers on the British side who concede that it would be "a humiliation" for the Arabs to talk to the Jews. None of the people who argue this way would be ready to see Britain intervene on the Arab side, redressing the balance of military power and helping them eliminate Israel. That is why they would be better advised to urge the Arabs to abandon any hope of obtaining the moral and material benefits of peace until they recognise that Israel has the right to live and to be treated as an integral part of the international community. There is no other way.

Nora Beloff

Maalesh! Inshallah!

ANYONE WHO KNOWS the Arabs would immediately recognise these terms. To the non-Arab they cause uncertainty, frustration, often bewilderment. To the Arab they offer comfort, hope, relief in affliction. It is not difficult to translate these terms into English, but impossible to convey their exact meaning. *Maalesh!*—sorry! it doesn't matter! it'll be all right! A charming term, it stands for the immense tolerance the Arabs have, indicates also the submissiveness, the apathy and the negativism of the Arabs. *Inshallah!*—God willing—represents the fatalism, the wishful thinking, and the inability of the Arabs to face reality. It is understandable to have faith in God, but it is fatal not to be able to take responsibility. "We lost a war, *Maalesh! Inshallah,* we will win next time! . . ."

It is difficult to think of another people who have deceived themselves in the way we Arabs have. Fantasy, lying, wishful-thinking and false pride substitute for rational thinking in the Arab mind. We prefer to believe that basically nothing is wrong with our way of life, beliefs, or social values. We look to our ancient past for our glory and ignore a millennium of servitude, corruption and submission as if it did not have any impact on our values, social behaviour, and ideology. It is incredible how little is understood about Arab history. There is no comprehensive study of Arab History in Arabic. There are only translations of out-dated Western works or paraphrasings of these works without acknowledgement to the original authors. Students of Arab History are painfully aware of the absence of an adequate comprehensive study in any language.

Both Western and Arab intellectuals see the dynamic force of Islam as shaping early Arab history. Both agree on the immense Islamic heritage the Arabs passed on to humanity. But while most Western intellectuals argue that Islam is a spent force or is in need of a Reformation, Arabs refuse to recognise the weaknesses which have crept into their Islamic heritage. Confronted with the challenge of the West, Arabs thought that they had only to learn the "secret" of Western progress to catch up with the West and rid themselves of Western domination. We must only add Western technology to our cherished heritage and everything would straighten itself

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out. Arab socialism, Westernisation, Modernisation and Arab Nationalism are among the empty slogans which have been used by Arabs recently to hide our inability to face our weaknesses. We do not want to admit that Arab society has undergone a long period of Deformation which has badly damaged the fundamental values as well as the social and intellectual life of every Arab.

THE ARABS have every right to be proud of the fact that they presented Islam to humanity. Under the auspices of Islam the Arabs were able to assimilate and digest the best of the previous human heritage. One could speak then about a Judaeo-Christian-Hellenistic-Islamic tradition as giving civilised society its principal values. But this does not mean that Islamic society did not have its faults. Neither the Quran nor the traditions of the Prophet prescribed a system of government and the rapid expansion of the Arab conquests only brought together various peoples who had had a long history of antagonism. The process which succeeded in assimilating the Arabs and the newly conquered peoples, was not successful in shaping these peoples into a unified community.

Islam paid a great deal more attention to the duties of the individual than to his rights. The duty of obedience is repeated over and over again in the Quran: *"O you who believe, obey God and obey the Messenger and those in authority from among you."* Perhaps the emphasis on obedience to authority is understandable in very early Islam when the highly individualistic Arabs had to be accustomed to accept authority. But later, when the authorities continued to insist on enforcing "obedience," it led to far-reaching results. New ethical standards based on force and apportunism were introduced into Islamic ideology.

The political disintegration of the Arab Empire was soon followed by the influx of alien nomadic hordes from Central Asia into the lands of Islam. Early in the 11th century the Seljuk Turks came in great numbers, and as conquering warriors they set themselves at the head of Islamic society and found it easy to modify the basic tenets of Islam to suit themselves. Fatalism became part of Islam: people were told to obey the ruler, just or unjust. Propaganda and brainwashing are not exclusively modern phenomena—the Arabs and their co-religionists had undergone a very effective brainwashing. Their ideology and values were deformed to suit the most perverted type of ruler.

MEANWHILE, THE ECONOMIC LIFE of the Middle East was deformed—a re-nomadisation of the region took place. Rural areas became pasture lands for the Seljuk nomads, cities declined, trade vanished and an economic decline set in from which the Middle East has yet to recover. Not long after the Seljuk Turks lost their power, the 13th-century Mongols came in and continued in the Seljuk tradition. Any faint traces of the Arab tribal democratic traditions were supplanted by the autocratic Turco-Mongol tribal traditions. The word of the chief was law. The Mongols found Seljuk Islam so well-suited to their purposes that they were converted *en masse*.

The Ayyubids and the Malmuks (1250–1517) were a crude extension of the Seljuk system in Egypt and Syria. It was left to the Ottomans to perfect the Seljuk system and impose it all over the Middle East for four centuries (1517–1918). The Ottomans ruled; the "Raya" subjects were systematically exploited. The Deformation became permanent; the cleavage between rulers and ruled was complete. The bonds of brotherhood among the members of the *Ummah*—the Muslim community—broke down under the strain of such oppressive rule: man lost faith in his fellow man; mistrust became the rule. This failure in human relations led to deeper divisions among the members of the Arab-Islamic society. Their religion was emptied of content; faith ceased to exist except on the level of theological dogma. Where human values are concerned, Islam in the minds of its adherents stands for very little. They cling only to its rituals.

Is it, then, surprising that calls for reform find no response? The situation is beyond reform, even a radical one. Much has been written about Islamic reform movements in modern times: the fact remains that none of these movements has met with success. Islam, which created a society, fails to hold society together.

Contact with the West impressed 19th-century Arab intellectuals, but the transgressions of Western Colonialism left a feeling of mistrust in the mind of every Arab. When Pan-Islamism was involved against Western Imperialism, it proved ineffective. Yet, ironically, Liberal Nationalism (in itself a Western notion) proved to be effective in Egypt, Syria, and even Algeria, and helped in the struggle against Western domination. But it has proved inadequate to reform a deformed society. It is true the Arabs have become free to shape their own future. But the persistence of the West in its attempts to maintain its influence in the Middle East was bound to interfere with Arab efforts in this respect. Western policies—*e.g.*, Suez, 1956—have been disastrous for the region and have in-

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creased immeasurably mistrust of the West and all it stands for.

A NEW FACTOR has of late been introduced into the situation. A few Arab intellectuals had begun to toy with ideas of socialism and communism, but until the early 1950s socialism remained mostly a dirty word in the Arab world. It was not so much that communism and Islam are incompatible as that the Arab was ignorant of communism. This long-imposed ignorance, combined with the sudden introduction of socialist ideas (and, of course, the Soviet attitude towards the Arabs), helped to remove the fear of communism from the mind of the Arab intellectual. Still, he is not ready yet to accept a communist ideology.

In this frame of mind the Arab intellectual is faced by a new challenge, namely Zionism, with its peculiar amalgam of Westernism, socialism, and nationalism based on racial and religious foundations. The Jews have succeeded where the Arabs failed. They have succeeded in reviving an antiquated religion whose adherents had suffered in complete submissiveness over the centuries. Since the Israeli idea was conceived by Western Jews, it was easier for them to adopt Western values. A vigorous and dynamic society succeeded in imposing itself on Palestine in spite of continued Arab objection.

In the absence of an indigenous philosophy the alternatives for the Arabs are clear. There are those who advocate communism, and they have a powerful argument in the support of Russia for the Arab cause. They also cite the achievements of communism in China. Nevertheless, they know they are only a small minority and they lack the organisation to accomplish their objectives; they also believe that the Arab world may drift inadvertently into communism, and they calculate that time is on their side. Of course this *could* happen—in Syria to begin with and perhaps also in Egypt. The pressures of the present situation may push in this direction.

The West has a responsibility and a chance to help the Arabs out of their present dilemma. It must surely realise that the Arabs are anti-communist. It is the Communists who are supporting the Arabs and not the other way round. The Arabs are against the West's world-politics, but they are not against Western values. If the West would try simply not to offend the Arabs —let alone right the wrongs it has committed against them—the Arabs might regain their faith in the West and its values. The Arabs need to realise that they should accept Western values even if they contradict the Islamic heritage. Islam should be relegated completely to the relationship of man to God.

The West needs to realise that it is never too late to right a wrong, and the more candidly this is done the sooner forgotten. The Jews have almost forgotten the wrongs inflicted on them in the Christian West over the centuries. One reads about a Judaeo-Christian tradition. Could one hope for a Judaeo-Christian-Muslim tradition? Or should one expect Arab Communism? Almost anything would be better than the immemorial *Maalesh! Inshallah!*

M. A. Shaban

Holy City

I CAN ONLY GIVE an outside view because I have not been back to Jerusalem since 1964. Thus I write without the emotion of recent experience, and with that of memories which the June war has made to seem fifty years old. I do not believe that one can write profitably about Jerusalem and the bitter Arab-Jewish conflict without emotion, and those who attempt to do so usually find themselves adopting a priggish attitude of "superiority" which is of no use to anyone. It was the attitude that the British Mandate authorities were forced into, and it exasperated Zionists and Palestinians equally, and demoralised the British. Read Koestler. It became the attitude of UNO in Jerusalem, and it did not help them either.

This is not a moment when any sane person can pretend to have settled views on the Middle East, but I find it possible to have firm convictions about three Middle East matters: the rights and wrongs of the opening of the June war; the need for a united Jerusalem; the need for an Israel acknowledged and respected by the world at large, but especially by the world of Islam. The third is the most important and the least likely to be realised, at least in the lifetime of anyone except a small child fated to be a nonagenarian.

The rights and wrongs of the opening of the war were little debated in this country until the Israelis won. Before then the event seemed a clear case of naked aggression by the Arab powers led by Nasser. Then, after the Israeli

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victory, doubts as to Israeli's innocence began to find expression, especially from some of those who use what Dorothy Sayers once well described as "The Voice of Enlightenment." The massing of Egyptian, Syrian and Jordanian troops, the alliance of Nasser and King Hussein, the daily threats of extermination uttered against Israel and the Israelis, the blocking by military force of Israeli access to the Red Sea, the shooing-off of the UN peace-keeping force—all this counted for nothing, according to the voice of Enlightenment, compared to the awful fact that Israeli soldiers fired the first shots. It has even been contested that the enemies of Israel, and especially Nasser, were cruelly manoeuvred into a Jewish trap.

Such an interpretation seems to me nothing more than a combination of fantasy and legalism. It seems to me as sensible as to argue that because the declaration of hostilities in World War II came from France and Great Britain, we and the French were the aggressors, a point, it may be remembered, which was made by Joachim von Ribbentrop to the French Ambassador in Berlin in September 1939. I do not suppose that there is nothing that can be said against Israeli conduct in the weeks before the opening of the war, and it is certainly arguable that Israel should have cooperated with the UNO force, but the Israeli aggression theory seems to me in the class of Bacon-wrote-Shakespeare and the flat-earth argument.

The desirability of a unified Jerusalem is obvious, but the whole past of Jerusalem is witness to the difficulty of bringing this about. From remote times the history of Jerusalem has been one of multiple exclusions, a custom rarely interrupted by breadth of mind or good feeling and more often by the contrary custom of one party desecrating the shrines of the other. For eighteen years, from 1949, the walls of Suleiman the Magnificent were disfigured by coils of rusty barbed wire separating the Old from the New City; those hideous coils were most woefully characteristic of Jerusalem custom.

It would seem that only a lunatic could want those coils of wire back in position, now that at last they have been forcibly removed. Yet there are many who are asking to have them back again, including General de Gaulle. They insist that Israel must withdraw from all the territory she has so aggressively, as they believe, overrun. If Israel was to withdraw, the wire would be back the same day. One can understand an embittered Moslem of Jerusalem hankering for that sign of hate. The Western politicians' state of mind is not so easily grasped. Presumably the politicians do not mean what they say, and the simpler souls do not know what they are asking for.

Let me consider just what they are asking for.

There should be a strong case for Jerusalem being a Moslem city in which non-Moslem minorities have adequate guarantees of freedom. Islam can claim the right of conquest, since from the days of the Caliph Omar in the 7th century to the expulsion of the Turks by the British in 1917, Moslems ruled the city except for the hundred-year Christian kingdom of the Crusaders. After 1917 there followed just over twenty years of British rule and then the Old City reverted to Moslem rule, again by right of conquest. In all, Moslems have ruled here for some twelve hundred years, and, for tolerance and respect for the rights of dissenting minorities, their record compares well with that of many other civilised states elsewhere in a succession of intolerant ages. All this would give a very strong case for a Moslem restoration now, if it were not that the last period of Moslem rule, from 1948 to 1967, was among the most repugnantly intolerant of all. The Jordanians showed themselves to be among the worst guardians of other peoples' rights and shrines to have appeared in the whole troubled history of Jerusalem, counting, that is, from the year 637 when the Caliph Omar gave a sublime example of what the chivalry of a conqueror can be.

Those who press for an Israeli withdrawal from the Old City are not asking only for the barbed wire. They are asking the Jews to acquiesce in the terrible deeds of the immediate past, in the wanton destruction of the ancient synagogues of Jerusalem, in the wilful desecration of every Jewish shrine in Jerusalem, even including the graves of Jews who were buried there in accordance with hallowed custom; and they are asking Jews to admit the justice of a régime under which a Jew found in Jerusalem was usually killed as a matter of course. It is not surprising that Jews hesitate to agree to this singular request. One need not waste thought or emotion on the matter. The whole of this argument is more than a little academic, for no matter what Foreign Ministers or American State Secretaries or the French President may say, the Jews will not move out of ancient Jerusalem. I cannot believe that anyone with any practical sense believes that they will.

What then can one suggest as a definitive solution? Like the idiot in the opera I can only reiterate: I don't know. I can only put forward a personal predilection or two. I do not see myself why Jerusalem should not be under Jewish rule. This may sound reckless, as likely to increase that inter-religious feuding which has sometimes made life in Jerusalem a hell on earth and extends to the sub-divisions within the

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different creeds. One need not believe all the tales of mutual misconduct, most of which are made up by guides for the delectation of tourists, said to occur frequently in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but the inheritance of uncompromisingly divided faiths is not a myth and will always remain the major problem.

Why then do I suggest that the sovereign power should be confided to a people identified (however much they may declare their irreligion) with one of these warring religions? I do so not only because this is the situation today, but also because I believe that there is an essential difference between the Jewish attachment to Jerusalem and the Christian or Moslem attachment. To the Moslem it is not Jerusalem but a certain site in Jerusalem which is venerated: Al Kuds, the shrine, the majestic Dome of the Rock supposedly begun by the Caliph Omar, and the great area surrounding it, the Harama a' Sharif or Noble Sanctuary. To a Moslem, unless I am gravely mistaken, there is a profound difference between Jerusalem and Mecca or Medina. The latter are holy places, containing holy sites. Apart from the hallowed rock, Jerusalem has no major Islamic significance.

With the Christians, of whatever branch, the attachment to Jerusalem is much less, even to the Christian holy sites. Archaeology suggests that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is in fact an accurate indication of "the place of a skull" and Joseph of Arimathea's tomb. But there has never been a doctrine on the subject, and the Christian is free to contest the site, as many have done. Christianity has never laid the same stress on pilgrimage as Islam; the very custom of pilgrimage has never been a strictly integral part of Christianity, and has for several hundreds of years become a very small minority activity. There is no suggestion that it is a Christian duty. Since the Crusades Christians have become accommodated to the idea that Jerusalem is under non-Christian rule. It is not a source of embitterment today, even to the most devout.

But to a Jew Jerusalem is something very different, indeed unique. Not only is it a city founded by the Jews; it is at the centre of Jewish being. It is all that Mecca can be to a Moslem, or the Mass to a Catholic Christian, and the emotion is expressed in the psalmists' words which retain their power after thousands of years of repetition: "*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem....*"

If the Jews take over the rule of Jerusalem (and so long as the Arabs insist that Israel is non-existent no other course is open to them), and establish it on a permanent footing, then they will of course have a dreadful time. They will be involved in an unending argument with the clergy of three religions, their own being by no means the most pliant, and with every other sort of minority claim. Yet, immense as are the difficulties in the way of permanent Jewish rule, I think that such a solution is preferable to the obvious alternative, namely an international régime conducted under the auspices of UNO.

I AM NOT unconscious of the reputable achievements of UNO, but I am quite sure that so far as Israel and Jordan are concerned the organisation should face the facts and include itself out. It is not only that the flight of its army—without even staying to argue the point—at Nasser's request, has made UNO temporarily ridiculous in this field, but it is difficult to see how the runaway Secretary-General can draw on sufficient respect to make UNO authority a marketable commodity among Moslems, Jews or Christians. A Secretary-General who provokes contempt can hardly impose UNO authority in that place where he earned his reputation.

But the immediate past is not the only objection to UNO as the ruler of Jerusalem. They were there, after all, for the whole period between the Palestine war of 1948 and the June war of 1967. Agreed their task was difficult, agreed the basis of their authority was lacking in simplicity, agreed too that under Hammer-

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skjöld's dynamic leadership they did occasionally stand firm in a crisis, but their influence was far more feebly exerted, considering that they rarely had both sides against them, than it need have been. In Jerusalem UNO has had its chance and muffed it.

To propose Jewish sovereignty in the Holy City is admittedly to propose a great deal, and perhaps one of the most difficult aspects of the proposal is that, at this difficult moment, Israel must make concession upon concession to Arab sensibilities if such a solution is to be effective in the long run. (In the short run, let me repeat, it is what must happen.) Arab sensibilities are extremely tender as a result of successive defeats, and it may be true to say that today the Arabs are in the same sick state of mind as afflicted the Jews before the founding of the State. They feel themselves to be the helpless victims of an enormous and undeserved injustice, and they can hardly not thirst for revenge. The fact that they have taken revenge of a horrible kind on the Jews in Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Irak, Yemen and the Arabic-speaking lands of North Africa, does not seem to have soothed their anger. For an obvious reason, I think. The Jews turned the resultant mass-immigration of refugees to good account, and thus to the Arabs the persecutions lost any flavour of victory. But the fact is that, through the Balfour Declaration, the Arabs, as truly as the Jews, are without any doubt the victims of a great injustice. No amount of ingenious argument by Zionists has ever been able to dispose of the uncomfortable fact that the establishment of the National Home and its growth into Israel were only made possible by cruel disregard of the national interests of the indigenous people. The only remedy for the resulting hatred and bitterness is faith in the healing effects of time aided by generous rule. The latter is most unlikely to show any results before many years. It will require the greatest patience, but the only alternatives are an attempt at rule by the discredited UNO, an attempt surely doomed to failure, or that Israel should live by the sword in perpetuity, till she perishes by the sword. I believe that generous rule, very generous rule, by the Jews must be tried because there simply is no other hope.

A START COULD BE made by two needed acts of appeasement. In his letter to Professor Arnold Toynbee [ENCOUNTER, October] Mr. J. L. Talmon says: "there is no person or group of persons, of any standing in Israel, even among the ultra-orthodox, who would dream of rebuilding the Temple and destroying Moslem and other sanctuaries." (One should explain perhaps that the Mosque of Omar and the Noble Sanctuary occupy the site of the Temple. I believe this is undisputed by archaeologists.) My own experience of Israel makes me agree with Mr. Talmon. Yet there can be no doubt that belief in an ultimate and secret Jewish aim to pull down the incomparably beautiful Mosque of Omar, to abolish the Moslem shrine and to erect anew a Temple in its traditional area, is widely accepted among Moslems, and has been enormously stimulated for years by propaganda. If (as I am sure is the case) Mr. Talmon's opinion is correct, why can there not be a considered Rabbinical pronouncement to that effect? Nothing less could possibly undo the propaganda and dispose of the grain of truth in it. Cardinal Manning once said that all controversy was essentially theological. His words could be remembered today with profit.

The second act of appeasement I have in mind is a simpler one. There has been a repulsive tendency (I use the words with care) in Israel of late years to glorify the terrorists whose part in the establishment of the State has been grossly exaggerated. A street has been named after their principal hero, the bloodthirsty Abraham Stern, but their lasting monument is Deir Yassin. An excuse for that appalling massacre has lately been published in *The Times* under the signature of Professor Rushbrook-Williams, to the effect that it was a reprisal. If that excuse holds, then revenge is virtue and we are all back at moral square one.

The memory of Deir Yassin is one that cannot be erased from Arab minds—and small the wonder. This massacre, involving the death of over 250 men, women and children, was the work of a combined operation undertaken in April 1948 by the two main terrorist groups, the Sternists and *Irgun*. At the present moment, a former chief of *Irgun*, the author of a book in which the massacre is strenuously defended, holds a ministerial post in the present Israel government.

The excuse, that Israel needed a ministry of all the talents at a dread hour, won't wash. Israel is not a terrorist-minded society, and it is folly to try to appease the terrorist-minded minority which, in my belief, is minute. Surely our age has proved that attempted appeasement of terrorists is a waste of time. In this instance it seems so in double measure. The Israel claim is that peace can be attained only by direct negotiation between Israel and the Arab states. A most reasonable and statesmanlike proposition in itself, but I fail to see how any Arab government can, while retaining any popular backing or self-respect, possibly consent to meet the Israeli government in conference while Menachem Beigin is one of its members. To have appointed him is a blunder. Every day that he remains in office must make the blunder harder

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to undo. Only one ministerial pronouncement has been reported of him in our press: he is said to be opposed to the return of any refugees to the west bank of Jordan. Interesting.

How is the recognition of Israel by the Moslem world to be assured? On that subject I will refer the reader to two quotations. In March 1956 I met Monsieur Gilbert, at that time French ambassador to Israel, and I had a long talk with him about Arab non-recognition of Israel and the consequent appalling Middle East tangle of that time. He dissected it in detail, positively relishing, with his keen French mind, its unbearable complexity. "But what do you suggest should be done?" I burst out in my agony after half an hour of the treatment. "Suggest?" he said, "Why, nothing at all of course. Here you have an insoluble problem. The first rule when dealing with such problems is not to try to solve them. You must put your trust in time, and your trust may be misplaced." I remembered his words later that year.

My second quotation gives a minute gleam of hope. I take it from a letter written to me by an Israeli friend in mid-September. "The interesting thing," he writes at the end of an acute analysis of the political situation within Israel, "is that all the Israeli parties are mere shells. There has been a fantastic spiritual upheaval in the country, and the parties, all of them, are split from top to bottom on every issue. The situation is absolutely unpredictable except for two contradictory truths: the Israeli soldier (*i.e.*, the people) does not want to fight any more wars, and he will not give up what he has won without gaining some semblance of security—whatever that means!..."

Christopher Sykes

Open Questions

Future historians will probably make the origins of the war of 1967 appear more complicated than they were. A temptation to see hidden purpose and detailed planning where there were mainly accidents and contingencies is always present—and nowhere is it stronger than in the Middle East, with its built-in belief in the conspiracy theory of history. Indeed, the truth about the third Arab-Israeli war seems too uncomplicated to be given wide credence. The fact is, that Nasser stumbled into it, that Israel was unprepared and confused, that Soviet intelligence was incompetent and Moscow's judgment poor, that America was powerless to do anything—all this sounds too banal to be generally accepted. Yet, on the basis of what we now know, it seems that only the *Fatah* terrorists and, perhaps, the Syrian leaders wanted the war. They were impatient with the many anti-Israeli resolutions that had been adopted over the last ten years and which had not brought the liberation of the homeland any nearer. They were genuinely convinced that a "people's war" would do the trick. Is the astigmatism permanent, or is it only a temporary affliction?

Neither America nor the Soviet Union wanted this war. The Americans, like the Israelis, did not expect it in 1967; the warnings of the few who did had been ignored. From the American point of view, preservation of the *status quo*, however unsatisfactory, was preferable to any violent upheaval with its unpredictable consequence. Besides the innate conservatism of American foreign policy, there were specific reasons to fear that a war between Israel and the Arabs would adversely affect American interests in the Middle East. Direct Soviet intervention was thought unlikely in Washington, but it was a possibility that could not be ruled out altogether. American policy, therefore, was to come to an understanding with the Soviet Union that the two super-powers should not directly interfere. The danger of a confrontation between America and Russia was averted without difficulty, for the stakes involved were small compared with the risks of a third World War. The two powers even made a concerted effort to restrain both Israel and the Arab countries. But when the Soviet Ambassador asked Nasser not to fire the first shot, things had already gone too far. The Soviet leaders thought that Washington would be more successful in bringing pressure on Israel. The Americans were less optimistic: they knew from recent experience that there are limits to big-power influence over small countries, especially when vital questions of their national security are involved. The U.S.A. could have restrained Israel only by taking the initiative in reopening the Straits of Tiran and by somehow inducing Nasser to withdraw his troops. Ameri-

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can unilateral action was ruled out from the beginning. No one in Washington wanted the U.S.A. involved in yet another war; and while the other maritime powers were reluctant to join in breaking the blockade, America hesitated to take the initiative. Thus, the plans that had been worked out by American and British experts were abandoned.

How much unanimity could there have been in Moscow on how to control the Middle Eastern crisis? I have heard the thesis put that the crisis was at least partly the work of a group of Communist leaders (including Shelepin, Yegorichev, and Semichastny)—Soviet "hawks" who reportedly reached the conclusion that a more militant foreign policy was needed, that greater risks had to be taken in the confrontation with America.[1] As chief of Soviet internal security Semichastny was certainly in a good position to influence the course of events. The rumour about an impending Israeli attack might have emanated from these quarters. But Semichastny was removed from his job on 18 May well before its consequences could have been foreseen. It is more than doubtful whether his dismissal or that of Yegorichev (shortly after the end of the war) was linked to the Middle East crisis. There were no doubt differences among the Soviet leadership but they had to do with the wider issues of Soviet global strategy.

According to the Soviet concept, the gradual victory of communism throughout the world is ensured as a result of the growth of the strength of the Soviet Union and other Communist countries. There a new society is being built which is not only more affluent, but also freer and more democratic in character than any Western society. At the same time more and more non-Western countries will choose the non-capitalist road of development—some peacefully; others (directly threatened by imperialism or neo-colonialism) through wars of national liberation. But lately the scheme has not been working too well. Of those that have embarked on the "non-capitalist" road during the last two decades, some have developed into caricatures of socialism (as the Russians see it), picking on the way a quarrel with Russia for not being "radical" enough. Others have failed: the "progressive" leaders of Indonesia and Ghana, to give two examples, have been overthrown. It has been the tacit assumption of Communist strategy that once a progressive leadership prevails in a country there will be no back-sliding; Communism would grow steadily in strength whereas its enemies would falter. But the nuclear stalemate has frozen the international situation. Soviet capacity to help the smaller countries has been narrowly circumscribed; it is up to them, unaided, to carry out the struggle for liberation. But what if they are unable to cope? Theoretically, this possibility should never arise because the "popular forces," however small, always in the end triumph over "reaction," however powerful. In practice there were complications: the "progressive" forces in the Middle East, despite the advantage of numerical strength and material superiority, were defeated by "reactionary" Israel. In such a situation there was bound to be pressure for direct Soviet intervention. The Soviet Union had, therefore, a vested interest in the prevention of local conflicts which might involve it directly or indirectly. But what if a local conflict did break out?

The Arab-Israeli war was a perfect case-history. Direct Soviet military interference was unthinkable; it would have meant a confrontation with the other super-power over a non-vital issue. Not to help meant a loss of face, and Russia's enemies would exploit it in their propaganda. Coming after the coups in Indonesia, Greece, and Ghana, the Israeli victory seemed to constitute the culmination of a "trend": there were bound to be voices claiming that America, not Russia, was the strongest power, and that the tide was running against Communism. When Col. Boumedienne visited Moscow after the June war, he asked his Soviet hosts to what extent they were willing to support wars of liberation. The Soviets countered with another question: What do you think of nuclear war? This counter-question was unlikely to make a great impression on the Algerian leader and his colleagues of the "progressive" camp: nuclear arms for them are an abstraction; they have no direct knowledge of their effects. Moreover, they assume, perhaps not altogether wrongly, that in a nuclear war New York and Moscow are more likely to be destroyed than Algiers and Damascus.

The Soviet dilemma remained acute and painful: how to help Syria and Egypt without overstepping the line that could mean confron-

[1] There seems to be confirmation in a report by the Syrian Prime Minister, Dr. Zuayen, about his mission to Moscow in 1966 which has recently come to light. (It was published in *Al Muntadel*, the internal bulletin of the Syrian Ba'ath party.) According to this account, some Soviet leaders told him in closed session that while they personally agreed with Syrian policy *vis-à-vis* Israel not all of their colleagues shared this view. The Arab leaders would have to pursue a more militant line to show that they were really serious. There are no doubts as to the authenticity of the report, but I suspect that Dr. Zuayen either misunderstood or distorted the views of his hosts. Soviet leaders simply do not talk this way to foreigners who are not even Communists.

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tation with the U.S.A.? How to refrain from giving all-out support without losing credibility and playing into the hands of the Chinese? These were the main issues, and it is only natural that individual Soviet leaders had different answers. No one wanted to risk war with America over the Straits of Tiran; it is unlikely that anyone suggested that Russia should drop the Arab countries altogether; but between these two extremes there were undoubtedly different accents and degrees of emphasis. The policy of the Russians towards Israel is always far less emotional than that of the Arabs. In Soviet eyes, Israel is only a minor pawn in the big-power struggle, objectively aligned on the enemy's side. Even so, Soviet attitudes are not altogether free from emotional undertones. For Israel (and the Jews in general) have given Soviet politicians a good many headaches even since the Revolution, in domestic as well as foreign affairs. Anti-Semitism had been rampant in Russia for a long time before 1917, and Zionism has always been regarded as an enemy. The Jews could never be fitted into the pattern of Soviet nationalities, nor into the Soviet plans in the Middle East. Even "progressive" Jews complained and protested about Soviet policies. On all the Soviets' reactions to Israel or to Jewish organisations isn't there a cutting edge that can't be accounted for in terms of Marxist-Leninist doctrine?

I HAVE HEARD it argued that Israel ought to have pursued a radically different policy from its foundation as a state. Israel should have realised that in the long run it could not survive as an Eastern "outpost of the West"; its only hope of acceptance by its neighbours was to become truly Middle East in character, and become an integral part of the Afro-Asian world to which it really belonged. In other words, Israel should have joined the "third world," body and soul. Within a large Arab federation (it was maintained) Israel would play an important role. The Arabs would demand the cessation of immigration—but not so many immigrants would be coming, in any case. Half of Jewish Israel is now of Middle Eastern origin; and in Israel itself there have been advocates of integration. The only realistic policy there would be to recognise that revolutionary Arab nationalism is the wave of the future, and that Israeli victories could be no more than transitory episodes in an irreversible historical movement—*i.e.*, in the rise to political consciousness of the Arab masses, as personified by Nasser and the Syrian leaders.

There are some valid points in this line of argument. Radical Arab nationalism may well prevail in more countries during the coming years. The long-term survival of Israel is not yet assured. Gestures play an inordinate role in Middle Eastern politics—a few chilly remarks apropos Israel by de Gaulle during the crisis made the Arabs forget that it was France, not America or England, that had equipped the Israeli army. Some Israeli gestures of good-will and unilateral concessions might have had a beneficial effect. It is a matter of regret that they have not been made.

But a general orientation towards the third world (or the Middle East) is not a feasible alternative. The only ties linking the countries of the "third world" are the grave problems of economic and social backwardness and the urgent need of modernisation. Other than that (and certain psychological attitudes towards the industrial nations) there are no common links. Even the Arab nations who share so many common traditions of religion, culture and language have not merely failed to unite, they have been unable to reach agreement on such modest aims as an Arab Common Market. To call for Israeli integration, to demand that it should become "truly Middle Eastern" is in the circumstances not very helpful in terms of present-day politics, and may be altogether meaningless in the future. For the "truly Middle Eastern world" is in a state of disintegration, or (if you prefer) of radical transformation. Israeli efforts to adopt current Arab attitudes would be more curious than convincing. Arab political psychology is an organic growth which cannot be artificially simulated. Geographically and historically Israel is closer to the Mediterranean world than to the Afro-Asian bloc.

THE CRISIS of 1967 is instructive on many points besides those I have mentioned. Can small nations in critical situations rely on the big allied powers for help? What if the great powers are preoccupied elsewhere (or their intervention is ruled out by some other factor in the delicate global balance of power)? The crisis also confirmed that, with all their tremendous military strength, Russia and America may be quite unable to control a relatively small crisis. For where vital questions of national security are at stake, even the smallest countries will disregard advice, requests, or even threats from the super-powers. The lessons of 1967 will be studied for a long time. But they should not be studied too hard, for fear of overrating their general validity. The situation in May 1967 was unique. Nothing quite like it had ever existed; nor is it likely to recur—unless political behaviour in the Middle East will prove to be even less rational in the future than in the past.

Walter Laqueur

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B. S. Johnson

These Count as Fictions

CURLY HAIRS are to be found embedded in the soap every morning. I could of course buy my own soap and keep it safely hairless in my room when I am not washing: but the terms of my sub-tenancy are such that Linen shall be provided and (as under similar agreements I have heretofore entered into) the description Linen inaccurately but legally includes soap. So why should I provide my own? But this is the reason my lodging is less than satisfactory: every morning there is at least one curly hair fully or partly embedded in the green soap. I do not know whether this depilation has taken place to the undoubted loss of a female or of a male. It may be that there is an immutable natural law that male curly hair circles to the left, or anticlockwise, and female hair *vice versa*. Or the former clockwise, and the latter *vice versa*. If I knew this law, I could perhaps apply it after careful scrutiny to ascertain which end might have the bulb of what appears to be fat which often adheres to the root of an unseated hair. But I do not know the law even if it exists (which seems unlikely) and I am not really interested in whether these hairs have been misplaced by a male or a female fellow-lodger. Nor would I be prepared to peer closely enough at them at that hour in the morning, when I am often near to disgust. I scrub at them with the nailbrush, but usually this only embeds them even farther.

Every other Friday now I go down to the richer quarter of the city, to the home of a man who gives me money. He pays me for opening his letters, making a decision as to whether or not certain matters in them will interest him, and replying accordingly. He does not give me money regularly: perhaps once every six months enough to keep me for about a month. He may soon stop doing so altogether. Every time I go I think that he may dismiss me this time; or the time after. But I am used to thinking like that. I ensure that my other occupations give me the same feeling. In this insecurity lies my security. If I knew that in a year's time I would be doing a particular thing, then I would probably suffer some kind of neurosis. At least, that is how I feel about it. I am healthy now, in my not knowing. I am very careful about such things.

HE TRUSTS MY JUDGMENT, this man whose letters I open. I do not know why, but it is very pleasing that he trusts me and it makes me feel I am earning my money, however irregularly it comes. And the irregularity does not matter, for I feel I have successfully lived so far and there is just as much chance of future success: I usually have enough money for tonight and tomorrow, the rent is paid in advance, and it is therefore convenient to regard what he owes me as saving, even as investment. For he is so very good with money. He sits in a graceful chair of skilfully-wrought japanned ironwork, and strokes the Burmese cat which neatly occupies the full area of the catmat on his lap. This slight, ashgrey cat is most uncatlike in that it will without provocation attack me. Why me, I ask myself, I am not a stranger after coming to this house so many times: if it has a memory it must recognise me as the short man in old clothes who comes to open letters for its master. It is possible that cats are incapable of the concepts of shortness and age, however. Certainly the cat attacks me without my doing anything to provoke it, and I conclude it does so because of personal distaste for my presence: which is reasonable

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enough. I have learnt not to let a free hand dangle casually by my chair as I consider my decisions on the contents of the letters, for if I do the cat will suddenly spring and savage it quite severely. Twice this has happened, and the wounds required dressings almost until I came here the next time. The motives of the cat do not interest me. The eduction and study of motives in general I find largely without point: events, attitudes, feelings, states of mind are what I am concerned with, and not with the forces which may prompt them. Given motives are too often guesses, and I have better uses for my imagination. Rarely do I ask myself Why? anything: if I do, the question is almost always rhetorical. I just keep my hands out of the way of the cat.

THIS MAN whose letters I open. Recently some crisis in his business affairs abroad resulted in far more foreign mail being sent to this address. He asked me to undertake the extra work. I was glad to do so, for I thought it would mean some little extra money. He did not say it would. It is seven visits since the crisis, now once a fortnight instead of once every three weeks before it, and fifteen since he last paid me: so I do not yet know how much, if any, more money I shall receive. Neither do I know of course when it will come. But it has never failed to come yet. The extra work at first made me feel that he could now manage less well without me than before, but recently I have begun to feel that he may well decide that there is so much work that it justifies employing someone who would be able to come more frequently than he might think I could. Rightly or wrongly, I see I preserve my insecurity. It is the better way.

The worst part of this job is sealing the envelopes which the senders enclose for notification of my decision. I have been brought up to regard the putrescent taste of fishbone glue as in some way a penance, but now that used on foreign envelopes causes a certain uneasiness, guilt almost, in me. Vanilla and Mint (both pepper- and spear-) are the commonest flavours to be tasted but there are others which are both less definable and even less welcome. My employer, I think, has no idea that I am inconvenienced by these flavours; at least, there is no sign that he might provide a machine (a simple water-container with a roller in it, for instance) to alleviate my discomfort. I shall not ask him for such a machine. Before coming here I invariably buy a small packet of paregoric cough sweets to suck while I am working.

Generally by the middle of the afternoon I have dealt with all the mail which has accumulated during the previous thirteen days. I am then free to leave. The man has never yet failed to smile as I go in appreciation of what I have done for him. I leave by the side door of his house, turn left, and walk down a slope towards the sea: watching my footing, for the pavements here I have more than once found to be treacherous. The richer quarter of this city lies near the sea, and on these fortnightly occasions I permit myself as if to wander along the municipal promenade, surveying the overstocked flowerbeds. I do not look at the sea: it makes me apprehensive. I have constantly to adjust my gaze to the left or to the ground in order that I may not have sight of the sea. Even the quays, the sight of which would fill me with quiet pleasure in the old days, I now cannot bear. Instead, I occupy my mind with statements the truth of which interests me, such as *Form follows function*, or it might be on another occasion *Everything is merely or exactly the absence of its opposite.* Or sometimes I will tell myself *You can't have it all ways: at least at once.*

Keeping my eyes to the ground occasionally has unlooked-for advantages: once I saw a great arrow in yellow chalk on the pavement and the words TO THE MAD LADY. It was for my embellishment I felt this mark had been made, a skeleton for me to flesh, and what I loosely term my mind was not content until I had searched through my pockets and found the small piece of (coincidentally) yellow chalk I had put there (sentimentally) on my last day as a teacher and had added to the original arrow enough others to make the design into a circle, a fistful, of arrows,

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pointing as near as the limitations of the medium would permit to all three hundred and sixty degrees of direction. If I had not grown bored I would have found some means of further extending this comment into a third dimension. But I left it there. I felt that, symbolically at least, I had done more than enough to make my point.

SUCH THINGS SERVE to keep my mind off the sea (it is the punishment once favoured by certain islanders that has estranged me from it: placing the condemned at low tide on a rock which is covered at high tide) at least until I reach the café on the edge of the brothel quarter which is my immediate destination. I have several times remarked in other cities that the richer quarter borders upon the brothel quarter, but have avoided the obvious conclusion since on further thought I have failed to think of some other quarters which I could consider metaphorically wholesome. The insufferable suburbs and the mediocre classes. But I think I have put all that behind me now.

THE CAFÉ THAT I regularly choose to visit every other Friday is only just in the brothel quarter, being on the appropriate side of the street forming the dividing line. But it is an important difference. Here, in any case, I sit and drink (coffee) and read. I read all the morning newspapers at this time, between about four and perhaps eight. I feel I must keep up. Often when I have finished I think I have wasted my time, but on those few occasions when I have not read all the papers I have felt guilty and deprived, and more than once indeed I have missed something, have not kept up, have fallen behind. As I sit and drink my coffee and eat whatever I have ordered, therefore, I swiftly but thoroughly absorb what the morning newspapers have to offer me. In the case of most of them, this produces in me very little except dismay at the poor quality of the writing: the sports pages in particular are of a depressingly low standard. But there are three papers which do aim higher in most things: the deplorable right-wing one, the soft left-wing one, and the austere establishment one. It is in the letter columns of these three that I find the matter which interests me most keenly: the addresses of the famous. The establishment newspaper is the most prolific source of addresses, for many more famous people write letters to its editor. This might be called a hobby with me. I put a big crayon ring round the addresses of those people of whom I have heard, or whose titles seem to mean something, and, when I have finished, tear out the three pages from these newspapers and place them in an inner pocket where they are less likely to be stolen later in the evening. On returning home, against the famous names listed alphabetically I write the addresses in my card-index. It passes the time.

I HAVE FOUND a brothel which does not displease me. It is some time now since it was revealed to me that the cant name for the female genitalia was in fact a tetragrammaton: and the frequency of my visits to the man and his cat accords well with my fortnightly need to worship. I make my way to this sacrarium at about eight, when the first rush of workers on their way home has been exhausted and the later influx of drunken incapables has not yet begun.

The main foyer or salon or waiting room is very interestingly decorated. It was this decoration indeed which led me to return for a second visit rather than the quality of the vestals. It is as though the designer had set himself in one room the problem of employing logically, organically and harmonically all the techniques of decoration that were available to him. Thus the walls and ceiling bear patterns carried out in mosaics, carved and painted wood, moulded and painted plaster, pieces of mirror (besides large mirrors in each bay) ceramic tiles in multicoloured repeating designs, painting (both realistic and *trompe l'oeil*), gilding, fresco work, and probably others for which I do not know the technical names. The Madame has tastefully chosen furnishings which do not detract from its remarkable effect: a plain deep red carpet, gold velvet-covered sofas and chairs,

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and an ornate chandelier. Perhaps the furnishings too were chosen by the designer: certainly the harmony of the rooms is such that it is as if only one person had made the decisions.

Until recently I had for many years avoided going with the same girl more than once. I had found that if I became a regular I tended to become a favourite. This did not flatter me, and I found that the next stage was invariably their confiding in me. I developed a way of dealing with such confidences: I would drag my shirt up under my armpits and show them the scar extending from my lower ribs up to the right infraspinatus. It shuts them up, my scar. Afterwards I would usually leave a larger tip, as a solatium, but I would not go with such again.

However, in this house (chiefly because of its architectural delights) I have broken my rule. When I had gone through all the girls once and had been magisterially refused by the Madame (who nevertheless remains friendly), I found I did not break the habit of coming here after my day with the man and his cat. And since my soul could not stomach the expense of coming here just to admire the architecture, I took the first girl again: and was surprised to find that I did not remember exactly what she was like, how I had first graded her performance: as I can remember from early years the gradings of others. But that was perhaps because I had had them so often, a dozen times each, at least, the enthusiastic amateurs, the true loves: in one case several hundred times, over a period of was it fifteen months.

My coming into this house on alternate Fridays automatically reserves the girl next in the cycle, a personal note of which is kept by Madame herself. While I wait in the salon, am a forecast element in its designer's situation, am exposed to his eccentricity (too little allowance is made for the undoubted effect of architecture upon people, of environment upon action or inaction), I listen to the piano-playing of the man the girls here call Jelly Roll. He plays an accurate imitation of Jelly Roll Morton's style, goes like the clappers at *Fingerbuster*, often on the breaks rises from his rotating velvet stool and saws at his crotch with his free hand, bass or treble, whichever one the break disengages, for some relief, apparent in his posture afterwards if not in his expression. I have talked with him. He is buried in the past, his whole life is less than satisfactory because he was not born a creole in New Orleans in about 1880, where he might have been employed (as JRM was) playing in a whorehouse: practising all day, and playing all night. This brothel is the nearest he can come to it. I do not understand why he goes on earning a living in this manner. But there, I do not understand anyone else's job: they all make me feel dread if I think about them. There are some things which would be impossible for me.

Madame herself calls me or catches my eye when the girl for this particular evening is free, and has cleaned and prepared herself especially for me. Perhaps I flatter myself. It does not matter.

UNEXPECTEDLY, THEN, I am content with this cycle of girls in which I find myself set. They have had careful instructions not to confide in me ever since I mentioned my scar to Madame one day. It was not necessary to show it to her. She is an imaginative woman. Even that the order was arbitrarily fixed by my fancy on the first nine occasions of my visiting the house does not upset me. I can see revolutions of this cycle extending indefinitely, or at least until they decide I must be sent to another city. I do not find it in the least unpleasant. If worship is obligatory, then this is as agreeable a way as I have yet discovered. While my memory is such that I know which girl I shall be having on any particular alternate Friday, I am not yet satiated enough to recall exactly which particular kind of pleasure or chance of pleasure may that evening be mine. With some girls I do associate certain things, but they seem always to be incidental to the main business: with one, for instance, the smell of something very like, I imagine, that medieval perfume which was compounded of equal parts of camphor and powdered mummy; with another, the miniature silver corncob worn on a chain round the neck. And there

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are always unknowns: the influence of the moon (regularly irregular), less predictable illnesses or indispositions, and twice since I have been coming here the sudden and unexplained replacement of a girl. This is ample variety for me. Am I becoming senescent?

It is usually ten before I leave, what with one thing and the other, and I usually have a considerable appetite for nourishment by that time. I go to a restaurant near the mercantile quarter but well back from the seafront, out of sight of the dark sea, where music is provided by a lady who plays the saw. The player is a thin woman of about fifty, straightwaisted as though wearing the apparatus necessitated by a colotomy, and she sits well forward on her chair to grip the handle of the saw between her thighs. With her left thumb at one hundred and eighty degrees to her fingers on the other end she bends the saw into a graceful double curve the radii of which she alters to produce different notes. She strokes the back of the saw, opposite the teeth, with a violin bow from which a number of severed horsehairs hang. The saw is a large one, but it is impossible from my table to discern the name of the maker which I assume to be engraved on its face: I can see, however, that the saw has a non-standard wooden guard which covers those teeth which would otherwise be in contact with her thighs. She achieves a continuous tremolo by means of a rhythmic movement of the right leg; the whole performance of a hackneyed repertoire done with great style, to an audience of honest munching trenchermen.

ON MY WAY HOME I pass late shops, the assistants looking weary, bored, mutinous. I do not know how they can work in such places, again, I cannot understand how people do such jobs. I could not do them. Even the thought of others doing them makes me feel unwell.

Tomorrow it is painting drumskins, delineating battle honours on regimental drums. This regiment has not fought for the last twenty years, so I have only to copy the coat of arms or other representational emblem of those two outposts where it has been stationed. These I can find in the library in the morning, and I should complete the pair of kettledrums by late evening.

I have built up my bed on crates and blocks (which also make convenient steps) so that it is within two feet of the ceiling, after I had seen convincing evidence that hot air rises. It can be cold at nights in this city.

I still make religious observances, but in bed now. My half-brother (we had a mother in common, at least) and I went to the same Sunday school. He learnt the Catechism. I learnt the Table of Kindred and Affinity. I was far more interested (you never know with my relatives) in the disclosures that a man may not marry his Mother; Daughter; Father's mother; Mother's mother; Son's daughter; Daughter's daughter; Sister; Father's daughter; Mother's daughter; Wife's mother; Wife's daughter; Father's wife; Son's wife; Father's father's wife; Mother's father's wife; Wife's father's mother; Wife's mother's mother; Wife's son's daughter; Wife's daughter's daughter; Son's son's wife; Daughter's son's wife; Father's sister; Mother's sister; Brother's daughter; and his Sister's daughter. And even more taken by the ordinance that a woman might not marry her Father; Son; Father's father; Mother's father; Son's son; Daughter's son; Brother; Father's son; Mother's son; Husband's father; Husband's son; Mother's husband; Daughter's husband; Father's mother's husband; Mother's mother's husband; Husband's father's father; Husband's mother's father; Husband's son's son; Husband's daughter's son; Son's daughter's husband; Daughter's daughter's husband; Father's brother; Mother's brother; Brother's son; and her Sister's son.

I think one of my fellow-lodgers must have access to my writings. Tonight I found pushed under my door a copy of the *XLCR Mechanical Plot-Finding Formula*. Perhaps it is he or she whose curly hairs are to be found embedded in the green soap every morning.

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Column

"MEN HAVE become like gods. Isn't it time to recognise our divinity?" So self-consciously bright and challenging an introduction did not altogether tempt one to continue with Dr. Edmund Leach's Reith lectures. When gods, or academics, descend into the market place one would rather they did not talk like journalists or television personalities. How terrible it would be if one day God really did speak to us from the mountain and His voice turned out to be that of Muggeridge.

But as Roman emperors knew, it is always flattering to be told one has become a god, so one felt that perhaps Dr. Leach was after all on the right track; only one had a certain uneasy suspicion that if indeed he proved to be right, the kind of god we most resembled would be one of the Hindu deities, many-breasted and multi-limbed, whom it would be so very hard to fit into Western social life. Indeed, at one moment it seemed as if this was what Dr. Leach really meant. In some forms of Hinduism, he told us in his fourth lecture, the consorts of God the Father are "Parvati the Creator, Durga the Preserver, and Kali the Destroyer, and the greatest of these is Kali. . . . Men have become like gods, but we must remember that although gods create they also destroy; gods are the source of good but also the source of evil. We too must accept our dual responsibility. . . ." This, one should add, is one of the reasons suggested by Dr. Leach in favour of euthanasia for the old and senile. One feels tempted to conclude that even the most determined rationalists sometimes fall victims to mystical nonsense, and that when progressive-minded men like Dr. Leach offer us "a new religious attitude" they may be invoking horrors far greater than those they ascribe to earlier ones. The great Socialist Jaurès once cried out, in the debates on the *Loi Combes* which secularised the French churches: "You are destroying the cradle which has rocked the human race for two thousand years. What will you put in its place?" What Dr. Leach offers, it seems, is Kali, the Destroyer.

But perhaps this is to take Dr. Leach, and his lectures, too seriously. Irked perhaps by the cloistered respectability of King's College, Cambridge, he has been so anxiously determined to *épater les bourgeois*, to disown the Establishment in which he is so solidly ensconced, that it is dissent rather than agreement which he has hoped to provoke, and in this he could hardly fail entirely. If, in one short series of popular lectures, one succeeds in condemning out of hand the family, the objectivity of science, the idea that human life is worth preserving or that morality is any different from social convention or any other of the *idées reçues* which Dr. Leach regards as obsolete, it would be surprising if one did not raise some faint murmur of protest. When *The Times* calls Dr. Leach "controversial," one may feel sure he has achieved his object.

ON THE WHOLE, however, it is with Dr. Leach's conclusions that his critics have disagreed. What seems to me more remarkable is that his conclusions so often have nothing to do with the reasoning which supports them. For all I know, Dr. Leach's conclusions may be absolutely true; what worries me is that he gives me no reason for thinking that they are even probable. They appear in the course of his lectures like atomic propositions, *obiter dicta*, throw-away lines, which have no rational connection with what comes before or after. Consider, for instance, the dogmatic statement that "the family, with its narrow privacy and its tawdry secrets, is the source of all our discontents." This may be true; but I myself cannot conceive that there is, or could be, any form of evidence which could verify a proposition of such universal generality, and certainly Dr. Leach makes no attempt to provide it. He has indeed protested that this was not at all what he meant; all he meant to suggest, it appears, was that "the idea of the twentieth century family did not seem to be working." But of course if this is really all he meant, he chose a curious form of words for saying something which one may hear in any parish church any Sunday or read in any issue of any daily newspaper. He would have ceased to be "controversial."

Dr. Leach, indeed, has a gift for not saying what he means. He exercises the privilege of divinity to speak to us, *de haut en bas* as becomes a god, or a Provost, in metaphors and parables which conceal as much as they reveal his meaning. His pronouncement that men have become like gods reduces itself, on examination, to the hardly novel statement that they have achieved a hitherto unprecedented control over nature and natural processes. But even in announcing so well-worn a platitude, Dr. Leach cannot resist exaggeration; men's control of nature, he says, amounts to absolute mastery of their environment. But this is quite palpably untrue; I have only to look at the snow-bound, traffic-snarled confusion outside my window to realise this. It will continue to remain untrue

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so long as men are unable to predict the consequences of the changes which they themselves bring about. The speed of scientific and technological change makes it harder, not easier, to make such predictions. The principle of serendipity alone seems to indicate that there is an absolute limit to our ability to do so and to recommend a certain caution and restraint in exercising our newly-revealed but illusory omnipotence.

This is, however, precisely what arouses Dr. Leach's indignation; it is a symptom of the fear which, he thinks, characterises us in our relations with nature and restrains us from enjoying the fruits of our mastery over her. Today, after all, she is only there to do our will. Scientists must throw off the modesty and restraint which are only a hang-over from the days when the natural order was for men an object of superstitious terror and awe. They need no longer say, like Pascal: *Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie*. They must accept the responsibility for exercising the immense power which their own discoveries have conferred upon us, boldly intervene in the natural order and deliberately change it in accordance with whatever ends they set themselves.

There is no doubt some truth in what Dr. Leach is telling us. It is true that scientists have acquired an unparalleled power over nature and over their own environment, even though it is far more limited that Dr. Leach suggests. And it may follow that this increase in scientific knowledge, and the power which it confers, do entail a responsibility for directing them to deliberately chosen ends, though it is difficult to see what kind of responsibility that can be, or what those ends should be, if Dr. Leach is also right in thinking that there is no fundamental difference between moral obligations and social conventions. Should the "responsible" scientists act as Durga the Preserver or Kali the Destroyer?

BUT AT THIS POINT in his argument Dr. Leach takes one of the elusive side-steps which make it as difficult to pursue as the track of an animal which never follows one scent for long. For he appears to believe that men's failure to "recognise their divinity," that is to say, to accept the responsibilities entailed by their scientific knowledge, arises out of the nature of science itself, or rather, of scientists' conception of it. It comes of the false "objectivity" which the scientist imposes on himself in his investigations into nature, and which renders him indifferent to its results. It is false because the scientist is not related to nature as a passive observer to the object observed. He is himself an animal who is a part of nature, intimately bound up with the processes which he is investigating, and imposing on them the categories of thought which are his only way of apprehending reality. In this condition, any "objective" truth is beyond his scope, and in aiming at it he is pursuing an unattainable will-of-the-wisp.

Much better that he should throw himself into the delightful hugger-mugger of the universe, "get thoroughly mixed up with everything that is going on." In that way he will be behaving like a god, who, says Dr. Leach, has "much more fun." He holds up to us, as an example, the plant-breeder Lysenko who "imagined he could mould the processes of evolution to meet the needs of the Soviet economy." He was, it seems, "unduly optimistic, but at least his theories were in accord with the principles of Marxism-Leninism. And precisely because he was not detached, Lysenko never had any doubt of the rightness of what he planned to do."

At this point one might well be tempted to give up Dr. Leach in despair, not because of his admiration of Lysenko, but because of the irrelevance of his argument to the point he is trying to make. There is no reason why the most convinced believer in the "objectivity" of science should not also believe that scientists should take responsibility for the uses which should be made of the results of their investigation—unless, of course, we accept Dr. Leach's psychological explanation that the detachment and passivity of the objective scientist inspire him with a fear in the face of nature which inhibits him from wishing to change it. But since Dr. Leach offers no evidence, except his own intuition, for the truth of the explanation, there is no reason at all why we should accept it. He seems to me to have confused two entirely different processes. The first is the process by which scientists can arrive at valid and verifiable results; the second is the process by which they may, or may not, decide to make practical use of their results. Dr. Leach wishes to convince us that they are part of the same process or, if they are not, they should be, and in doing so he distorts them both.

But at least he has, in these lectures, given us a living illustration of how the scientist should proceed in "getting thoroughly mixed up with everything that is going on." Abandoning any pretence at offering us "objective" (that is, verifiable) evidence for what he says, he has sailed gaily out on the confused and turbulent seas of contemporary life and, like a fisherman with his catch, has displayed for us whatever his net has happened to dredge up. The result is a curious old ragbag of fish of all shapes and sizes, philosophical, psychological, biological-sociological, theological-ethical. Dr. Leach's

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catch indeed comes from the most disparate fields of knowledge and theory, in none of which can he profess to speak with any particular authority and in some of which he does not seem to have any marked aptitude. What is one to say of a lecturer who solemnly tells us, as a warning against moral principles, that "moral judgments are about social relations and relations have no material existence"?

INTELLECTUALLY, the result seems to me an unmitigated disaster, not so much because of any of Dr. Leach's particular opinions, about euthanasia for the old, or compulsory retirement at 55, or comprehensive schools or even because of his rather pathetic belief that these are dark forbidden matters which only an act of particular courage can drag up from the depths of our subconscious; after all, these are precisely the subjects which are argued *ad nauseam* in the pages of one's daily newspapers and on television, and Dr. Leach tells us very little more about them than we knew already.

But Dr. Leach is, after all, himself a scientist, or would claim to be a scientist, that is to say a social anthropologist of some distinction. It is true that he himself seems to have a slightly embittered awareness that, in the hierarchy of the academic world, anthropologists, like other social scientists, may not be given the respect which they deserve; indeed, there are some who would deny their claim to be scientists at all. Perhaps it may help to explain his animus against those who, in their indifference, passivity, or detachment, are content to pursue "objective" truth, reject the opportunity he holds out to them of changing the world as well as understanding it, and yet unjustly receive a reward which is denied to Dr. Leach.

Unfortunately his own lectures hardly seem likely to raise the prestige of his own subject or of its practitioners. No doubt to say this is to be unfair both to them and to their subject; for one of the most remarkable features of the lectures is that Dr. Leach appears to have rigidly excluded from them any of the knowledge or understanding he may have gained in prosecuting his own special studies. Yet anyone listening to them could hardly fail to wonder whether the quality of mind, the type of reasoning, the methods of analysis which they exhibited could be characteristic of the subject which he himself professes. After all, every field of study has its own particular disciplines, and there are some disciplines which are common to all; one expects to see them reflected in the minds, the personal style, of those who practise them. If one were asked to characterise Dr. Leach's lectures, one could not do better than to say that, in commenting at some length on the troubles of what he called a "run-away world," they showed all the marks of a run-away mind, and this is rather less than one has the right to expect of a distinguished scholar. I am sure it would be unfair to suggest that this is in any way characteristic of anthropology as a whole, or that, while he is so anxious to be responsible for everything, anthropology should be held responsible for him. Yet I am sure that from now on, whenever anthropology lays claim to be a science, there will be some who like me will remember Dr. Leach and wonder if it could possibly be true.

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I SOMETIMES have the feeling, which I'm sure others share, that the world is quite quietly and slowly going off its head, without anyone noticing. I do not mean the larger lunacies to which statesmen, politicians and generals are subject. I mean the relatively small outbreaks of insanity which we see around us every day, and by now take for granted because there is evidently nothing we can do about it. It is of course difficult to trace the progress of the disease because we are all more or less infected by it. We ought to have inspectors who would rigorously suppress every manifestation of it, like an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. At the moment I fear it is spreading alarmingly.

A particularly interesting document in the case is provided by the December issue of *Esquire*, which I have in my hands at the moment. In my hands, however, is a slight euphemism, as it suggests something light, and easily manageable and convenient to read wherever one might be. As a matter of fact, I am lying face downward on the floor, with the magazine open before me, as this is the only conceivable position in which I have found it possible to read it; it is a useful position anyhow, because the full application of body weight is necessary in order to make its pages lie flat, and this is necessary because otherwise the text tends to disappear into the spine. In any case, its weight, size and shape alone recommend a prone position; as far as carrying it about for reading in bus, tube or train, one might as well carry a volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* around with one.

One's difficulties, however, do not end here. From the cover, there gaze out at one a group of particularly disagreeable-looking people, whose one common quality, or claim to fame, is, it appears, that they were not invited to Truman Capote's historic party at the Plaza in New York in November 1966. From their looks, it seems easy to understand why Mr. Capote did not invite them; it is less easy when one sees the

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faces of some of those whom Mr. Capote did invite.

Inside the cover, if one can withdraw one's fascinated gaze from it, one may find, tucked away among an overwhelming mass of the glossiest advertisements misguided ingenuity can devise, a meagre amount of editorial matter, for which *Esquire* pays quite extravagant prices. It is cleverly arranged so as to be almost totally submerged by the advertisements and impossible to read without the maximum amount of difficulty, interruption, and frustration. Dwight Macdonald, for instance, is an admirable writer whom I rarely read without pleasure and interest; I have a friend who tells me that the only feasible way of reading his monthly political commentary is to instruct one's children to tear *Esquire* to pieces, slice out the columns of his contribution with a razor blade and mount them on stiff cardboard. Even this however is not quite sufficient, as the article includes several long and interesting footnotes which are printed in type so minuscule that they cannot be deciphered without the aid of a microscope.

Perhaps, one feels, not even Macdonald is worth quite so much trouble, so, rather wearily by now, one thumbs one's way through about a hundred pages of advertisement, until at length one reaches what is evidently the *pièce de résistance* of the issue, as it runs for several whole and consecutive pages, in very cunning typography, without the intrusion of any extraneous matter. It is a kind of social analysis of Truman Capote's Ball, an event, it appears, "which aroused the strongest passions, captivated the greatest minds of our time, demanded the attention of the richest and most powerful men on earth. It was the one which caused some people to quarrel, others to flee the country and still more to scheme, lie and dissemble." And the party was not merely important in itself; it was in some way symbolic and representative of the whole American culture and civilisation, as Mlle Schérer's party at the beginning of *War and Peace* was symbolic of Russia's educated society at that time; only somehow even *Esquire*'s high prose does not quite come up to Tolstoy's.

There follow, as a kind of illustrated history of the period leading up to the apotheosis of the Party as an American institution, four full-page reproductions of some execrably executed paintings entitled *Great Moments of a Decade*. They are, in order; (*1*) The Orgy Scene in *La Dolce Vita*; (2) When Chubby Checker Danced the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge; (*3*) Pushing Arthur Schlesinger Jr. into Bobby Kennedy's Swimming Pool; (*4*) The Emergence of Andy Warhol.

Esquire's survey of the Party also includes four pages of photographs of sub-Capote fests in various regions of the United States. On the whole they look like shots of a *Walpurgisnacht*, in which the leading parts are played by semi-naked (and naked) middle-aged ladies and gentlemen who are all convinced they have figures like Twiggy. An article by William Buckley, Jr., on the Capote Ball, which is given the honour of running consecutively for two-and-a-half pages, makes it clear that it was so awful that no one in his senses would have gone near it and so smart that no one, including John Kenneth Galbraith, felt that they could afford not to.

One presumes that *Esquire* knows very well what it is doing and has the keenest of responses to the tastes of its readers. Whether its advertisements sell its editorial matter, or its editorial matter sells its advertisements, is for me a mystery which only media analysts could resolve; that is, if they could also convince me that there was any difference between the two. But if anyone were to ask what possible meaning or significance one could ascribe to its December issue's portentous and unwieldly portmanteau of nonsense, I think the only reasonable answer one could give is that it perfectly exemplifies Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste, carried to a point which even he could scarcely have credited. "Men have become like gods," indeed! Why wasn't Dr. Leach at Capote's ball?

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Power Politics

Raymond Aron's Theory of Peace & War — By MICHAEL HOWARD

WHEN THE first Lecturer in War Studies was appointed in the University of London some twelve years ago, the reaction of his colleagues ranged from scepticism and amusement to open hostility. "Wouldn't it be better," several of them demanded, "to have a lectureship in Peace Studies?" When the Lecturer (a young man of remarkable brilliance) explained that the difference was less than appeared, since a study of the nature of war necessarily involved a study of the nature of peace, few appeared convinced. Peace was for them so obviously a matter of turning one's back on war, outlawing it as an instrument of policy, disarming, banning nuclear weapons, devising improved mechanisms for international consultation and conciliation, and working out new formulae for the application of international law. War was something waged by "aggressors." Within our own society its study was the concern only of an obsolescent and faintly absurd group of military history buffs. The appearance of one in an academic environment they regarded as curious and perhaps slightly sinister.

The situation has changed a great deal over the past decade. Some members of the younger generation, it is true, still proclaim that they Hate War as if they were revealing a truth concealed from their corrupted elders. They make some quite good films in the process; but we cannot be sure that they are helping to build a peaceful world without first examining more thoroughly the factors which make for "peace"—and indeed the meaning of that much misused word. On the face of it, war is less probable if young men feel like Peter Watkins and John Lennon than if they feel like Baldur von Schirach did before the Second World War, or Rupert Brooke before the First. But this dislike of war among the young was no less explicit in Britain and France in the 1930s than it is today, and it did not exactly help to prevent it. An overt determination on the part of the young men and women in Israel not to fight for their country would have resulted in a very different outcome to the events of the past summer. Good intentions do not by themselves prevent war. There are times when they can make it more likely. Peace presupposes order. Order presupposes power. And power, if it does not actually presuppose force, at least presupposes the capacity to prevent the use of force, which usually comes to the same thing. The absolute pacifist may be right in assuming that no considerations can ever justify the use of force; but neither logic nor history provide him with grounds for arguing that a refusal under any circumstances to use force will necessarily lead to that condition of international stability which is usually meant by the word "Peace."

THE STUDY OF international relations in this century largely developed, in Anglo-Saxon countries at least, out of a natural desire to discover ways of preventing anything so hideous as the First World War from ever occurring again. Between the wars a great deal of valuable work was done, but much of it rested on two concealed assumptions which are at least open to question. One was that war is a pathological condition, a disease of the international body politic, whose causes can be isolated, studied, and eliminated. The second is that international relations can be, as such, abolished: that is, that a condition can be created on a supra-national scale comparable to that within the State, that international law can be elevated to the status of domestic law as a mandatory body of prin-

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ciple proclaimed by a sovereign authority, interpreted by an international court, and enforced by international action. Failure by statesmen to live up to this latter assumption was regarded as weakness, if not as positively criminal. According to this view, the failure of the League of Nations—and the inability of the United Nations to do any better than the League—was due to the "mistaken" policy of the member states, which consulted their own interests instead of subordinating these, as the citizen does willy-nilly, to the good of the whole. It was because states failed to make these bodies supra-national rather than inter-national, because they did not sink their identities in the greater whole, that wars continued to occur.

IT IS ONLY since the Second World War that these assumptions have been seriously questioned, and they still remain at the root of the declaratory policy of most political parties and nation states. On the face of it it is a good thing that they should. They are noble myths, belief in which helps to ensure a level of socially-acceptable behaviour, norms to which some approximation is necessary if mankind is to survive the nuclear age. Yet if they are in fact untrue; if a Hobbesian state of war is in fact the natural condition of mankind; if the survival of the State is in fact the highest good at which its rulers can aim; if the pattern of domestic behaviour among individuals is in fact intrinsically inapplicable to behaviour between states—would it not be better to face the fact and not pretend that it is otherwise: to adopt, in short, an adult attitude towards the Facts of Life in this as in other, more intimate fields? This has been the message of the pessimistic realists headed, in the United States, by Hans Morgenthau. Illusion is dangerous; safety lies, if it lies anywhere, in facing and understanding the realities of power and the part which it plays in shaping international affairs. Since we cannot escape from international relations either by a retreat to isolationism or an advance to a supra-national world, we must learn to understand our limitations and operate within them as best we can.

Does this involve a policy of pure pragmatism, an abandonment of all attempt to create a body of principles based on a coherent theory to provide a guide through this dangerous labyrinth? Academics are professionally reluctant to confess such impotence and the laity are perhaps emotionally reluctant to believe it. Surely analytic intelligence can reduce the phenomena in this field to order at least as successfully as it has in other branches of the social sciences? Surely a General Theory of Power can be adumbrated, comparable in significance to Keynes' General Theory of Money? With all the conceptual tools developed in the social sciences, cannot our understanding of and control over international relations be increased? Such at least is the hope of some of the most brilliant academic minds in the United States, if not in Europe. Others, perhaps less brilliant, are more sceptical, unable to see how any of the factors in the problem can be quantified precisely enough to enable such techniques to be applied, pointing out that the conclusions which emerge from all these sophisticated processes are usually remarkably banal. For some years a Battle of the Books has been raging, largely between scholars who have come to the subject from the humanities and those from mathematics, economics, and the social sciences. Like all battles it has engendered more heat than light; like most academic controversies it is unlikely to result in any clear conclusions. The question remains an open one: how can academic study best contribute to our understanding of the nature of relations between States?

TO THIS PROBLEM comes Professor Raymond Aron. His large and lucid works on sociology and the philosophy of history, his magisterial lectures at the Sorbonne and those universities fortunate enough to secure him as a visitor, reduce a mass of ideas and phenomena to cool, classical order. He had already written two or three major studies of war in the modern world before publishing in 1962 *Paix et Guerre entre les Nations*, which has at last after many vicissitudes reached the Anglo-Saxon world in a translation as clear as his original prose.[1] In this work Aron certainly presents a theory of international relations, as he claims in his sub-title, but he disclaims any attempt to ape the economists. Not only can power not be quantified, but its relationship to national policy is too confused and erratic for it to be equated with, say, the concept of utility in economics. His theory consists, like that of Aristotle in the *Politics* or Montesquieu in *L'Esprit des Lois*, of con-

[1] *Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations*. By RAYMOND ARON. Translated by Richard Howard and Annette Baker Fox. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London; Doubleday, New York.)

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clusions drawn from explicit fundamental assumptions. It provides a guide to the understanding of the world; not a tool for changing it.

ARON'S THEORY takes as its starting-point the existence of the State—or rather, a plurality of States.

> The theory of international relations starts from the plurality of autonomous centres of decision, hence from the risk of war, and from this risk deduces the necessity of the calculation of means. . . . The alternatives of peace and war permit the elaboration of the fundamental concepts of international relations.

We are back in the disagreeable but familiar world of Hobbes and Machiavelli. The two hopeful assumptions of the inter-war—and the post-war—world have disappeared. War is not an unnatural but a natural condition of international affairs. Nations cannot transcend their nationality, nor should they try to do so:

> Since states have not renounced taking the law into their own hands and remaining sole judge of what their honour requires, the survival of political units depends, in the final analysis, on the balance of forces, and it is the *duty* of statesmen to be concerned, *first of all*, with the nation whose destiny is entrusted to him.

There is no probability of the State withering away. "Far from the national state being historically out of date it is, for a great part of humanity, an objective on the horizon, a goal to achieve." Nor is it desirable that it *should* wither away; and here Aron speaks with the voice of Burke.

> Of course, in the last analysis, it is the life of people which is the goal of commonwealths. But this life is not a solitary one, it is not achieved outside the "national communities," each of which tries to promote particular values. . . . It is in the concrete morality of collectivities that universal morality is realised—however imperfectly. And it is in and by politics that concrete moralities are achieved.

Aron at the very outset of his work poses "the dichotomy between realism and idealism, Machiavelli and Kant, corrupt Europe and virtuous America"; and he speaks unashamedly as a Machiavellian European. Power politics cannot be transcended, as not only the American idealists but also the Marxists believe; but they can and must be understood.

Power in international affairs Aron defines "as the capacity of a political unit to impose its will on other political units. In short political power is not an absolute; it is a human relationship." And it is a subtle relationship which can take many forms. In their mutual relations States can try to convince one another (*convaincre*) or to constrain one another (*vaincre*). Diplomacy is the art of convincing without using force, strategy the art of vanquishing at least cost. But

> The distinction between diplomacy and strategy is an entirely relative one. These two terms are complementary aspects of the single art of politics—the art of conducting relations with other states so as to further "the national interest."

And to illustrate this thesis he naturally quotes Clausewitz at some length.

Peace between nations, says Aron, depends on relationships of power. Traditionally these relationships could be broken down into three types: peace by equilibrium, peace by hegemony, and peace by Empire. To these a fourth has been added—Peace by Terror: "that peace which reigns between political units each of which has the capacity to deal mortal blows at the other." Force is not necessarily the basic element in Power, but it is difficult to confute Aron's observation that "international society involves a hierarchy of prestige which approximately reflects the hierarchy established by preceding combats." And he makes the further observation—as a perceptive citizen of the Fifth Republic can hardly escape doing—that States

> do not seek to be strong only in order to enjoy peace; they seek to be strong in order to be feared, respected, or admired. In the last analysis, they seek to be powerful—that is, capable of imposing their wills on their neighbours and rivals, in order to influence the fate of humanity, the future of civilisation.

Well, *some* do. Others opt out. Aron himself draws a distinction between the status of Germany and Japan before 1945 and their current ambitions, or lack of them. "The[ir] imperial attempts were perhaps not irrational if their goal was collective power, the capacity to affect the course of history," he suggests. Their current unwillingness to affect the course of history, and the gradual abandonment by Britain of her attempts to do so, may be greeted with relief by those who feel that the money can be better spent. But the situation must be accepted that the alternative to power is impotence. Those who opt out of the game must resign themselves to seeing it decided by others.

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From theory Aron proceeds to "Sociology"—an analysis of the sources of strength of States, of the causes for their rise and decline, and of the propensity of various types of régime to war. His third section is devoted to "History"—an analysis of the current situation; and he concludes with a section to which he gives the horrible label "Praxeology," which might be vulgarly defined as "where do we go from here?"

THE IMPATIENT RADICAL is likely to turn to the final section long before M. Aron has led him there through the logical but far-from-brief development of his arguments. All this stuff, one hears him muttering, was all very well for Machiavelli and Hobbes and Clausewitz. They could not blow the world up. It was just all right—but only just—for Treitschke, whom Aron also quotes at length and with a considerable measure of approval. But surely nuclear weapons must *force* us to develop new concepts? Is not this old, tired European worldly-wisdom ultimately suicidal for mankind? How does Aron advise us to act in the light of his analysis?

Aron's answer is undramatic. Like Erda advising Wotan—and perhaps to as little ultimate effect—he tells us to be careful. The supreme virtue in a statesman he judges to be prudence: good stewardship in protecting the community entrusted to his care. Of course things have changed. The utility of war has been reduced, in the case of Great Powers, virtually to nothing. "In the age of the strategy of defence it was possible to save a nation or a civilisation by war. In the age of the strategy of deterrence it is not possible to save a nation or a civilisation by war. "*But neither*," he grimly reminds us, "*is it possible to save them by capitulation*." So the responsibilities of the statesman remain unchanged.

> He who plays the angel plays the beast. The statesman *ought* not to forget that an international order is maintained only on condition that it is supported by forces capable of balancing those of dissatisfied or revolutionary states.... The relations between morality of conviction and morality of responsibility are no different today from what they have been down through the ages. The politician who obeys his heart without concerning himself with the consequences of his acts is failing the duties of his trust and is for this very reason immoral.... The existence of thermonuclear weapons does not change the nature of the morality of diplomatic-strategic action.

This analytic judgment is reinforced by an existential statement of personal commitment. Aron is not, he confesses, "a pure spectator," and considers that

> in the last analysis the latter does not grasp a part of what is essential, the meaning that men and states assign to their existence.... Our duty is to combat what we condemn and not to assume in advance the privileges of the pure spectator, as if our immediate future was already our distant past... to invoke a future detachment is really to seek an excuse for cowardice or abstention.

ARON IS WESTERN MAN, French style, who regards with much detestation and some alarm the system erected within the Communist states which is so blatant a denial of all the values in which he believes. He considers that peaceful coexistence, necessary as it is, "derives from organised hypocrisy." Confrontation must be maintained, not only in the interests of the overall "peace by equilibrium" which rules in the world, but to protect the civilisation, the collectivity which makes possible the "concrete morality" which guides all our judgments and actions.

The analyst who turns "praxeologist" (if we have to use this revolting neologism) incurs not only the risk but the certainty of becoming very quickly out of date. Who now reads Part III of Hobbes' *Leviathan* on the relations of Church and State, or the dreary slabs of Clausewitz dealing with river-crossings and the defence of mountain ranges? Aron's praxeology is likely to collect at least as much dust as these. Already, six years after it was written, it is dated. Overwhelming emphasis is laid on the confrontation of the Great Powers and the problems of Europe: the rest of the world figures only in a brief chapter, and then as a battleground in the Cold War, although Aron ends with a sombre warning of the impact which the population explosion is likely to have on international rivalries. Writing today, Aron would no doubt have said more about the problems of the Third World. Many of his comments on Europe, sensible and lucid as they always are, have the musty smell of yesterday's *actualités*. Still, Aron has not yet had to eat any of the words he wrote six years ago, and there is no sign that he may have to. As a commentator on international affairs, indeed, he displays all the "prudence" which he recommends to those who have to conduct them.

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THOSE WHO DO NOT admire this quality will put down Aron's massive study with a sense of disappointment. His methodology is highly traditional: his approach reminds one constantly of Montesquieu, and though this is intended as a compliment (and will be taken as such, I hope, by Aron himself) it will be regarded by some as a condemnation. His style, though lucid, is discursive. His analysis, though penetrating, produces no really new insights. In this respect Professor Thomas Schelling's remarkable study, *Arms and Influence*,[2] is far more impressive. His conclusions will be familiar to all students of traditional political science. There are occasional traces of superficiality, indications of rapid rather than profound thought. But when all this has been said in dispraise of the book, the critic has to answer the simple question: isn't Aron *right*? If he has simply restated truths, did they not badly need restating? If his analysis is unoriginal, has anybody come up with a better? Is there any more to international relations than he has discerned?

One's answers to these questions will depend to some extent on age, temperament, and cultural background. But even those who cannot accept Aron's conclusions will admit that he has made out a formidable case. And among those who find it entirely convincing is the present reviewer.

[2] Yale University Press, 1966.

Mayor

It's sad
To be the Mayor of Jerusalem.
It is terrible.
How can any man be the mayor of a city like that?

What can he do with her?
He will build, and build, and build.

And at night
The stones of the hills round about
Will crawl down
Towards the stone houses,
Like wolves coming
To howl at the dogs
Who have become men's slaves.

Yehuda Amichai
Translated by Assia Gutman

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NOTES & TOPICS

Of Unhappiness and War

BENTHAM'S maxim: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation" was echoed in the Declaration of Independence and has been accepted in America ever since. But like all solutions to a general problem it has created particular injustices, for the reason that what we call happiness is a variable and not a constant. To have more money, more opportunities to rise in the social scale, more cars, more wives, more alimonies—these and their like constitute happiness only for the large majority of the population and account, of course, for the vast social aid programme that the Johnson administration has fought so hard to put through.

But serious students of social necessities in Washington know that happiness of this sort is not the happiness that is pursued by the American intelligentsia, or so-called liberals. Since the beginnings of the century, liberal happiness in America has depended wholly on being in disagreement with the administration: their greatest disgust has always provided their greatest joy. From a liberal point of view, therefore, the administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover have been among the happiest, there having not been a single point in the policies of those Presidents of which a thoughful liberal could approve.

It is easy to be wise now, so many years after the event, and pin the beginnings of liberal unhappiness to the years of Roosevelt's first term. But such is clearly the case. For a while, it looked as if no real liberal would need to be unhappy under Roosevelt because the possibilities of disagreement—what we might call the "distressed areas" of liberal resentment—were so widespread and so numerous. All liberals in those golden days were Marxists, and Roosevelt's capitalistic panaceas struck them not only as reactionary and contemptible but as immoral obstructions to the greatest happiness of the greatest number that Stalin was providing in Russia. Consequently, one can say with assurance that American liberals were even happier under Roosevelt than they had been under Hoover and Coolidge: their discontentment reached a peak that their predecessors had only known in dreams.

Why, then, does one date their unhappiness from this period? Simply because the happiness they enjoyed blinded them to the fact that it was dependent on the validity of Marx rather than the contemptibleness of Roosevelt. Liberal happiness in those days was not a native culture born of automatic rebellion: it derived from the exotic conviction that Marxism alone could ensure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Only so long as the liberal could retain his faith in the virtues of social revolution, could he retain the happiness that only revulsion could provide.

AMERICAN LIBERALISM was slow in recovering from the shock of finding that social revolution was fools' gold. True, for a long time a gallant minority persisted under the Trotsky banner, adamantly happy in the conviction that the betrayal of Marxism was merely a local phenomenon of the Soviet steppes. But it is not in the nature of American liberalism to be divided into majority and minority groups of indignation. The true liberal is recognisable only by his exact likeness to all other liberals: there is no room in liberalism for liberals who dissent from liberalism.

Lacking an extreme to which to go, liberalism was in a sad way under Roosevelt's successors. Caught short by the vicissitudes of history, liberals were also obliged to face the fact that American administrations, too, were not what they had been once. Their adoption of many liberal ideas meant that any heartfelt opposition to them by liberals could be based on little more than habit and tradition. There was always the atomic bomb and the Negro to serve as rallying points of liberal outrage, but a close study of liberal polemical tracts of those years shows a feebleness of indignation that compares sadly with the stout-hearted bigotry of the '20s and '30s. Indeed, under Kennedy, American liberalism reached the nadir of its unhappiness, cossetted by a President too blind to see that only a reactionary policy could restore the happiness of the thoughtful minority.

WHEN THE WAR began in Viet Nam, no liberal supposed for a moment that it would be the turning point of his fortunes. Disillusioned as he was with the Soviet Union, he had no valid objection to its "containment" and was thus forced to endure the ignominy of finding himself in frequent agreement with his government. If we compare his position in respect to Viet Nam with that of Sartre and the Algerian war, we see at once the happiness that the French philosopher was able to enjoy and

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the morose condition to which the American thinker was condemned. The cartoons of Feiffer express excellently the decadence of the American liberalism of this period; they have a bewildered, hang-dog childishness that the historians of tomorrow will find an invaluable guide to minority unhappiness.

Since then the situation has entirely changed —and entirely for the better. Johnson's policy in Viet Nam has not only re-united American liberalism but made it happier than it has been since the days of the Depression. The young liberals find in Viet Nam a ready-made cause to fill their growing years between 20 and 50. The older liberals are given an opportunity that they never expected to see again and to put into practice Norman Douglas' wise remark that "the immature stage of human development, far from being artificially shortened, should be prolonged by every possible means." They are able to act not only as bell-wethers to their younger colleagues, but even to repeat exactly slogans and expressions recalled from their own youthful experiences. Indeed, those who remember the literature of liberalism's great days will recognise at once in the present output on Viet Nam exactly the same confident note of unanimous hostility to the administration, and the same high-principled self-certainty. Although there has been no close *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union, there has at least been a fixed determination to overlook its existence as far as possible, it being apparent now to every liberal that the only despotism to be feared is that which now reigns in Washington.

Of course, as the war in Viet Nam escalates and the bloodshed becomes worse, every humane person must wonder if Johnson is not paying too high a price for liberal happiness. Should a war that began for the containment of Communism be continued indefinitely for the contentment of liberalism? Is the happiness of the liberals worth billions of dollars of American money and many thousands of Vietnamese lives?

THE IMMEDIATE ANSWER would seem to be no, particularly to those who do not believe that the happiness of a small domestic minority should dictate the foreign policy of a great power. It has been pointed out that American liberals, many of whom are writers, could be made even happier if they could be sent to labour-camps like Daniel and Sinyavsky, and that such a policy would not be a strain on the national resources. It has even been argued that they would attain to the very zenith of happiness if they could be treated now as brutally as the Viet Cong will treat their enemies in the South, once American forces have been withdrawn.

These, unfortunately, are only the pipe-dreams of sentimentalists. "People talk that way," said an administration spokesman in Washington last week, "without remembering that under the U.S. Constitution we are unable to use the methods that have proved so successful in the Soviet Union. But what we *do* know here in Washington is that every escalation of the war in Viet Nam causes a proportional increase in the elation of liberalism. Thanks to Viet Nam, the liberals are, in fact, the happiest and most united section of the whole American population."

Nobody would contradict this, of course. It does not, however, answer the long-term question: "How will the liberals be kept happy once the war is over?" Viet Nam is only an interim provision. Bloody and expensive, it serves its purpose well enough, but it cannot be asked to do so forever. Inefficient fighting methods have already prolonged it unduly, while Russian and Chinese aid to the North have ensured that it will not end too soon. But eventually it must be wound up, and nobody here knows what other policy might be framed to keep the thoughtful minority united and contented.

UNTIL A YEAR OR SO AGO, the Negro could be depended on to provide a large measure of liberal happiness. But this dependence—which has been traditional since before the American Civil War and gave every sign of persisting indefinitely—has now been wrecked by Negro intransigence. Growing indignation at having to bear the liberal white man's burden and to underwrite his happiness, has culminated in a flat refusal by the Negro to shoulder the responsibility any longer. The white liberal is now tarred with the same brush as the white reactionary—or, as Mustafa Jones, leader of the Black Sahibs, said in a recent address: "To be viable, our dichotomised orientation must now move on to a stage of purely pigmental alignment."

The distant future, in short, looks black for liberal happiness, particularly as the Johnson administration appears to have made no plans of even the most elementary sort to answer the question: After Viet Nam, what? But observers in Washington say that it would not be characteristic of the President simply to toss aside liberal happiness at the very moment when it is more euphoric than ever before.

The war in Viet Nam, all observers agree, will be continued regardless of cost in blood and money, if only because there is nothing happy-making enough to take its place. The methods by which it is being fought will probably be continued, as they have shown no signs so far of bringing the war to a conclusion. Though a humiliating surrender to Communism would crown the happiness of the liberal minority, it

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is not likely to be considered seriously in an election year. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" was what Bentham demanded, and to turn whole populations of Southern Asia over to the Communists simply in order to raise the American liberal minority into the seventh heaven, would be not only strategically dangerous and socially questionable, but might lessen the happiness of the greatest number of voters.

Nigel Dennis

London Commentary

Disenchanted Left

Thoughts on the Crisis — By JOHN VAIZEY

KEYNES.—We live in a Keynesian world: if it is an intellectual failure that has taken place, then the failure is a Keynesian failure. But isn't it ridiculous to blame a man who died over twenty years ago for not finding solutions to problems he never knew existed? The people to be blamed are the "Keynesians." O Keynes, *que de crimes on commet en ton nom!*

A recent paperback on economics tells readers to neglect the words "Interest and Money" in the title of *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. That's one failure for a start. The world monetary system and its impact on London, and London's impact on the world, has been at the heart of our difficulties since the American Loan of 1946 (which Keynes helped to negotiate); and it was the centre of the devaluation crisis of November 1967. The "Keynesian" unwillingness to understand money, the City, and Wall Street was a corollary of a belief that economics was exclusively about "real" matters. Inevitably, the City has retreated into a kind of mumbo-jumbo to explain itself to itself, a semantic panic that is a retreat into pre-Keynesian thought. This mumbo-jumbo reaches its most absurd point in General de Gaulle and Jacques Rueff's gold-plated explanations of what they think they are up to. But "Keynesians" have very little intellectual ammunition to fire back at them.

JOHN VAIZEY *is Professor of Economics at the new Brunel University. He contributed to* ENCOUNTER'S *"Suicide of a Nation?" number (July 1963) and is the author of* Scenes from Institutional Life *(1959),* The Economics of Education *(1962),* Education in the Modern World *(1967), and other works.*

"Real" economic analysis, too, is quite un-Keynesian. It is short-term forecasting of the macro-economic balance: a kind of myopic poring over next quarter's level of activity rates, business investment, employment, imports and exports. Absurd goings-on! For the statistics people are using refer, at best, to six months ago. They do not know what is going on now. And by the time the forecasts appear it is far too late to take any action. The degree of error in the magnitudes is vast. Nothing was more pathetic than the sight of Hugh Gaitskell in 1950 and 1951 putting on a few millions of taxes, here and there, when the figures he was dealing with were vaster by far than any possible effects he could have had (as Christopher Dow's brilliant *The Management of the British Economy 1945–1960* demonstrates conclusively). Short-term forecasting is a virtually purposeless activity, and it is the main activity of the Treasury. It has nothing to do with Keynes, who took a long view.

Another aspect of "Keynesianism" that has been misinterpreted is the long-term growth policy. There is a wild divergence of view (as Dick Sargent pointed out in the *Times*) between the Treasury view of the economy, which is that home demand has to be suppressed to allow exports to grow, and the prehistoric view that home demand has to be suppressed to keep unemployment up and wages and prices down. The reverse of this doctrine is more properly called Keynesian. It was advanced by Professor Nicholas Kaldor and was what most of us assumed that Labour's policy was, before the 1964 election. According to this view: demand expands, pulling output up with it. Profits rise, and so does investment. As investment rises, so does productivity; design gets more modern, and out-of-date plant, equipment, and products are jettisoned. Consequently, people begin to buy British exports, and British prices get more competitive as productivity goes up faster than wages. A virtuous eclipse replaces a vicious circle.

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IT WAS NOT to be. The reasons are varied—few policies can be consistently applied when an election intervenes. The Conservatives (following a Kaldor line) ran up a balance of payments deficit in 1964 which the Labour Party denounced—as though a shareholder were to denounce some industrialist for getting into debt when he was borrowing money to build a factory. Perhaps the theory was wrong—it neglected the factor of "international confidence." But all I want to suggest here is that the incoherence in post-Keynesian thought remains—what *would* Keynes have said? Wherever two economists were gathered together, it used to be said, there were three opinions, two of them Keynes'! Now it is a good half-dozen opinions, all of them Keynesian.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—The great claim of socialism was to be "scientific." If the social sciences are scientific in the usual sense, then scientific socialism must change as science changes. So modern socialists have tried to assimilate the findings of the social sciences into their thought. But do the social sciences give positive answers to questions? I think not. I believe that their logic is far more concerned with the disproof of error ("that argument is wrong") than with the establishment of certainty ("If you do *X* then *Y* will occur"). This issue is fundamental.

Until recently (and for many people even now) society was a series of random events not linked in causal sequence. But the idea that society *is* society, that an economy *is* an economy, subject to movements that can be measured, with links that can be assessed, with characteristics that can be generalised, is a dangerous one.

The social sciences are hybrid disciplines. They are susceptible to mathematical procedures —that is, they deal with generalisable and testable propositions—and they are rooted, like other sciences, in systematic observation and categorisation. Their social function is to predict, but (like medicine) to predict with the purpose not only of understanding, but improving society. Since they deal with people and their personal and social values, they merge into the field of the humanities. Though we seek to state our own personal implicit values when we do a piece of economics, we cannot be sure that we have unearthed them all and made them explicit. Moreover, the very choice of subjects that we choose to work on, and the language in which we couch our thought, suggests what we think important. If we deliberately choose a field that we think of as "scientific," and apply exclusively mathematical concepts to it, I would

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hold that we are asserting something about what we think is unimportant—namely, what cannot at this time be measured, and what is not generalisable—and we are also deliberately eschewing evaluative procedures which are perfectly acceptable to historians, literary critics, classicists, whose disciplines are far older and no less important than our own. I would think it right, given our historical situation, for us to lean in the mathematical, non-evaluative direction; but to do so in such a way as to deny that the other side of our discipline exists would seem to me to be unwise.

A teacher of mine has summarised the situation brilliantly:[1]

> The great difficulty in the social sciences (if we may presume to call them so) of applying scientific method, is that we have not yet established an agreed standard for the disproof of an hypothesis. Without the possibility of controlled experiment, we have to rely on the interpretation of evidence, and interpretation involves judgment; we can never get a knockdown answer. But because the subject is necessarily soaked in moral feelings, judgment is coloured by prejudice.
>
> *He who's convinced against his will*
> *Is of the same opinion still.*
>
> The way out of this impasse is not to shed prejudice and approach the problem to be discussed with a purely objective mind. Anyone who says to you: "Believe me, I have no prejudices," is either succeeding in deceiving himself or trying to deceive you. Professor Popper criticises the method of argument which pretends to be based upon the impartiality of the social scientists. The objectivity of science arises, not because the individual is impartial, but because many individuals are continually testing each other's theories. . . . But on top of that, in the social sciences, first, the subject-matter has much greater political and ideological content, so that other loyalties are also involved; and secondly, because the appeal to "public experience" can never be decisive, as it is for the laboratory scientists who can repeat each other's experiments under controlled conditions; the social scientists are always left with a loophole to escape through—"the consequences that have followed from the causes that I analysed are, I agree, the opposite of what I predicted, but they would have been still greater if those causes had not operated.

THERE ARE three major reasons why economists disagree. Two of them are the sort of reasons that lead biologists and others to disagree about causes of cancer. First of all, they may disagree about the *facts*, and further research may eventually bring facts to light which establish one side as being more plausible than the other. The second ground for disagreement is difference as to the *interpretation* of the facts. This is really a matter about the logical structure of a theory. If it can be shown that a theory has an inner contradiction or does not accord with generally accepted principles of validation of theory, then it can be shown to be wrong. But it may take a very long time indeed before this is the case. For example, in economics, the quantity theory of money was disproved for over forty years before a widely accepted alternative was adopted.

In the third place, however—and this is especially true of economics, as of every other social science, rather than of the physical sciences—there may be differences which spring ultimately from differences of view about the nature of society and the place of man in the world. The only thing that can be done in this case is to make the differences of value between scholars explicit, and to explain why people take the view that they do. Some people may be more interested in bettering the lot of the poor, and others in bettering the lot of the rich; their values will inevitably show. The trouble is that when you make these value judgments explicit, critics tend to assume that you have owned up to bias, from which they do not themselves suffer. On the contrary, we suffer from honesty; they suffer from blindness about themselves.

Now, if the social sciences are not at the stage where we can know much (if anything) with certainty, then the "scientific" claim of socialism is a pretty thin one. Our socialist claim to understand the modern world better than all the "bourgeois" non-socialists has worn rather badly. And the consequences of this "thin science" in another sphere are even more disturbing. The other half of the socialist case is that it links science and ethical values; indeed, scientific analysis and moral judgment are inextricably mixed up. But what becomes of the morals when the science is so ethereal?

KOESTLER.—Inherent in any radical complaint about society there is a cosmic dissatisfaction that can never be overcome. Anybody who has lived on the left knows that there is no pleasing socialists. Replete with sex, food, drink, income, and love, we will still find something to grumble about. But a radical analysis of society focused on a number of particular dissatisfactions which, it was thought, were organically linked with each other, just as the various symptoms—temperature, sweating, pain, hair dropping out, or whatever—are indicative of a major disease. The grumbles were not just grumbles: they were an engine of criticism.

What did we think the disease was? There was—as, for example, in the *"Suicide of a Nation?"* number of ENCOUNTER [July 1963]

[1] Joan Robinson, *Economic Philosophy* (1962).

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which Arthur Koestler edited) a diagnosis—probably more rhetorical in nature than "scientific," but still specific enough to be describable.

There was still, in some quarters, the implicit understanding that the class-structure had an economic base, and that certain fundamental remedies were urgent. However, long periods of full employment ("Keynesianism") as the culmination of the liberal ameliorative process had eliminated gross poverty, disproving the original Marxist thesis that capitalism inherently led to "pauperisation." What followed was a radical sublimation of Marx which treated the "alienation" of the working class as being, in principle, equivalent to the process of impoverishment.

A so-called socialist society would have represented an elimination of unearned incomes as a major part of the social process. The supersession was to be effected by a kind of managerial capitalism, while the class system was replaced by a far more egalitarian set-up. A symbol of the Marxist legacy was the identification of the Labour Party with the trade unions, an identification which gave it an explicit place in the "working-class movement," and a commitment to bring the class structure to an end.

Few people in the Labour Party wanted "full-blooded" socialism. Like—say—Hungary? We agreed that "the commanding heights" were what we wanted. And we didn't have to buy them—all we needed to do was to control them. The vagueness of this prescription, of course, meant that anything, or nothing, could be called socialist. Thus, at the very heart of "socialist" theory was a completely unanalysed feeling, rather than an engine of criticism or a body of prescriptive doctrine. An uncertain battle-plan, one might think, on which to go into the final conflict against "Capitalism" (whatever that may have turned out to be).

AND ANOTHER THING: Where now was Imperialism? The colonies, the Left felt, equalled exploitation (though what evidence there is suggests that they always cost far more than they were worth). The Labour Party, as a little-Britain party, always wanted to get out of Empire. Their foreign policy, then, was based on a desire to end Imperialism, together with a vague Quakeresque internationalism, and an energetic pro-Americanism of a quite uncritical kind (a legacy of Ernest Bevin's cold war era, when the Labour Party had led the international battle against Communism). Any of these postures—withdrawal from the world, supporting the U.N., or sticking up for the Americans—would have made some sense alone, but put together they were full of contradictions. Inevitably, Foreign Secretaries have had to fall back on Foreign Office briefs, which are based on

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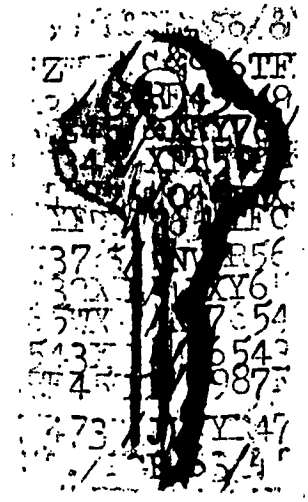

The Codebreakers
DAVID KAHN

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traditional "national interest" considerations; and the constraints on external policy seem to be no less severe under Labour than under any other government. This failure to analyse conclusively what has come to be called "Britain's role in the world," is probably the fundamental explanation of what has gone wrong—even if there are many causes, and many complexities. For it is the posture in the world—the expense of keeping troops abroad and paying for the defence programme, the alliance with America to "defend the pound"—which explains the lack of economic growth, and the sense of acute disillusion, which we analysed in *"Suicide of a Nation?"*

What is at stake is the renunciation of the 19th-century view of England as Britannia-ruling-the-waves. This, historically, was Labour's role. It said, in effect, that for all its achievements, Victorian England was a mistake. It created industrialism, and its physical and moral squalor, which Merrie England, in the guise of New Towns, Town and Country Planning, etc., would replace. It gave us overseas dominion over palm and pine which had to be renounced. It left us with a vast financial ramification, through the City, which was wholly inappropriate to a small country, and which was conceivably a mechanism for keeping the rich well-off and the poor in need.

Technical economic analysis of the workings of the international monetary system leads to one coherent economic policy—a renunciation of the City of London in favour of a better management of the external balance. Probably Britain has first to join the Common Market to effect this. But this renunciation has turned into a Dunkirk. We still do not know why. The analysis was broadly right. The diagnosis was there. The remedy was to hand. Why did the patient choose to die?

GROWTH.—This, perhaps, takes us to the heart of the matter. As the three men—Wilson, Brown, and Callaghan—sat round the table on the first day in office, and decided not to devalue, I think that they were deciding not only to try to preserve "the City," but to abandon any possibility of serious economic growth. Upon what did this renunciation of growth rest? It was not a considered view, clearly, since the men involved were incapable at that flushed moment of power of that degree of forethought. Their unconsciouses spoke. And when the political unconscious speaks, it speaks on behalf of the lowest common denominator in all of us. Perhaps the British do not want growth.

Why did we carry on so much about "growth?" When we looked at politics we saw a cloudy vision of a new society with compassion for the weak and unfortunate.

> I feel clearly [Anthony Crosland wrote, in his early middle age] that we need large egalitarian changes in our educational system, the distribution of property, the distribution of resources in periods of need, social manners and style of life, and the location of power within industry; and perhaps some, but certainly a smaller, change in respect of incomes from work. I think that these changes, taken together, will amount to a considerable social revolution! (*The Future of Socialism*, p. 216.)

It included a substantial aesthetic component—what Crosland bleakly called "Liberty and Gaiety in Private Life." There was also concern for such things as the beauty of the countryside. Add to that a co-operative ideal which opposed individualistic, "selfish" competition. And that was about all.

Well, not quite all. Mixed in with this extremely vague list of positive ideals were innumerable minor desires for change, or rectification, or redress of ills—from raising the school-leaving age to the reform of the law on abortion—few, if any, of which had much to do with the vague generalities of the ideals, and none of which had any necessary relation to the complex collection of dissident interest groups which coalesced to form the Labour Party. Indeed, many of the partial reforms, and many of the interests, were in direct conflict with one another.

The function of the notion of economic growth in this context was elementary. It was to evade all issues of choice. The idea was simple: if the economy grew quickly there would be a surplus, and the surplus could pay for most of the changes and improvements that people wanted, without expenditure being reduced elsewhere. This accorded, roughly, with an (oversimplified) principle in welfare economics, that an improvement in welfare is gained when *A* is better off and *B* is no worse off. But, of course, the increase in output, even if it is achieved, may be achieved at the cost of other important values (as at Stansted Airport, where more air travel would be possible, increasing output, at a substantial cost of aesthetic satisfaction). These considerations apart, however, there was a consensus on growth even between the Labour and Conservative parties. The discussion at a political level was mainly about questions of the efficiency and practicality of the measures by which economic growth might be achieved.

THE INQUEST on the failure of socialism would seem to many today to point to the failure of the economic growth programme. As I suggest,

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there was in fact a series of questions which were evaded by the common view that growth was the thing to aim for. The renunciation of growth implied the renunciation of the ragbag of ideals and policies labelled "Socialism." I suspect (and this is, in a way, even more interesting) that even if economic growth had occurred, there would have been no radical transformations of any significant kind.

THE LEFT.—Is this a general failure of the Liberal-Left—in France, in Germany, in the U.S., and in England? Left-wing politicians become increasingly strident, hairy-chested, philistine, in justifying the society one thought they were elected to change. And, quietly, remorselessly, humourlessly, the governmental machine grinds on—big business grows bigger, the vulgarity gets more vulgar. For them, in fact, politics consists of no more and no less than running the machine, and stopping lunatics from getting on to the flight deck, lest we all crash.

If not a failure, is it only a postponement? At best, it could only be afforded when "prosperity" is restored, or "normal conditions" return. The elimination of the poverty of big families, for example, is something that has to await the restoration of the economy. Yet, in fact, "Socialism" was regarded before 1964 as the condition for the restoration of the economy to health, and the use of its product for proper purposes. (The same is true of many other measures besides the elimination of child poverty: they all *conflict* with the objective of restoring the "normal" working of the economy, and are regarded—by socialists—as integral to its replacement by something that is better.)

Is, then, socialism a luxury that only the very rich can afford? Either it is a delusion or it is not. If it is not (and that is a very big *if*) then the crash, the real ultimate "collapse of British capitalism," must be expected not only despite the conservatism of Labour administrations, but because of it.

Who is right? Crosland argued in 1959 that what was needed was a better administration of a society that was rapidly solving its economic problems, and which found itself faced by a need to take certain measures to change the social tone. This implied, of course, measures that by traditional socialist criteria would be called modifications of the "super-structure," and which were, in fact, of a fairly conventional Asquithian kind (the equivalent of dis-establishing the Church of Wales). On the other hand, there were those, like Richard Crossman, who took a more apocalyptic view. They held that society was so fundamentally misdirected that there was little that could be done except a (somewhat vague) radical reconstruction along the lines of public ownership and control. Even Crossman's analysis was vitiated by the assumption that the means to achieve affluence was already within the grasp of the society: but he rejected the goal of affluence.

In the light of what has happened, which was more right? In the first place, clearly, many of our problems spring from a deeply held view of our world position. The high level of overseas expenditure, and the dependence on a malfunctioning international economic system make it necessary for the Foreign Office, the Bank of England, and the Treasury, to force a strongly conformist line on any government. We could not cut overseas expenditure because the Americans depended on us. We could not devalue in 1964 because to do so might have brought down the dollar. This world position is, of course, open to question. It can be opposed by those who accept American policies, but believe that those policies do not depend upon this kind of uncritical unswerving support by the United Kingdom. Or it can be opposed by those who repudiate American policies and believe them to depend (in part at least) on support by the United Kingdom. (Neither view is *necessarily* anti-American.)

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Secondly, there is the basic commitment to Britain's "playing a part" in some larger grouping, at one time the Commonwealth, frequently the Anglo-U.S. connection, and most recently Western Europe. This role involves us, first, in a maze of international "duties," springing sometimes from explicit agreements, but most usually from implicit understandings which are exceptionally one-sided interpretations of British duties, and an interpretation of a peculiarly masochistic nature. The key to this situation is not that any one explanation of Britain's policies is correct—but the general notion that this, or that, or the other cannot be done "because of our obligations."

BRITAIN FACES a growing international and internal crisis, which takes the particular form of being unable to extract itself from an international network of obligations which, in turn, prevent economic growth. This is accompanied by (and perhaps explained by) a growing administrative paralysis of the will and imagination, that might be called a traumatic sense of insecurity. It follows, therefore, that as the difficulties intensify, the reaction is likely to be more timid, more frightened, more arbitrary.

Unless what? Unless the present set of rulers is replaced? Unless there is a new set of policies? What new rulers, what new policies? To ask the question is to see its pointlessness.

Reluctantly, I think, one must concede that running an economy to order may be beyond the power of analysis of present-day economists; just as one must conclude that the understanding of the roots of social inequality, and of social pathology in general, is beyond the clinical powers of present-day sociology. Reluctantly, one must assert that socialist politicians are politicians, and no more. Our new social cures haven't proved much better than the old social diseases. If American quietists, tired of dropping out, look over here for lessons on how to drop in, they will have nothing to learn from us.

Three Young Russians

Interviews in Moscow — By JOHN MORGAN

WHAT WOULD *happen if you were caught talking to us here?*

B: If they caught me in this car, then the least I could expect would be to get five years imprisonment.

—But what exactly, apart from the Daniel and Sinyavsky case, do you have against the system here?

B: The greatest thing is that in Russia, now, everyone wants an improvement in their living standards. It is simply difficult to exist the way things are. Many are satisfied with what we have. But those people who understand things no longer want this and express their dissatisfaction, like Sinyavsky and Daniel who wrote their books. And there are many people like this. They express their feelings in their conversations with each other.

—Are you anti-communist? Do you object to communism or just the way in which it's being carried out in Russia?

B: I'm a non-party communist. I am against the way communism is being constructed, not against communism. I am just against the way that communism is being built in the Soviet Union. I'm not against the idea itself.

But the way it's being built here, nothing's being achieved at the moment. The idea of

THIS *is the complete transcript of interviews John Morgan recently conducted in Moscow with three young Russians for Rediffusion Television's programme* This Week. *One Russian, a journalist, wanted his face hidden. That secret interview took place in a motor car driving through the streets of Moscow. The others, a painter and a film director, insisted on "speaking freely" and refused to mask their faces as the cameras filmed and recorded their conversations at a lake shore outside Moscow. All three laughed at the "Russian roulette" dangers they were running, but argued that some things just needed saying.*

JOHN MORGAN *has been deputy editor of the* New Statesman *and for six years was a commentator for the BBC TV programme* Panorama. *He is now a commentator for* This Week, *a Left-wing columnist for the* Sunday Times *and, along with Lord Harlech, Richard Burton, Geraint Evans and others, a founder member of a new television company for Wales and the West of England.*

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simply having an ordinary car is just beyond the wildest dreams of an ordinary person in this country.

And when we see such inequalities as people who are in the privileged group of people, the privileged class, who've got the right to use a car all the time, to go into special shops, it puts them off. I am in favour of things like the education system and the health service, the free health service.

—Who are the privileged classes?

B: The people who are allowed to go abroad. The people who are in the higher echelons of the Communist Party.

—What do you think of events like the trial of the writers who were put in prison?

B: We are very bitter about the fact that people like Daniel have to go to prison. In a régime that we've got, if I get out of this car now and am caught, I go to jail. But despite the fact that it's so dangerous, you find people like my own sister who wanted to come on this ride tonight so that she could put in her word against the system. But I had to tell her that there was no room for her in the car. But my sister asked me to make sure that I related things in this country in the way that they really are.

—Are you proud of being a Russian?

B: I do have national pride. Yes, I'm very happy to be a Russian. If I had to die for my own country, for my Russia, I would easily do it, like two uncles of mine who died in wars fighting for their country.

—Would you now prefer to live somewhere else than in Russia

B: Yes, I would, of course. I wouldn't even choose a country if you just offered me one as long as it wasn't a communist-run country, I would willingly go there. Offer me 100 places, and I would go to any of them. When I was 18, I started to think about the chance to go abroad, and it's one of my regrets that I haven't been able to learn English as I would have liked to have done.

—Why is it that since it's so perilous for you to be talking to us here that you have chosen to do so?

B: Among many people that I know, they all talk about this when they are in groups of two or three or four. But to speak out so that all can hear is impossible. You can say it privately but not make a public speech or get your views printed in a newspaper or elsewhere. Now that such an opportunity has been presented to me, why wouldn't I speak out?

—How many people would you say share your point of view here in Moscow?

B: Among my acquaintances, almost all. Everyone makes the most of what there is, That is the way with us. A Russian always makes the most of and settles for what he has got. All want something better, but what there is often satisfies many people. And that is why there are few who might say the things I am saying.

—What would you like to achieve by talking to me in this way?

B: I am just telling you how things really are. If I was misrepresenting things, it might be for a purpose. But I am just telling you how things are.

—You say that all your friends and the people you know care the way you do. How many people would care about the imprisonment of Daniel, for example, the writer who is in prison?

B: As everyone knows, the Russian people are very patient. What do you mean by care? People would say "Yes, there were two such writers who got into trouble." That's how it was during the Stalin régime and the cult period, and that's how it has remained to the present day. Of course, we have now got greater

CHINA

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freedom, and we can now speak more boldly. The times have passed when they bundled you off and put you up against a wall.

—How much do you feel identified with the leaders of the country? There was Stalin, Khrushchev, and now Kosygin. Do you feel that they lead the country and represent you?

B: If they had been representatives of my choosing, they would have been speaking on the streets telling me what they had been doing for my benefit. I think independently and can say how things are here. But you don't hear of any real debates being held anywhere. The time has long passed when some leader or other might go to some factory and make a speech frankly and honestly asking the workers what they wanted done.

—Are you saying that people are cynical about the government, feel themselves alienated or removed from it, that there's a great gulf between government and people?

B: I think that's true. I cannot answer for everyone, but I think so. At any rate, all my friends think that is true. In general, we don't have any kind of contact with the government. How the government thinks and what it decides—we are just told about this, told what to do, and we do it.

—Now is the 50th anniversary of the revolution. What is your view of the revolution? Do you think it's been on the whole successful? Do you disappointed with its results?

B: I didn't make the revolution, so I can't be disillusioned with it. But those people who carried out the revolution have long since become disillusioned. It has simply become the custom here to promise things and to compare everything with what existed in 1917 or 1918 or before the revolution. But we all think that with time we should have got on further and that, in any case, things could not have stayed at the 1916–1918 level when people worked 12 and 14 hours a day. Now they work 8 hours.

—What do you think could be done in Russia to meet the demands of young people like yourself?

B: That is very difficult to say because, again I repeat, everyone has got used to being satisfied with what they have got.

—Are you recommending some kind of capitalist system rather than a communist system?

B: I cannot say I would be for capitalism. I am grateful to the state for my education. I am conscious of this. But after education, I got a wage of 100 roubles a month (£10 a week) and was told that I would get a 10 rouble a month raise every five years. They say we will get things in the future. But we want things now. All young people do.

—So what would you like to see done that would make a great difference here in Russia?

B: That's very difficult. We must give up all the aid we are offering to different states who are beginning to build socialism.... What can I say? The best thing to do under this régime is to keep quiet and be satisfied with what you've got.

—What about spending money on the space race, going to the moon?

B: Oh, I know that is very expensive and everybody says that it would be better to have the money in our hands and not in the sky.

—Do you envy people who live in Western Europe or in America for their standard of life. Or doesn't that enter your calculations?

B: Yes, we see this very clearly, and we are very dissatisfied. We want to live as well as they do in the West and get what they do. We laugh when we are told that capitalism means you have to be a millionaire. We don't want to live like a capitalist—but to live like an average worker there who has a car and a flat. We don't require more than that. That's what I think, and that's what my friends think.

—What kind of flat do you live in?

B: I live in one room with my wife. It will be for three, for in five months we will have a child. And that's all right. There are cases of two or three families living in one room. But they are trying to overcome the housing shortage here. But even in this we have a privileged class. If they have money, they can buy an apartment.

*

WHY DO YOU *think that the government is imprisoning writers like Daniel and others?*

T: It's done to frighten people. It's done by force of inertia in order to show that suppression has not weakened. People are striving for material values. We went hungry for a long time, and were deprived of all that's necessary. Sinyavsky was accused of accepting as a present some jacket priced at 40 dollars. That's a cause for a nation-wide scandal. People don't want part of politics any more. They want to live quietly. Writers want to set up house-building co-operatives, get money, and they (the régime) are frightening them. To frighten them, one or two individuals had to be picked out so

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that it could be shown that the effectiveness of the machine has not weakened. Although in fact the machine has weakened. This is proved by the hundreds of signatures signed in Sinyavsky's defence where people did not conceal their names, risked their positions, losing materially thereby, but still going ahead and doing it.

P: But in this country, in general, they put people in prison and punish them not in order to improve them—because a person only becomes weaker through imprisonment—but as a warning to others.

T: It is an Asiatic attitude to punishment.

—Is the effect of imprisonment to make people frightened? For example, are you frightened to appear here today?

T: It's not that we're afraid. We were a little frightened and thought of talking to you with our faces hidden by some material, but then we thought that this would look too much like the robbery of a store and would have looked ridiculous. No, we are not afraid and we hope that in the next 50 years, there will be some easing of the situation and everything will be normal. But whether this happens sooner rather than later isn't known.

P: But there is no guarantee that we won't go to jail for this.

T: There is no guarantee that we won't be subjected to persecution of various kinds which could even be worse than being put in jail. Petty material deprivations which are more terrifying than prison. In prison, you feel at ease—and they feed you every day.

P (*laughing*): It is certain that we won't have the 1926 law applied to us about being driven from our homeland or deprived of citizenship.

—Do you think that many serious writers are silent or not writing out of fear?

T: It is difficult to formulate it that way—"out of fear, not out of fear." There was a 15–20-year period in our history when fear was the ruling feeling, and was the main stimulus for people's actions. Now the remains of that are present. You find people who are not fully alive, who have lost their abilities, and who are now just dwindling out the remains of their lives. The majority of old people are like this, most of the older writers. Some of them try to find a solution, and worry about it. They have many works which still have not been published.

Some writers simply become out of touch. I think that Sinyavsky, because of the style he writes in, and because he tries naïvely to

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spread religious beliefs—although I don't believe that he has any deep faith in God but is merely presenting himself as a religious person—is also showing himself to be out of touch.

The people who fight against all the traces of Stalinism and totalitarianism appear to us to be just as out-of-date and old-fashioned as the totalitarianism itself, as those Stalinist survivals, and the way of life against which they are fighting.

P: And they are out-of-date in that some writers—such as, say, Tvardovsky or Paustovsky—whose words are accepted by the people as being words of opposition, as something new, are in fact speaking out only when such opposition will no longer be met by a great scandal and merely acts as good propaganda for themselves.

T: Let me say this. In our country we have one single political problem. In England, you may be faced with a hundred political problems, in Russia one single one. "Is it possible to get out of Russia?" No, it's not possible. You cannot imagine what that means. In England, you can either solve your problems, or not solve them and leave the country, and say "No" to England. "I don't love England, I'm leaving." A Russian doesn't have such an opportunity open to him. He is forcefully kept inside this country. It is forbidden to leave it. You are locked in here. Therefore all politics is governed by this simple basic rule. A Russian and an Englishman work from different political axioms. In your conditions, parallel lines don't cross, but with us all our lines cross at one point. It is difficult for us to understand each other in this matter. It is a basic condition of being a prisoner, of being surrounded. As Hamlet said, "The whole place is a prison." We're in Hamlet's position, but you only see this on the stage.

P: In spite of the huge territory, everyone here realises that he has 11,000 km. one way, and 4,000 km. the other, and beyond that just barbed wire.

—You were saying that even if you were not imprisoned for appearing on this film, you might be persecuted. What form would that kind of persecution take?

T: It's like this. A person here has dealings with just one single organisation for everything in life, and that is the totalitarian state. Let us suppose that they are angry with you and sack you from your job, and you cannot find other work in your line, say, in the arts. You don't want just to rot, but for a month you find yourself without any kind of work even though you may have something to live on. They can then declare you a do-nothing and bar you from living in Moscow. In the U.S.S.R. there is only one town like Moscow where there is a more-or-less normal way of life. Migration into Moscow is strictly forbidden and there is around the city an invisible wall, an invisible curtain, and people from other cities are not allowed to live here. The right to live here is withdrawn from you. You get sent to another town although you have not committed any crime. There is a special law about this—though even in our papers it has been said that the law is being used unjustly and that it represents an infringement of the constitution. But the law is still in operation.

The use of this mechanism, or a whole mass of others, can easily spoil life for you.

P: That's sufficient.

—Do you think—though the fact that writers and artists are treated in this way if they express opposition is in a way flattering—means that the writers are taken seriously here?

T: I don't think so. It's all the same to the régime.

P (*laughing*): It is unlikely that the régime understands very much in all this. There are very limited people there, on a very low level of culture.

—Do you think that this kind of opposition that's expressed in writing and in art in the underground will have a political form and become a political opposition?

P: No, it won't take a political form because of the very powerful political censorship. It is very difficult to do anything. They did try something like this but on a very small scale, literally demonstrations of a few dozen people with a few hundred passers-by standing round. They end when the police disperse them. The police are very powerful.

T: I think that in today's very complex social order, all these crowds, demonstrations, all these pointless marches, are all equally idiotic both in our country and in the West. The question will be solved on a completely different level. The question will be decided in the minds of theoreticians, will be decided inside organisations and institutions, and by the growth of a new intelligentsia, by the growth of a new generation, and by the fact that people have at last ceased to have blind faith in the pointless, groundless ideas of the régime, and want just to develop, to amuse themselves, to live quietly, and have ceased to be afraid of the banality of the 19th-century way of life, and have suddenly realised that that would not be at all bad after this madness.

Mankind has now become mortal with the

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invention of weapons which could destroy all of us. People have come to understand this. Before a man is shot, he is supposed to see all his life in flashback. The existence of the hydrogen bomb is having that effect on mankind, including Russians.

Then there's China, a whole region where every kind of political idiocy is taking place at which we laugh greatly. Their experiences are a better corrective to us than if we did the same and then tried to correct it ourselves. We have become wiser. And our youth, the youth of 20–25, is different from before, and unknown to our writers, who don't understand them, no more than people in the West understand them. Being so far away, they couldn't understand them.

—Then what are most people interested in? Have they given up an interest in political involvement?

P: It is not that they have lost interest. Of course, young people are sceptical about the present structure and about everything that happens here. They're a bit indifferent, and regard things as a joke. But the military-political machine and the police are so powerful that these meetings and demonstrations are pointless. And the worst thing of all about these terrible means of destruction that we have spoken about is that the Bolsheviks might lead the world to a catastrophe when they see that they are about to sing their last song. Because this régime cannot possibly last forever.

T: They are rather dull, boring people, and it is disgusting to think that they are sitting over that little button.

I would like to say this about the younger generation. For the last hundred years of the history of young people in Russia, every new generation has interested itself in something outside of itself—either revoluton, or religion, or some special purity in relationships, or in something else.

But now, for the first time, the new generation—the generation born about 1945, the "children of victory" as they are called—are interested above all in themselves. And all their force of interest is directed inside themselves, though in the first instance to their external physical appearance. And that is a lot more interesting than the sort of young people who can be led here and there. If you are attracted to some public work, you will be helped in your interest. But if you are interested in something connected with yourself as a person, you will find things much more difficult and you begin to lose trust in everything. That's how young people of the 1945, '46, '47 generation

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look at things. They are not interested in things outside themselves.

—What do you think of the kind of thing from Russia that is admired in the West, things like the Red Army choir, the Georgian State Dancers, and the film "War and Peace," that kind of thing?

P: In my view, it is out of a love for exotic things.

T: Films which enjoy success in the West, or which come in for some attention for any other reason, do not create great excitement here. Our ballet is preserved from a period of advanced Russian culture, the twenty years before the Revolution. It was the Tsarist ballet and a lot of effort was put into improving it, and a lot of money put into it, as there was into the Hermitage Museum, for example. It is in no way an achievement of the post-revolutionary period. It has been preserved quite by chance as a court, or Kremlin, entertainment, as a place where a Soviet dictator could take a foreign diplomat, where the diplomat could while away three hours not unpleasantly with something to look at. And that's been preserved.

As for its success with the public, it's probable that all sorts of things are successful. The public watches when a building is being demolished —a crowd gathers when people fight on the street—in short, out of reasons of curiosity. In the West, there are many people with spare time, and they satisfy their curiosity. They sympathise with any Russians who are different from the terrible secret police, or soldiers, or occupiers with rifles in hands or in tanks. It is like it would be if you were expecting an invasion but you got instead a poor flower. You would be happy with the poor flower.

P: The popular dance ensembles which are applauded in the West are a mixture of folk art and professionalism, and they are applauded because it is something exotic and native. As for the ballet being applauded, well, it has become rather archaic. It is purely classical, old interpretations which get the applause. There has been such a decline in culture here that there is no creative thinking, and when we tried to put on a contemporary work like *Spartacus*, it collapsed with a crash in America.

T: I much prefer the ballet of Balanchine, which though in a purely Russian tradition, was developed in America based on Stravinsky's music. It was beautiful and very contemporary. As for the standards in present-day Russian cultural life, the valuable things often exist despite the ruling political philosophy, and only later on are they acclaimed as achievements.

First, these people suffer torments and languish somewhere in the country—and then later when they have become sufficiently battered and washed out and had the rough edges knocked off, they begin to achieve a certain acceptance and approval and even create some official works. I don't think that at present in our literature there is anything of great world interest. But the best representatives of Russia now are those who are writing about life in the concentration camps like the prose-writer Solzhenitsyn, well known in the West, and the very excellent though completely unknown prose-writer Varlam Sharlamov. Not one line of his prose has been printed, though his verses have been. His works are circulated in manuscript form and reproduced on typewriters.

As for paintings, there are about ten interesting artists in Moscow. There is an excellent sculptor called Neizvestny, a fine painter called Vladimir Vaysber—in all about 15 people who are doing good work. But they are completely unknown. Sometimes your photographer-reporters arrive from the West and something is printed about them in your magazines. But what they need is exhibitions, shows in art galleries, and good conditions for working. As for music, I don't think our young composers are up to the level of the things they are copying, for it is just a copy of certain Western forms of music.

P: In painting and the plastic arts, it happens that most of the modern trends originated with early 20th-century Russian artists who later had to continue their work in the West. And now our artists are beginning to carry on from them but starting from Western forms. They cannot proceed from the original sources now, although this art was born here. And even to imitate these Western art forms which have developed out of Russian artists is difficult because there is no information material.

—I want to know what, then, do you admire in Russia?

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T: I admire in Russia the old Russian culture. I admire Russian people who are very long-suffering, and very intelligent. And I admire Russian young people, who, after the terrible terror and the terrible last 50 years, are beginning to recover slowly. From the outside, it doesn't look like anything very tremendous. If you had a fire in your house, you wouldn't be able to receive guests very well straight away and be a good host. But things are being tidied up and put in order, and the curtains are being put up and the best furniture put out now in Russia. And it is the enthusiasm and good humour of the Russian people who are giving of themselves to do this which is to be admired, and is the best thing in Russia.

P: I love the beauty of Russia. I love Russian culture, and the art of the 14th and 15th centuries, and of the beginning of the 20th century, the pre-revolutionary art and that of the first years of the revolution. And one can have justifiable admiration for present-day young people, who, despite the conditions, just don't give up.

—Which do you regard (to look at the political question) as the greater threat to Russia, America or China?

P: I think that the greatest threat to peace in the world at the present moment is China. But I am in great agreement with one phrase of Churchill's which said that the most unpleasant thing about the yellow peril is that it is red. (*Laughter.*) It is simply an extreme expression of Bolshevism.

T: Of course, anyone in this position would say "America *yes*, China *no, no*," but that is too short. It is not that China in itself is bad but that it expresses a certain terrible force in the world, a force which exists probably in Africa, probably in America, otherwise the Kennedy tragedy could not have taken place. America for me is Kennedy. He is my favourite political figure of the 20th century. And so I am for America, a fine country where many remarkable writers are working, and where the best Russian writer of those living is now working—Vladimir Nabokov, who has become an American. America and Russia have a lot in common. When I read Thoreau's book *Walden*, Leo Tolstoy's favourite book, then I simply feel that it was written by someone of my own race, with my own convictions. When I read *Moby Dick* by Melville, I feel it was written either by a Russian or an American. It's the same thing. They are very alike. . . .

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Koestler and his Critics

By Kathleen Nott

ARTHUR KOESTLER'S less favourable reviewers sometimes suggest that in working out the nature and probable destiny of mankind he is working out himself and his own problems. This suggestion, rather more often than not, comes from the scientific side. In all fields, it is a common enough strategy where a defensive need is felt.

> "His attacks, growing ever more violent in this book on those with whom he disagrees, may reflect some of his own uncertainties."
>
> DR. WILLIAM SARGANT (*Spectator*)

> "... Much of the biologism of this and other of his recent books is mere accretion concealing his own experiential progress. A rational Marxist, disappointed by irrational Marxists, aghast at the irrational destruction around and inside himself, turning to psycho-analysis, examining yoga, winding up in pharmacology... he presents a thread of experience to which theories adhere on all sides."
>
> DR. ALEX COMFORT (*Guardian*)

In one important sense, it is fair to say that Koestler's "personality" (and its development) is the king-pin of his splendid structure, *The Sleepwalkers* (1959), *The Act of Creation* (1964), and now *The Ghost in the Machine*.[1] But it is the objective, not the private person which matters. Koestler continues to work out, not his emotions, but his ideas. In particular, he has been trying throughout the trilogy to found a more reasonable, indeed a more "scientific," belief about human nature and its potentialities than he (with others) has been able to find in the creeds and ideologies listed by Dr. Comfort, many of which have hardened into dogma. The present book carries the quest into sciences, near-sciences, and some possibly pseudo-sciences, into biology, psychology, and linguistics, as they affect the study and understanding of our human selves. That he may be passionately committed to his disagreements does not make them irrational: and their expression, though often satirical, is not violent. So what is the problem? That he feels, or that he disagrees?

Scientists themselves are not without passions and sometimes it appears, passionately resent "amateur" poaching on specialist preserves. The tone of Sir Peter Medawar's review of *The Act of Creation* (*New Statesman*, June 1964) was in parts highly personal and almost aggrieved, with the complaint that Koestler didn't understand the scientific mentality because he couldn't grasp the scientist's natural pride, chiefly in achieving priority. This (according to Professor Medawar) must drive him to seek only the "soluble," and to avoid a reach that might "exceed his grasp." Professor Medawar himself, in other essays, has described the scientific imaginative process in terms which are not sharply different from Koestler's. But in this review he hardly seems to be clearly distinguishing the scientist's typical mentality from the social and competitive epiphenomena of his research. It appeared to me at the time that he could not accept the kind of book Koestler is trying to write, nor the kind of person nor the kind of intellectual attitude it reflects. The result may be, perhaps unwittingly, a defensive projection, either personal or professional.[2]

[1] *The Ghost in the Machine*, By ARTHUR KOESTLER. Hutchinson, 42s.

[2] This projective attitude is much more obvious, and much more objectionable, in Leslie Fiedler's astounding, irrelevant and prolonged yelp of fury about *The Ghost in the Machine*, in the *New Statesman* (27 October). The burden of his complaint is that Koestler is moved by hatred and resentment of youth and its Pop-Culture, with which Fiedler seems to identify himself. In the 1930s, it seems, Koestler spoke for youth (when presumably they both were young). The only rational connecting point (which Fiedler misses) is that Koestler dissociates his own biological-mutatory "pharmacology" from the drugs in present cultural favour. In the *New Statesman* of 10 November Koestler has replied, pointing out among other things that his interests have simply moved on since the '30s. Why should anyone object to somebody growing (or growing up)?

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Two quotations from the recent press about *The Ghost in the Machine* may be illuminating. Charles Rycroft (a psychologist) writes in *New Society*: "...in one respect his exposition is naughty. He *assumes* [my italics] that there is a Scientific Establishment with an entrenched belief in 'the naïvely mechanistic world-view of the nineteenth century'...." In fact, Koestler knows and shows that many professional scientists, as well as others with scientific training, seek a much more holistic insight than is now common, into both the human being and the methods and framework of science. He cites, for instance, Professors Michael Polanyi and L. L. Whyte. Those whom he attacks, particularly the Behaviourists and some neo-Darwinians, if not quite stuck in 19th-century mechanism (generally because their philosophic interest is not strong anyway) certainly haven't got quite away from it.

Rycroft also says that Koestler, "although he doesn't quite say so... is a neo-vitalist." This suggests that Rycroft has missed the main structural conception of the whole book, which doesn't depend on a sort of neo-vitalistic pat-ball answer to 19th-century mechanism. The attack on Behaviourism is a war waged against the whole concept of randomness which dominates not only neo-Darwinian theory but also provides the ideological background to the most influential forms of Anglo-American psychology and philosophy.

On previous experience, one other quotation (from a balanced but on the whole friendly review in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 2 November) sounds like reliable prophecy: "The general purpose... will madden some (especially the specialist—who resents this kind of adventurousness and takes issue on detail)...."

ONE OR TWO reviewers started up speculation about the significance of Koestler's "personality" in his own work. Alex Comfort, once again, "can't help respecting Koestler the encyclopaedist"; John Raymond in the *Financial Times* (admitting he himself has little or no scientific education) calls him a polymath. These innocent and probably ungrudging compliments may still be typical of our intellectually foggy climate. Koestler comes originally from the "isolated continent" where, in many countries, being a polymath is respected and is even an expected standard. A scholar is expected to have a large range of understanding in a wide variety of subjects and to be able to connect them and discuss them intelligently. Moreover, speculation is respectable. Maybe the English have a special need to be taught a God's Eye view. We are in many ways still a tight

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(and now hallucinated) little island, and we are only cosy with the "piecemeal." This has had its advantages, in law and even, no doubt —anyway at some periods—in philosophy and science. But we mustn't enviously conclude, because a writer or thinker believes that there are large questions of essential human interest—and even asks some of them—that he is unwilling or unable to put his generalisations as far as possible to the test.

The insular, specialist, piecemeal approach may for the time have passed its peak of value: particularly because, as I believe with Koestler, there really is a Behaviourist tide in psychology and philosophy which responds to and demands an atomist and reductive background. Hence it is an actual resistance-movement to a more organic conception of human life, habits and origins. It fits in well with specialist resentment and with the specialist implication that no one is yet in a position to generalise about the meaning and value of science as a human activity. But this is just something we cannot afford to wait for; we need Koestler's sort of "amateur"—if I called him that, as some scientists do, I should imply a compliment.

This holistic approach, in general and in particular applications, is what Koestler thinks we need and he is trying to provide it and to give it scientific warrant. He is not afraid to speculate, and we should be grateful to him, if for nothing else, for trying to "free the continent." (Let it be mentioned, in passing, but relevantly, that he is a "one-culture man"; that is, he can reasonably be interpreted as implying that the "Cultures", from whichever side, ought to be the "Humanities.")

A general outlook such as this would surely be seen to entail a diametrical and dynamic opposition to Behaviourism and all its proliferations. Nevertheless, some of Koestler's critics, informed or otherwise, think this is either "naughty" of him, irrelevant, or (perhaps less ingenuously) "old hat." Professor Medawar (in the quoted earlier review) refers to Koestler's "love-hate" relationship with the Behaviourists. Dr. Sargant suggests that the Behaviourists with "their exciting, new and effective treatments of the mind" aren't being quite fairly done by—and that Koestler just wilfully *prefers* his own "holonic" account: ("holonic" here refers to Koestler's concept of "holons," not to "holism"). Koestler himself, no doubt from experience in discussion and conversation, anticipates in this book what might be called a pro-Behaviourist filibuster of criticisms—and has founded a *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dead Horses*.

I believe, with Koestler, that Behaviourism is in fact a live horse, fresh in all senses; and I even wish he had been able to chase it further afield. He has some reference to the Behaviourist parallels in contemporary British philosophy (and of course has borrowed his title from Gilbert Ryle, reasonably suspected of verbal Behaviourism). There is a kind of double irony in the borrowing: for it is really the Behaviourists who are haunted by the "ghost" and make the most strenuous efforts to exorcise it. The rest of us know that by "mind," "person," "consciousness" and so on, we can be quite content to mean necessary organising functions without which, to put it all at the lowest level, we could hardly communicate with our fellows.

I wish Koestler had been able to say more about Behaviourist incursions into aesthetics and psychotherapy: for these topics are at least vivid illustrations of a whole new and very active philosophy of existence which is permeating all our thinking (and in the case of Behaviour-therapy is likely to have profound and undesirable consequences in social philosophy.)

KOESTLER'S endeavour is to rescue us from "ratomorphic" psychology and philosophy while remaining within a strictly biological framework:

> I do not believe that we can formulate the simplest questions . . . without the help of the sciences of life. But it must be a true science of life, not the antiquated slot-machine model. . . . We shall not be able to ask the right questions until we have replaced that rusty idol by a new, broader conception of the living organism.

This new conception is what the first part of the book is about, worked out in detail, with remarkable parallels and analogies. The *T.L.S.* reviewer thought that the wealth of analogy and illustration befogged the argument (could this be anti-polymathism?). But Koestler's central conception would be weakened if it were not traced, as it is, in a ramified pattern of great richness. The same reviewer faintly complains that Koestler's summaries at the end of chapters and an appendix which gives a complete abstract of his holon-hierarchy argument, are suspicious—showing that "the argument is not all that simple." I don't see why it should be. I found the appendix completely clarifying and the summaries, particularly for easy back-reference, obliging and helpful.

> The organism in its structural aspect is not an aggregation of elementary parts, and in its functional aspects not a chain of elementary units of

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> behaviour.... Parts and wholes in an absolute sense do not exist in the domain of life....

The "holon" is the part which *is* always still a whole—"which displays both the autonomous properties of wholes and the dependent properties of parts." This facing-both-upwards-and-downwards in the hierarchic organisation, Koestler calls the "Janus-principle."

> More generally, the term "holon" may be applied to any stable biological or social sub-whole which displays rule-governed behaviour and/or structural Gestalt-constancy. Thus organelles and homologous organs are evolutionary holons; morphogenetic fields are ontogenetic holons; the ethologist's "fixed action-patterns" and the sub-routines of acquired skills are behavioural holons; phonemes, morphemes, words, phrases, are linguistic holons; individuals, families, tribes, nations are social holons.

It is clear that this holonistic structure is taken as applying not only to the biological world (which includes, as above, all the fields of living behaviour and skills, from language, to individuals in their "tribes") but also to the natural and physical world. An atom is also a "holon." And indeed a point in Appendix I claims the intention of reconciling the atomistic and holistic approaches.

So how does Koestler deal with the question of distinguishing between non-life and life, or between the animal and the human? There can be no doubt that he is profoundly concerned with the second of these questions (that doesn't make him a neo-vitalist)—particularly with the attributes of purpose and freedom which we commonly regard as almost defining the human.

His answer about "freedom" is to be found in the Janus-concept itself. All organisms (including ourselves) are governed from "above" (from the higher levels of the social hierarchy) by fixed rules: but we are inherently endowed with "flexible strategies"; we can autonomously or reciprocally adapt the environmental conditions we meet.

> There is a significant analogy in physics.... The geometrical structure of a crystal is represented by fixed rules; but crystals growing in a saturated solution will reach the same final shape by different pathways.... In this and many other well-known phenomena we find the self-regulatory properties of biological holons foreshadowed on an elementary level.

"Freedom," then, is a graduated continuity throughout the universe. But this "freedom" has to be translated into terms of "consciousness" and "purpose." In spite of the "naughtiness" attributed to him by the *TLS* reviewer,

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Koestler has plenty of anti-randomist scientists and biologists on his side. As E. W. Sinnott wrote, "purpose is 'the directive activity shown by individual organisms that distinguishes living things from inanimate objects.'"

This section concludes: "The Purposer is each and every individual organism, from the inception of life, which struggled and strove to make the best of its limited opportunities."

So, after all, "purpose" begins with "life" and does not depend on a natural-physical continuity. And we can't help being puzzled about how "purpose" becomes a moral notion—unless it is specifically human and individual.

Koestler admits the problem and answers as follows:

> ... if we assume that there exists a continuous scale of gradations, from the sentience of primitive creatures, through various degrees of consciousness, to full self-awareness, then the experimental biologist's challenge to the concept of individuality poses a genuine dilemma. The only solution seems to be ... to get away from the concept of the individual as a monolithic structure, and to replace it by the concept of the individual as an open hierarchy whose apex is for ever receding, striving towards a state of complete integration which is never achieved.

But also, it would seem, to get away from the concept of the *individual* as the centre of freedom, choice, purpose—and of "humanity" or *human being*. Whose freedom? and what purpose? It appears that the only real room is at the top. And that the state of complete integration which the individual has to strive for, is not *first* with himself, but with his group-hierarchy (whatever that may be).

Certainly Koestler heavily stresses what appears to be the contrary point of view—that infinitely more of our human troubles come from our urge to integrate ourselves with groups, than from our instinctual self-assertive tendencies. But still I do not think that I am doing him an injustice. His "anti-rodent" operation against the Behaviourists is a brilliant triumph. But there comes a point where the other rats-in-the-maze get in—those of the Evolutionary Futurists—who cannot help thinking collectivistically and who, if they're not careful, will finish up occupying a primitive cell in the world-brain of Teilhard.

IT SEEMS TO BE very difficult to steer a course between the atomistic-mechanistic, and the semi-mystical "integrative" idea of mankind—to think philosophically in terms of human beings, men and women, as individual organisms. Even the Existentialists who are claiming to do just that, do not bring it off in their academic statements. If we will not think of human life as a mechanical assemblage or move towards the "ratomorphic" conception of human beings, we start to think and plan for the Species-as-a-whole and to take the funicular line towards perfectibility and Point Omega.

Koestler is very well aware of this dilemma; but I do not think he altogether escapes it. Admittedly he rejects the "jolly vein" of the Evolutionary Progressivists (Huxley, Waddington, Teilhard) and adds, with perfect justice, that he is well able to do so because "having written such a lot about the creative side of man, I can hardly be accused of belittling his achievements."

Nevertheless, even with Koestler, the ordinary "human being" gets lost, and with him the possibility of a genuine, a realistic psychology. Isn't it a fact of observation, not merely an article of faith, that the human being cannot be fully described in a biological or physiological language? Not because he has inside him an irreducible spiritual homuncule, but because a generalising collectivistic language is unsuitable. And so if you can't have a "scientific" psychology of the individual, you can't have a "scientific" morality either.

It is this identification of "human beings" with their Species, I believe, which makes the conclusion of Koestler's book—a minor section which contains his proposed treatment for "our predicament"—unsatisfying.

Koestler's diagnosis of "Man's" predicament is that there is a built-in fight between the old brain and the new cortex. It is not just that the old brain is an old ignoble savage, for many animal communities and many primitive societies are peaceful.

> We can reformulate Lorenz's argument by saying that, from the very beginning of the manufacture of weapons, *man's instinct and intellect fell out of step.* The *invention* of weapons and tools was ... the combined achievement of brain and hand.... But the *use* to which the weapons were put, was dependent on ... instinct and emotion—on the old brain.

Evolution can and does take wrong turnings even in the minimal necessities for preserving a species—Koestler gives many illuminating examples. But with us, the very thing that gives us our uniqueness and our capacity for survival, astronomically higher than that of any other species, also intensifies our doom-potential. We have a unique gift—"our" Brain—the model of all computers, which should solve all our problems. But we have another "uniqueness," too—we don't know how to make full or proper use of it.

This thesis about "brain-potential" is also strongly favoured by Evolutionary Humanists

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(and other Futurists): and with the same insistence on *"Man's"* brain. But they hardly ever commit themselves to telling us what is a useful "use." So that even if we could suppose that we all have this master-computer—and only have to learn or to be taught how to use it—we have no idea at all how this could be of benefit to the Species. (The serious brain-potential thesis is perhaps not all that different from newspaper generalisations about the Species: *i.e.*, "our" intellectual powers have outrun "our" moral and spiritual powers, as if Tom, Dick and Harry had each personally, in a variant of Original Sin, committed the Theory of Relativity!)

EVOLUTION, according to Koestler, has made us an "insane giant," bent on self-destruction, who can't be argued with—"Sweet reason has failed." It is the biochemists who will now have to get to work and produce some nostrum, analogous to a biological mutation, which will harmonise the old brain with the new. Koestler believes that this will be gladly received, without pressure either from politicians or from the boffin "apex of the hierarchy"—because people will realise in increasing numbers how much better, freer and happier they feel with it, and how much more able to make use of their innate powers, intellectual and spiritual. (And he *doesn't* mean "Pop-Nirvana.")

Koestler, with good reason, genuinely feels that time is running short. Particularly after a devastating and in many ways convincing analysis of the root causes of our global predicament, he may feel that *some* solution, something that looks like a hope, ought to be offered. But with the greatest respect to a brilliant and fascinating book, I think he has gone off track: and that the simple but essential cause is thus confusing the Species with the individual. Characteristically the members of the Species are personally immature if not retarded. But very many are ordinary *normal* people, who like life and like going on living, and would live and let live. And they do not live beyond their intellectual and psychological income: which means, of course, that they dodge social responsibility and group-integration as much as they are allowed to.

Surely the real human problem is much as Shelley stated it: *the good want power, the powerful goodness want* (for "good" today, read, comparatively unpushing). It may be that "insane giants" take power; but *they* won't take any mutatory pill, and they will be the last people to think they might need it.

What really human morality can the Species —necessarily in scientific language—preach to itself? Nothing, it seems, but the absolute value of survival, at all costs, including the sacrifice of the creative benefit of human intra-psychic conflict. We may reasonably claim that it is the syntheses coming out of the antitheses (as Koestler, for one, has pre-eminently shown) that really advance the human (individual and creative) mind—and so lift the species a slipping, but constantly repeated step. Dare one say it—if survival isn't going to be qualitative and help select the truly human definition, do we and should we care all that much—or pretend to care? People care as far as they can feel and see—generally not beyond their immediate progeny. Why should they care? An abstract concern with an unknowable future species, whether it comes from scientists, from do-gooders, from priests or politicians, is always a bit suspect. It can be a substitute altruism which helps to hide our mortality from our egos: and our helplessness too.

Like most people I haven't the faintest idea what might save the Species. Like most people I probably don't want to be too much bothered with problems I can't solve. I see "insane giants" all over the place and wish *they* would take a pill. And sometimes on good days I think I discern little greennesses which suggest to me that the meek—I mean by this all those who can at whatever level maintain passive but intelligent resistance—might, by sitting on their bottoms, here, there, and everywhere (but of course also in front of Pentagons and Downing Streets) just manage to inherit the earth.

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PRESS

The New London Revolution

By John Beavan

I AM NOT SURE whether Mr. Christopher Driver ["Why Newspapers Have Readers," ENCOUNTER, November] is looking at newspapers with pure sociological detachment or is merely attempting to be provocative. He is asking what is the purpose of newspapers today, and the answers he comes up with are the philistine ones given by several generations of popular newspaper men to justify the old Northcliffe revolution. In effect, Mr. Driver is saying that newspaper reading is no longer regarded as a civic duty; it is simply a cheap and undemanding pastime, an agreeable way of consuming leisure, of keeping tedium at bay and experiencing vicariously the joy and tragedy of life. So why bother if the newspaper develops into a daily magazine?

All that is new in this controversy is his style of statement (phrases such as "structuring time"). But it is also remarkable that a man who works for the *Guardian* should tamely accept what he imagines to be the consumer's view of his newspaper (for much lesser heresies A. P. Wadsworth would put young colleagues in his deep freeze). Mr. Driver's view of the newspaper's function is of course opposed to that shared by C. P. Scott and all subsequent editors of the *Guardian*, of Sir William Haley, of M. Beuve-Méry of *Le Monde* ("plûtot périr que pourrir"), and of Mr. Clifton Daniel of the *New York Times*. Indeed, Mr. Driver's hedonistic view goes much further than that of the men who are running popular newspapers in Fleet Street today.

Of course, many readers (perhaps the majority) do have the limited view of the newspaper that he describes; and, of course, newspapers do serve the needs he lists. If they failed to do so—if they ceased to be entertaining, if they were merely records of official events as they were in the 1890s—they would soon be out of business. But their essential primary purpose remains: it is to find out, as well as they can, the truth about what goes on in Britain and the world and to print the information they gather. I believe, too, that this is what the reader, however frivolous, also expects. There is some research to show that even readers who are least concerned with the serious items in popular newspapers, do not believe they should be cut out or even cut down.

This idea of the purpose of a newspaper is based on an old-fashioned belief in democracy: that to make sense of the acts of our rulers on whom we are required from time to time to pass judgment, we must have access to the facts. Unfortunately, a great deal of important information makes stiff reading. The journalist's job is to make this information as easy as possible for his particular audience to absorb, and if he can entertain them in so doing, all the better. But this is a bonus. Not all good journalists are gifted entertainers and there are some subjects (the Common Market, the Kennedy Round, Non-proliferation) which *cannot* be made vivid or amusing. Yet they must still be given, even though every editor knows they will bore the vast majority of readers.

One of the reasons popular newspapermen are always saying that entertainment should be the first aim of their newspapers is because it is so easy for them to become dull unless the limitations of the reader are kept constantly in mind. Serious, tedious news comes flooding in every hour of the day and some of it must be given even in the most frivolous papers—the provincial evenings, say. In the news conference of every popular newspaper I have worked on the question comes up each day: what *ought* we to give about this, or that White Paper, or some important but complex political event. The word to note is *"ought"* which implies the acceptance of moral obligation. The question is not asked at the conference of quality newspapers—or used not to be asked. It was taken for granted that important news must be given the treatment it required even if it meant encroaching on space allocated to features or to advertising.

NORTHCLIFFE INVENTED the newspaper feature because in the 1890s the flow of important and interesting news was not as copious and continuous as it is today. (In summer when courts and Parliament were up, there was a long "silly season.") In time features and the human-interest story became the preponderant part of

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popular newspapers. They have had one useful effect. They appeal to people who take little sustained interest in serious news and they have made it possible for the non-reader to become a regular reader. When Northcliffe set out, only one person in six read a daily newspaper; now only one person in six does not.

All readership tests applied by popular newspapers suggest that serious news and comment seldom get more than 40% through readership except in periods of crisis. Nevertheless, there has been something like a counter-revolution among popular newspapers in recent years. When the total circulation reached saturation point nearly 20 years ago—when no more readers were to be gained by making newspapers more sensational, more amusing and less seriously engaged—a new danger was foreseen: that of losing the more intelligent (and therefore, probably the more affluent) readers to the next more serious newspaper. Thus, the *Mirror*, the *Sun*, the *Mail* (even though it has halted its reforms) have become more serious and adult than they were even five years ago.

The Northcliffe revolution has not ended however. It is now working among the quality newspapers. In the past 30 years they have expanded their readership enormously. The *Telegraph*, starting ahead of its rivals, has more than doubled its circulation; the *Guardian* has increased its circulation six times. The *Times*, which did not bother to join the race until recently, may soon double its 1937 figure. The *Sunday Times* has five times its pre-war circulation and the *Observer* four times, in spite of the advent of the *Sunday Telegraph* in the Sunday quality market.

YET THESE AMAZING INCREASES are still inadequate. These quality newspapers depend for survival on getting four-fifths of their revenue from advertising and the only quality newspapers which are financially at ease today are the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*, the "market leaders" as the men on the business side of the papers like to call them. The others must secure a bigger share of the quality market if they are to survive and flourish. Only if they can make their papers "a must" for the most important advertisers can they make ends meet. They are fighting for their lives. Mr. Driver's concern about technological developments of the future, the electronic newspaper and the use of the computer for selecting information are of philosophic interest; but the problem of newspapers is how to survive during the next ten years.

By the way, television is not and never can be a serious competitor in the field of information. Gutenberg Man is here to stay because his world is too complex to grasp by means of oral and pictorial information alone.

The struggle today among the quality newspapers is as fierce as that among the popular newspapers in the 1930s and '40s. Consciously or unconsciously, they have grasped the awful truth that they are not going to win new readers simply by improving the quality or quantity of their serious news and comment. The quality papers in (or near) the red have to win from one another or from the popular papers a considerable number of "A"-class readers: businessmen, technologists, officials, those who have a say in the purchasing choices of their organisation, those people in search of highly paid staff or highly paid jobs. The successful quality newspaper must attract their wives too—for women have a say in the choice of daily newspapers.

The *Times* and *Guardian* used to believe that they could live in a category of their own, based on the social and intellectual superiority of their readers—the "top people" and the "lively minds"—and the intellectual superiority of their product. This was a dream world. Once in the 1950s when the *Guardian* circulation had risen with exceptional celerity, Neville Cardus asked the London editor: "Don't you get worried at the thought of all these strangers reading the paper?" There was some truth in Cardus' joke. Each new set of readers that is acquired differs from the original corps. It is for the potential reader, not for the existing ones, that the paper which wills an increase in circulation has to adapt itself, as the *Guardian* pointed out when it put news on the front page and when it dropped "MANCHESTER" from its masthead.

It is unlikely that many of the potential new readers of the *Times* and *Guardian* will be highly literate people with a professional or scholarly interest in public affairs. It is unlikely that their literary and political frame of reference will be as wide as that which the traditional reader was assumed to possess, or that his interests in life will be so narrow. This fact, grasped first by the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, has created a new style of quality journalism.

ALL THE SERIOUS PAPERS which have enjoyed such remarkable growth have, I believe, found their new readers among the expanding educated middle classes whose first interest is not the study of public affairs but who nevertheless are deeply interested in our fast changing society, in new pursuits made possible by the development of modest affluence, in the sexual revolution, and in the fashionable problems of identity and alienation. Mr. Driver is right in believing that the magazine side of the paper interests them

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most. I can cite no evidence for this view which a sociologist would regard as valid; I depend wholly on personal experience and hunches I share with professional colleagues.

The competition among quality newspapers is producing better constructed newspapers and better journalism of certain kinds, especially the journalism of entertainment. Fashion, cookery, beauty, design, domestic decoration, travel and the exploration of human problems—all these things are done with grace and immense dash. Diary columns are briskly written and often well informed. Amiable Edwardian features such as the *Guardian*'s "London Letter," with its Middle Temple-by-Gaslight atmosphere have, thank heaven, disappeared.

The old style of quality journalism was journalistically amateur. Any educated person who could write clearly and briefly could contribute to the quality press or even become within a month or two a useful member of the staff, provided that he knew his subject well. But while the journalism was amateur in its techniques, the politics and economics were formidably professional. The first audience the writer had in mind consisted of his fellow experts. Today, the quality press use the full range of professional techniques to present politics and economics for those who are neither expertly nor professionally engaged. They have ceased to be the house organs of the Establishment—to cater simply for the élite. They have "gone comprehensive."

Sometimes, quality newspapers having cribbed the techniques of the popular press, carry them out more successfully—the *Sunday Times*' penetration of the Rachman slum-housing scandal was a blow at the pride of the popular Sundays. One of the interesting side effects is that quality newspapers once disregarded by some popular newspapermen (I have known executives who regularly asked: "Is there anything in the 'heavies'?") are now avidly read by them and are influencing popular journalism.

The criticism heard of the *Times* since its reconstruction is from old readers who want more information and less of the explanation they themselves do not need. They are not going to get it. Communications in verbal shorthand between journalist-expert and reader-expert have gone from the quality press and will never return. The Establishment has lost its private press—or, rather, now has to share it with others.

WE ARE FOLLOWING in some ways, though not in all, the American pattern. Many in Fleet Street used to envy the American middle-brow organs, because the gap between our popular low-brow ones and those catering for the élite was too wide. There was a broad band of intelligent but uninstructed people in Britain for whom little provision was made. Their hour has now come; but there *is* danger of a loss in the quality of public debate if everything is geared down to the common, highly intelligent but casually involved reader.

Because they are engaged in a revolution the quality newspapers today require young men to carry it out. Only the young can break with encrusted tradition. Those running the serious papers today are the counter-part of the "boy wonders," the Cudlipp brothers, Arthur Christiansen, Frank Owen, and countless others down the line who transformed popular journalism in the 1930s. David Astor was in his early 30s when he began to recreate the *Observer* and Alastair Hetherington was not 40 when he started to reform the *Guardian*. The Editors of the *Times*, *Sunday Times*, *Economist*, *Spectator* and *New Statesman* today are all under the age of 40, and they share a common spirit. If most of them politically are "consensus men," they also share a sharply irreverent attitude towards governments and institutions because they feel deeply that British institutions are in need of reform. This irreverence makes the life of Government hard, and though it is profoundly different from the ignorant and cynical irreverence of new readers, it does happen to chime in with it and reinforce it.

The question is how far will the revolution go? How closely will the quality press get to the popular press in its desperate search for new readers? Will its commercial problems compel it to give excessive thought, space, money and men to the entertainment side, at the expense of its primary task of providing wide and expert coverage of important news?

There is a conflict: but I find it hard to believe that many journalists will be as supine before the trend as Mr. Driver himself appears to be. The readers have always to be led, and managements have sometimes to be resisted.

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

Some Ping Understood

THE ENIGMA of Samuel Beckett's *Ping* (ENCOUNTER, February 1967) derives a special interest from the context of debate, initiated in these pages by Frank Kermode (March–April 1966) and carried on by Ihab Hassan (January 1967) and Bernard Bergonzi (May 1967) concerning the contemporary *avant-garde*. Whether fortuitously or not, *Ping* seems a timely illustrative or testing "case" for such critical speculation.

The speculation is, I take it, concerned basically with such questions as: is contemporary *avant-garde* literature, in common with experimental art in other media, making a much more radical break with "tradition" than did the literature and art of what Kermode calls "paleo-modernism"? Is it, in effect, seeking the extinction of literary culture by denying from within the epistemological function of the literary medium itself (*i.e.*, language)? Is it, not literature at all, but "anti-literature"? Is it immune to conventional criticism; and if so, does this demonstrate criticism's impotence, or its own?

Of the three critics mentioned above, the one who answers these questions in a spirit most sympathetic to radical discontinuity with tradition is Ihab Hassan. The essential argument of his article "The Literature of Silence" is that today, "Literature, turning against itself, aspires to silence, leaving us with uneasy intimations of outrage and apocalypse. If there is an *avant-garde* in our time, it is probably bent on discovery through suicide." Beckett is one of Hassan's chief examples:

> Writing for Beckett is absurd play. In a certain sense, all his works may be thought of as a parody of Wittgenstein's notion that language is a set of games, akin to the arithmetic of primitive tribes. Beckett's parodies, which are full of self-spite, designate a general tendency in anti-literature. Hugh Kenner brilliantly describes this tendency when he states: "The dominant intellectual analogy of the present age is drawn not from biology, not from psychology... but from general number theory." Art in a closed field thus becomes an absurd game of permutations, like Molloy sucking stones at the beach; and "the retreat from the word" (the phrase is George Steiner's) reduces language to pure ratio.
>
> Beckett... comes close to reducing literature to a mathematical tautology. The syllogism of Beckett assumes that history has spent itself; we are merely playing an end game.... Language has become void; therefore words can only demonstrate their emptiness.... Thus literature becomes the inaudible game of a solipsist.

Professor Hassan must have been gratified by the appearance of *Ping* in the very next issue of ENCOUNTER, for one of its key-words is *silence*, and in other ways it appears to confirm his description of Beckett's art. "Permutation," for instance, seems an appropriate description of the way language is used in *Ping*: that is, an unusually limited number of words are repeated to an unusual extent in various combinations. (By "unusual" I mean unusual for a piece of literary prose of this length.) There are only a few words that occur only once in *Ping*: *brief, hair, nails, scars, torn, henceforth, unlustrous.* Other words are used at least twice, and most words are used more than twice. The word *white*, which seems to be the most frequently recurring word, is used more than ninety times. Many phrases or word groups are repeated, but rarely an entire sentence. Thus, if the first sentence is divided up into the following word groups:

> All known/all white/bare white body fixed/one yard/legs joined like sewn.[1]

each word group recurs later in the piece, but never with all the other in the same order in a single sentence—always with some modification or addition. Typical variations are:

> Bare white body fixed one yard ping fixed elsewhere. (23/24)
> Bare white body fixed one yard ping fixed elsewhere white on white invisible heart breath no sound. (61/63)
> Bare white one yard fixed ping fixed elsewhere no sound legs joined like sewn heels together right angle hands hanging palms front. (99/102)

It is this kind of repetition with variation that makes *Ping* so difficult to read, and the label "anti-literature" a plausible one. Repetition is often a key to meaning in literary discourse, but repetition on this scale tends to defeat the pursuit of meaning. That is, a familiar critical strategy in dealing with narrative prose is to look for some significant pattern of repetition hidden in the variegated texture of the discourse: the variegated texture, by which "solidity of specification" is achieved, is woven in a logical, temporal progression, while the pattern of repetition holds the work together in a kind of spatial order and suggests the nature of the overall theme. But in *Ping* this relationship is in-

[1] Line references are to the text printed in ENCOUNTER, February 1967, pp. 25–6.

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verted: the repetition is far from hidden—it overwhelms the reader in its profusion and disrupts the sense of specificity and of logical, temporal progression. It is extraordinarily difficult to read through the entire piece, short as it is, with sustained concentration. After about forty or fifty lines the words begin to slide and blur before the eyes, and to echo bewilderingly in the ear. This is caused not merely by the elaborate repetition, but also by the meagreness of explicit syntax, the drastic reduction of such aids to communication as punctuation, finite verbs, conjunctions, articles, prepositions and subordination.

ALL THIS, THEN, GOES to confirm Hassan's comments; and as a general account of what Beckett is up to they are no doubt fair enough. But I must confess to finding something unsatisfactory about this kind of critical response. I don't see, for instance, how it could help us to distinguish between one piece by Beckett and another, except as progressive—or regressive—steps towards silence. If the sole object of the game is to expose the limitations of language by a bewildering permutation of words, it wouldn't matter what particular words were used, or what their referential content was. But I think that the more closely acquainted we become with *Ping* the more certain we become that it does matter what words are used, and that they refer to something more specific than the futility of life or the futility of art. Beckett is telling us "about" something; and if the telling is extraordinarily difficult to follow this is not simply because all experience is difficult to communicate (though this is true) but because this experience is difficult to communicate in *this* particular way.

IT WOULD BE dishonest to make this assertion without going on to suggest what *Ping* is about. What follows doesn't pretend to be a definitive or exclusive reading, but its tentativeness differs only in degree from the tentativeness imposed on the critic by any complex literary work.

I suggest that *Ping* is the rendering of the consciousness of a person confined in a small, bare, white room, a person who is evidently under extreme duress, and probably at the last gasp of life. He has no freedom of movement: his body is "fixed," the legs are joined together, the heels turning at right angles, the hands hanging palms front; the "heart breath" make "no sound" (63). "Only the eyes only just . . ." —can we say, *move*? (6/7). There are parts of the room he cannot see, and he evidently can't move his head to see them, though he thinks there is "perhaps a way out" there (38 and 76).

The first words of the piece are "all known," and this phrase recurs (17, 31, 46, etc.). But the "all" that is "known" is severely limited and yields "no meaning" (12 and *passim*) though the narrator is reluctant to admit this: "perhaps a meaning" (48/49). *Ping* seems to record the struggles of an expiring consciousness to find some meaning in a situation which offers no purchase to the mind or to sensation. The consciousness makes repeated, feeble efforts to assert the possibility of colour, movement, sound, memory, another person's presence, only to fall back hopelessly into the recognition of colourlessness, paralysis, silence, oblivion, solitude. This rhythm of tentative assertion and collapse is marked by the frequently recurring collocation "only just almost never" (16/17 and *passim*).

By colourlessness I mean the predominance of white, which is no colour, or at least the "last colour" (112). The shining white planes of walls, floor and ceiling, the whiteness of his own body, make it difficult for the person to see more than "traces, blurs, signs" (11 and *passim*). The attempt to assert colour—black, rose, light blue, light grey—nearly always fades into an admission that it is really "almost white," "white on white," is "invisible," has "no meaning":

> Traces blurs light grey almost white on white. (7/8)
> Traces blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white. (11/12)
> Traces alone unover given black light grey almost white on white. (20/21)
> Traces alone unover given black grey blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white always the same. (77/79)

Aural experience is equally meagre. There is "silence within" (16). These words are followed by "Brief murmurs"; but the murmurs are immediately qualified by "only just almost never" (16/17). However, the next "murmur" is associated with the speculation "perhaps not alone" (28/29). A little later there is another *perhaps*-phrase, again associated with "murmur":

> Ping murmur perhaps a nature one second almost never that much memory almost never. (42/44)

This is a particularly interesting and tantalising sentence. What does "a nature" mean? A human nature? His own, or another's? It seems to be associated with memory, anyway, and memory with meaning, for a few lines later we get: "Ping murmur only just almost never one second perhaps a meaning that much memory almost never" (47/49).

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TOWARDS THE CLOSE of the piece I think there are more definite indications that the character's search for meaning and grasp on life are connected with some effort of memory, some effort to recall a human image, and thus break out of total impotence and solitude:

> Ping perhaps not alone one second with image same time a little less dim eye black and white half closed long lashes imploring that much memory almost never. (105/9)

"Long lashes imploring" is the most human touch, the most emotive phrase, in the entire piece. It deviates sharply from the linguistic norms which have been set up, and which project a generally de-humanised version of experience. It therefore has a strong impact, and this is reinforced by other features of the sentence. The "image" is "a little less dim." We have met the phrase "a little less" before (*e.g.*, 81 and 96), but not with "dim"—it is as if only now can the consciousness complete the phrase it has been struggling to formulate. The eye is "black and white"—it is not black fading into light grey, into almost white, into white on white.

This sentence, then, seems to mark the apex of the character's effort at memory. It is "Afar flash of time," but short-lived: almost immediately it is swamped by the despairing sequence:

> all white all over all of old ping flash white walls shining white no trace eyes holes light blue almost white last colour ping white over. (109/13)

The next two sentences also end with the word *over*, as does the whole piece. *Over*, which makes its first appearance in line 83, seems to echo the curious nonce-word *unover* (20, 27, 56, 65, etc.) which presumably means "not over," and is invariably preceded by the word *alone*, for example: "Traces alone unover given black light grey almost white on white." (20/21) Such sentences, which occur mainly in the first half of the text, seem to define the very limited sense in which experience is on-going, "not over"; but after the vision or image of the eye with "long lashes imploring" the emphasis shifts to the idea that experience is finished, over. The formula "that much memory almost never" is changed to "that much memory *henceforth* never" in line 124. The image of the eye recurs unexpectedly in the last two lines of the piece, with the addition of the word *unlustrous*—a word rather striking in itself, and notable for occurring only this once in *Ping*, thus giving a further specificity to the "eye black and white half-closed long lashes imploring." But this seems to be the last effort of the consciousness—the sentence continues and ends, "ping silence ping over." The image or vision is over, consciousness is over, the story is over.

I have implied that the black and white eye (singular) is not one of the character's own eyes, which are, I think, the ones referred to throughout the passage (in the plural) as being light blue or grey, tending to the overall condition of whiteness. This black eye with the lashes is, I suggest, someone else's eye, part of some emotional and human connection which the character is struggling to recall through memory. The effort to do so is only successful to a very limited extent, and exhausts him, perhaps kills him: "ping silence ping over."

I CAN'T OFFER any confident explanation of the word *ping* itself. On the referential level it might denote the noise emitted by some piece of apparatus, perhaps marking the passage of time (there are repeated references to "one second," though the *pings* do not occur at regular intervals). On the level of connotation, *ping* is a feeble, pathetic, unresonant, irritating, even maddening sound, making it an appropriate enough title for this piece, which it punctuates like the striking of a triangle at intervals in the course of a complicated fugue.

THE ABOVE commentary is based on some introductory remarks made by the present writer to a discussion of *Ping* by some members of the English Department at Birmingham University.[2] My remarks were followed by the independently prepared comments of a linguist, whose descriptive analysis of the structure of the piece was in general accord with my own (though it corrected some rash assertions I had made). I shall try to do justice to the main points of this linguistic commentary in a general account of the discussion as a whole.

In this discussion there was inevitably a good deal of conflict, but on the whole the measure of agreement was more striking. A minority of the participants were inclined to think that *Ping* was indeed a language game, a verbal construct cunningly devised to yield an infinite number of interpretations—and therefore, in effect, resistant to interpretation. It could be about a man having a bath or a shower or a man under rifle fire or a man being tortured; *ping* might

[2] The other participants were: Miss Vera Adamson, K. M. Green, T. P. Matheson, Mrs. Joan Rees, I. A. Shapiro, T. A. Shippey, G. T. Shepherd, J. M. Sinclair, H. A. Smith, S. W. Wells and M. Wilding. This article is published with their kind permission, but it does not pretend to give a full or faithful record of their contributions to the discussion. It is highly selective and based on imperfect memory, and for this reason I have not attributed opinions to individuals.

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be the sound of a bullet ricochetting, or the sound of water dripping or the sound of a bell, and the bell might be a bicycle bell or a sanctus bell or a typewriter bell (perhaps the writer's own typewriter bell). But the majority were disposed to find *Ping* more specifically meaningful, to see it as the rendering of a certain kind of experience, and as having a perceptible design. While it might not be possible to agree on a formulation of the experience more precise than the effort of a consciousness to assert its identity in the teeth of the void, the verbal medium was operating selectively to induce a much more finely discriminated range of effects than that formulation suggested. Considered as a whole, in isolation, the piece satisfied the traditional aesthetic criteria of *integritas, consonantia,* and *claritas*.[3] At the same time it had an obvious continuity with the rest of Beckett's work, and to consider it in relation to his whole *œuvre* would be the next logical step in interpretation.

The two main points of dispute, and the ones where I feel my own reading of *Ping* to have been most inadequate, concerned the possibility of some allusion to Christ, and the significance of the word *ping* itself.

As to the first, it was pointed out that there are a number of words and phrases reminiscent of the passion and death of Christ: "legs joined like sewn," "hands hanging palms front" are vaguely evocative of the Crucifixion; "seam like sewn invisible" suggests the cloak without a seam. More striking is this passage:

> Given rose only just nails fallen white over. Long hair fallen white invisible over. White scars invisible same white as flesh torn of old given rose only just. (82/86)

The words *nails, hair, scars, flesh, torn,* belong to that (in *Ping*) rare class that occur only once, and their clustering together here might well be designed to alert us to an interpretative clue. For a dizzy moment we entertained the possibility that the whole piece might be a bleakly anti-metaphysical rendering of the consciousness of the dying Christ—Christ in the tomb rather than Christ on the Cross (hence the cramped, cell-like room)—in short, Beckett's version of *The Man Who Died*. But this reading seemed not only to leave much unexplained, but to be impoverishing; for the piece doesn't read like a riddle to which there is a single answer. However, the possibility of some allusion to Christ cannot, I think, be discounted.

Discussion about the significance of the word *ping* polarised around those who, like myself, regarded it as a noise external to the discourse, which it punctuated at arbitrary intervals, a noise so meaningless as not to enter into the murmur/silence dichotomy, the most meaningless item, in fact, in the character's field of perception; and on the other hand those who regarded it as part of the discourse, as having some conceptual content or as being an ironic, or movingly pathetic, substitute or code-word for some concept that cannot be fully and openly entertained, such as God (*cf.* "Godot"). Thus the sentence "Ping elsewhere always there only known not" (54/55) becomes almost lucid if you replace *Ping* with *God*; and it is interesting to note that this is one of the rare sentences that recur in exactly the same form (104/5).

Strengthening this case that *ping* is part of the discourse, or stream of consciousness, rather than an arbitrary intrusion from outside, is the fact that it is associated with a selective number of other words and phrases. Thus, going through the piece and noting the words which immediately follow the word *ping*, we get the following pattern:

ping fixed elsewhere
ping fixed elsewhere
ping fixed elsewhere
Ping murmur
ping murmur
ping silence
Ping murmur
Ping murmur
ping elsewhere
Ping elsewhere
ping murmur
ping fixed elsewhere
Ping murmurs
Ping perhaps a nature
ping perhaps way out
ping silence
Ping perhaps not alone
ping silence
Ping image
Ping a nature
ping a meaning
ping silence
ping fixed elsewhere
Ping elsewhere
Ping perhaps not alone
ping flash
ping white over
Ping fixed last elsewhere
ping of old
Ping of old
ping last murmur
ping silence
ping over.

This doesn't look like random occurrence. *Ping* tends to be followed by words or phrases which suggest the possibility of some other presence

[3] Using these terms in the senses defined by Graham Hough in his *An Essay on Criticism* (1966), pp. 17–19.

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or place: *fixed elsewhere, murmur, image, perhaps a nature, perhaps a way out, perhaps not alone, etc.* It is natural, I think, to look first at the words and phrases which follow *ping*, for if it has a quasi-grammatical status it would appear to be that of a subject—it is, for instance, often the first word of a sentence. If we look at the words and phrases which immediately precede *ping* we get, in fact, a sequence which is no less patterned, but it is interesting that these words and phrases are mostly of a quite different order; they tend to stress the bleak limitations of the character's situation and field of perception: *bare white body fixed, invisible, never seen, almost never,* are among the most frequently recurring. We might suggest that *ping* marks the intervals between the oscillating movements of the character's consciousness from dull despair to tentative hope; though this leaves open the question of whether it is part of the discourse, or an intrusion from outside which stimulates thought in a mechanical and arbitrary way.

I should note, finally, the ingenious suggestion that *ping* alludes to the parlour game "Ping Pong" which assumes that all words and concepts can be placed in one of two great categories, "Ping" and "Pong." Thus, for example, *white* is Ping and *black* is Pong; and Beckett's piece is the account of a man inhabiting a Ping world, struggling feebly to reach out to or recover a Pong world.

THE ABOVE DISCUSSION, needless to say, leaves much unexplained or in doubt (a phrase which particularly puzzles me is "blue and white in the wind" [74, 87, 96, 123]). But it does suggest, I think, that *Ping* is not, as it appears at first sight, totally impenetrable and meaningless. The important point was made in the course of our discussion that the piece *has* got a syntax: it is rudimentary, but it does control the possible range of meaning. It would be perverse, for instance, to read the first sentence grouping the words in this way:

> All/known all white bare/white body fixed one/yard legs/joined like/sewn.

The piece draws on the principles of a shared language, especially the principle of word order. ("Ping" itself is the most ambiguous word in the text precisely because it is the one least defined by any referential or structural function in ordinary usage.) Though these principles are drastically modified, they are never abandoned. A good deal of logical organisation persists, as can be demonstrated by reading the text backwards and measuring the loss of sense.

If Beckett were really writing anti-literature, it wouldn't matter whether we read the text backwards or forwards, from left to right or from right to left. Of course, terms like "anti-literature" and "literature of silence" are rhetorical paradoxes aimed to suggest a radical degree of innovation: they are not to be taken literally. But they can have the effect of deterring us from engaging closely with a text like *Ping*. To confirm Professor Hassan's comments on Beckett, it is not necessary to give *Ping* more than a quick, superficial glance. If the object of the exercise is merely to baffle our intelligences and cheat our conventional expectations, why should we bother to do more? But if we do bother to do more, the rewards are surprisingly great. *Ping* proves, after all, not to be totally resistant to methods of critical reading derived from conventional literature. Its language is not void; its words do not merely demonstrate their emptiness. It is, like any literary artefact, a marriage of form and meaning.

David Lodge

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LETTERS

Toynbee, Talmon, & "Trahison"?

THE Toynbee-Talmon exchange of letters [ENCOUNTER, October] is a new and sad example of the *trahison des clercs*. Julien Benda, still somewhat innocent of his *confrères'* range of motives, meant by the expression that the contemporary intellectual had abandoned the honest scholar's detachment and objectivity for political partisanship. The term *trahison* indicates Benda's belief in a moral attachment to intellectual integrity from Socrates to Kant. But he examined only one deviation from this norm.

Yet there is also another, more subtle, deviation, not mentioned by Benda. This treason is not committed, at least apparently, for partisan interests; the *clerc*, on the contrary, expressly claims that he transcends such interests, and glorifies himself on plunging directly into the ethical realm. Accordingly, the Toynbee-Talmon exchange, a good example of the case in question, strikes one by its noble tone and the elevation from which human affairs are treated therein. The way the two men speak of the problem of refugees, the overall good of the Middle East, the moral commitment of Egyptians and Israelis—is likely to kindle respect for these prophets in the reader's heart. Instead of being *infra*-scholars whom Benda denounces, Professors Toynbee and Talmon adopt the stance of *supra*-scholars; not *clercs* betraying their professions, but scholars transcending theirs.

Yet, the plain fact is they do commit the *trahison*. Both are distinguished historians. The reader rightly expects of them to analyse a given situation (in this case the Arab-Israeli conflict), formulate judgments about what *is* rather than what *ought to be*, and use their professional skills in making prudent forecasts about what is likely to happen, at least in the near future. For example, it is *probable* that Israel will seek territorial expansion, will not saddle its still handful of population with masses of 1948 or 1967 refugees, and will emerge as a minor "imperialistic" power in the area which is a power vacuum. It is *probable* that the Russians, now in the Mediterranean, will urge on and supply the Arabs, and that if by chance Nasser softens his attitude *vis-à-vis* Israel, he will be overthrown by a more fierce nationalist.

Instead of addressing themselves to these issues, Professors Talmon and Toynbee choose the comfortable position of ethical generalisations which are both irrelevant (the subsequent events, since their exchange of letters, have shown it) and contrary to general historical experience. True, they do not promote partisan interests, yet confiscate the real hardcore situation and return it to the public in a perfumed ethical wrapping. This too is a case of prestige misused, and would, most probably, be classed as *trahison* by Benda.

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IN COMMENTING on Professor Molnar's letter, I can, I believe, speak for Professor Talmon as well as for myself, because I know that, in exchanging our letters, we had a common purpose. We wanted to do what we could to reduce the amount of human suffering in the Middle East and to make it less likely that there would be further, and perhaps still worse, suffering in the future. Neither of us is in a position of political power. All that we could do was to make suggestions for a political settlement, in the hope that these might perhaps have some slight influence on the Arab and Israeli governments and peoples. Our suggestions were not identical, but, in substance, we were proposing the same bargain: an acceptance, on the Arabs' part, of Israel's existence, and, in exchange for this, a renunciation, on the Israelis' part, of a military victor's temptation to exploit his victory for territorial expansion rather than for reconciliation with his opponent. The suggested bargain was, and is, a practical one, because the sacrifices required of each party, and the benefits that each stands to gain by making these sacrifices, are more or less equal, and equality of gains and losses is the necessary basis for any bargain.

Professor Molnar notes that we are not committing "the intellectuals' treason" of misusing a scholar's reputation for truthfulness and detachment as a cloak for political partisanship. So far from that, we have each risked giving offence by calling for sacrifices. (This has required greater courage from Professor Talmon than from me. I have risked offending my Arab friends; Professor Talmon has risked offending his own countrymen.) Professor Molnar, however, criticises us for formulating judgments about "what ought to be," instead of confining ourselves to stating existing facts and guessing at future probabilities. Professor Molnar calls this, too, "intellectuals' treason"—though treason of a different kind from the kind that Benda condemns. Here I take issue with Professor Molnar, and I believe that, here again, I can speak for Professor Talmon as well as for myself.

Intellectuals may be tempted to engage in camouflaged propaganda, but they are, I think, less prone to be deceitful than they are to be cowardly. The intellectual's greatest temptation and worst treason is to try to contract out of his social responsibility as a human being and a citizen on the pretext that, as a scholar, he is debarred from making moral and political judgments and from taking action. As I see it, this is morally wrong; for a scholar, like the practitioner of any other profession, is primarily a human being and a citizen, and only secondarily a professional man. Professor Molnar wants us to commit this worst form of intellectual treason. He wants us simply to predict what the parties to the Middle East conflict are going to do; he wants us to refrain from trying to do anything about it ourselves. In my judgment, we should be cowardly, heartless, and useless if we followed Professor Molnar's instructions.

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Arguing about Viet Nam

By Robert Conquest

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER'S interesting examination [ENCOUNTER, December] of the views of certain British writers on the Viet Nam question does not, perhaps, sufficiently distinguish between the issues as they appear in America and over here.

In America the problem presents itself—that is, at any political level worth bothering about—as a serious choice of opinion between Professor Schlesinger's position, the rather more militant view of the Administration, and a more forward policy still, as advocated by "hawks." For, within the limits of the defence of the principles and interests of the democratic world, there is a wide range of legitimate views—though, on the other hand, it is not much use a back-seat driver being right about where to turn off if his yell in the driver's ear causes him to crash instead. The danger which Professor Schlesinger admirably avoids, but which seems to have tripped others of his persuasion, is of allowing confusion with trendy extremists. For the categories are being blurred. Those legitimate birds, the Dove and the Hawk, need to be supplemented by the Cuckoo which represents in a given nest the interests of an alien species. (At the opposite extreme, those who would not make any compromise at all for peaceful settlement might perhaps be called Vultures.)

In England the distinctions have become even more confused than in America. It has been possible for moderates to sign carefully-worded appeals to which open Communists have also put their names—as if men critical of Churchill's conduct of the last war had allowed themselves to make their views public in association with the then Fascist and Communist supporters of peace with Hitler. (Perhaps the oddest was a vast appeal to Britain to fit herself for co-chairmanship of the Geneva Conference by adopting an impeccable neutrality; since the other co-chairman is the Soviet Union, a truly balanced effect could clearly only be produced by Britain giving as much support to the South as Moscow does to the North.) So, with us at least, the main issue is not the strategy of the war, but the more basic pro-and-con of supporting or opposing the Americans and their allies.

It is easy to be pacific in someone else's crises. In the post-war troubles in Europe, it was Asian progressives who tut-tutted about our intransigence on Berlin and so on, and spoke of the undesirability of the American military presence. Now we have the reverse. And as between British and American attitudes we can surely, to a certain degree, make a comparison between a pro-British American in the neutral United States of 1940, and a pro-American Briton now.

Britain made many errors, some of them bloody. But a pro-British American at the time would not, I think, have felt it right to concentrate on such things. His main political duty would surely have been to counter the anti-British outpourings of the Communist, Fascist, and pacifist elements of his own population.

Full support for the United States and her allies in principle does not imply any special conviction that a more defensive—or a more offensive—strategy might not be advisable—if not now, then in the future. Opinions on that depend to some extent on matters about which few of us have adequate information, and indeed on points which are at present practically unknowable, such as the true balance of opinion in the Hanoi *Politburo* and the real prospects of any schism in the Vietcong leadership.

Nor is a declaration of solidarity with the Americans an assertion that every military or political action taken is correct even on the knowledge we have. On the contrary, a democracy involved in these troubles is perhaps particularly inclined to error. I have no doubt at all that, as Mr. Alastair Buchan suggests ["Questions About Viet Nam," ENCOUNTER, January] the Americans have made gigantic mistakes—some of them strictly American-style, involving vast energy and effort of which only a small percentage goes in the right direction.

Still, it seems to me that we are to some extent in a position in which the West is committed to containing Communist expansionism in Asia, and committed too (whether one regards this as having been inevitable or not) to the Vietnamese battlefield. During the last war, it might have been argued that El Alamein was the wrong position from which to fight the decisive battle for Africa. But, once chosen, it was our duty to give maximum support to the army in the field and its generals. This does not, of course, preclude advice of a type still likely to prove useful, from professional strategists like Mr. Buchan.

Such issues are arguable. But they are matters of strategy and prudence rather than of principle. And there is such a barbed tangle of perverse principle to be cleared up here that the *Schwerpunkt* of argument must lie in that direction.

It is not difficult to show of any war that it involves horrible violence, widespread incompetence, and (behind the lines) lust and corruption. The man who "opposes" a war is therefore, at first

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sight, in a very easy ethical position. But this crumbles away pretty rapidly when it is clear not only that surrender involves worse moral and physical violence in the area concerned (the late Mr. Bernard Fall, no friend of the U.S. Government, mentions that the dead peasantry in a single peacetime economic manoeuvre in North Viet Nam ran to between 50,000 and 100,000), but also that it is liable to be productive of more destructive wars. This point is debatable, of course, but not by vague reassurances contrary to all political experience. Professor Schlesinger is, I think, laudably uncertain on the issue, and it is to his credit that he is attacked by American writers who maintain that the U.S. should withdraw *regardless of the consequences*—this being, God help us, a view presented as both ethical and intellectual!

IN ANY CASE a very false picture of the detailed unpleasantness of the present war is widely presented in Britain. From the Allied side, a great deal of the reporting is of the errors and sins of the Americans. The information coming to us from the other side is entirely limited to much the same subject. Hence, a certain asymmetry prevails. I believe it is the duty, at least of those with any political sense or experience, to counter the poisonous effects of this partly unconscious falsification.

A vast amount is written of the imperfections of the South Vietnamese régime. Of course, if it were perfect it would not offer a very good field for Communist intervention. So the position in effect taken by many controversialists is that any régime requiring defence (from what is in any case a far worse fate) does not deserve it. Yet if we again think of the last war, the same considerations applied—and the same line was indeed put by the extreme Left—that our original allies were the "corrupt" Third Republic in France, and the "authoritarian" régime in Poland. When these had been crushed, Britain's main allies on the ground were for some time the military dictatorship in Greece, and the feudal autocracy in Ethiopia, backed by the colonial régimes of the French and Belgian territories in Africa and elsewhere. Yet it was possible in those days to see through to the essentials.

Such things form a framework of unfounded assumptions on which a pro-Vietcong view can be strung. But above all, and far more disgraceful, we get a constant output of, and wallowing in, atrocity tales of the most primitive sort.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER cites Dr. Joseph Needham's contribution to *Authors Take Sides on Viet Nam*. Dr. Needham mentions a series of unpleasant weapons used by the Americans for the purpose of "torturing" their opponents, in Korea in the 1950s as well as in Viet Nam now. He omits to mention germ warfare in Korea. At the time, he bore witness to it at considerable length. His silence presumably means that even he now realises that this was simply an example of false propaganda by, in this case, the Chinese. He nevertheless expects his assertions on current atrocity stories to be taken seriously.

The Communists, however, do seem to have learnt a lesson. They no longer invent these stories out of the whole cloth, but confine themselves to exaggerating the use and effect of weapons which are really employed. Still, one might expect that, by now, instant credulity should not so often attach itself to such stuff.

Even the credulity is usually not consistent. The Vietcong lobby do not, as a rule, believe (or at any rate expect other people to believe) such Vietcong allegations as that made by its official representative at a Stockholm Communist women's conference last year, of children "gunned down in their thousands, beheaded, buried alive, quartered and thrown into the flames" by the Americans (*The Times*, 4 October 1966). But they do not draw the obvious conclusion that no information emanating directly or indirectly from such a source deserves credit. One book allegedly assembling "evidence" gave much space to that of a Western Communist journalist long since exposed as having taken part in the compiling of false confessions from the captive "Germ Warfare" airmen....

Mr. Julian Symons has mildly rebuked me for pointing out that anti-American agitation relies largely on atrocity propaganda, on the grounds that atrocities do in fact happen. "War in its fairest form," as Gibbon points out, "implies a perpetual violation of humanity and justice." And it is clear that the Viet Nam variant is far from being the fairest. Although it is not marked on the anti-guerrilla side by those tactics of exemplary mass-massacre used by the Germans against the Yugoslav, the Russians against the Ukrainian and the Chinese against the Khamba partisans, any change in tactics which would tend to prevent civilian casualties (as some of Mr. Buchan's suggestions might) would indeed be desirable.

Current atrocity propaganda is another matter. George Orwell was devoted to the Spanish Republican cause, and was aware of the real horrors of that war. But he found it possible to say:

> "The thing that, to me, was truly frightening about the war in Spain was not such violence as I witnessed... but the immediate re-appearance in left-wing circles of the mental atmosphere of the Great War. The very people who for twenty years had sniggered over their own superiority to war hysteria were the ones who rushed straight back into the mental slum of 1915.... The retailing of atrocity stories came back into vogue as though the intervening years had never happened."

That such should be the basis on which "intellectuals" form their opinions—or worse still, try to form other people's opinions—is even more fantastic when we consider (as Orwell puts it of his time) that "Whether such deeds were reprehensible, or even whether they happened, was always decided according to political predilection."

We can, I take it, be absolutely certain that a high proportion of what is believed about Viet Nam is pure fabrication, a further considerable part the inflation and misrepresentation of genuine incidents, and only an unknown residue isolated excesses contrary to the rules of war.

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I do not think that counter-arguments on Viet-cong atrocities are desirable—except to the extent that they importantly reflect the long-term political attitudes of that body. Moreover, even when a case is proved irrefutably to count against the "Left," it fails to carry weight in such circles. It is of course difficult to find an occasion where *all* the killing and maiming was indubitably done by the Communist side. However, there is one such—that of the shooting down of refugees, men, women and children, as they crossed the Berlin Wall in 1961. The attitude of our Leftists then developed differently. The *New Statesman* (on 27 September 1961) remarked editorially:

> "In Berlin 'human interest' stories have been allowed to obscure the complex issues which are of vital interest to all humanity."

Or, to put it another way, atrocities are not in themselves significant: it depends who commits them.

Professor Schlesinger confines his main argument to the entirely legitimate question of tactical prudence—of Machiavelli's view that even in a just war overtures of peace should be accepted when the point contended for "is found impossible ever to be obtained; or when contending any longer, though with the probability of gaining that point at last, would put such a Prince and his people in a worse condition than before."

I happen to believe that he is wrong—perhaps dangerously so; that the demonstrative defeat of the guerrilla-style threat on its present testing ground is required in the interests of all those countries between the Arabian Sea and the Timor Strait, in each of which the same tactic has been tried before, and in each of which it would surely be tried again with new confidence and power after a Viet Nam defeat. Nor does it seem possible to accept the quasi-isolationist argument that this area is expendable. And, moreover, the "overtures of peace" have not—so far—been visible.

Whatever view may be taken of that, I am sure that in Britain the main thing is the rebuffing of an aberrant anti-American minority. Even allowing for the peculiar selection, and editing, of the book Professor Schlesinger was reviewing, it contains a good deal of evidence that the extreme anti-American case has lost its grip even among many on the Left: but the infection is far from having run its course.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXIX

The Index to Volume XXIX (July-December 1967) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

Readers who recently applied to be put on our new standing order list need not apply again, as they will receive the new index automatically.

Authors & Ambiguity

I SEE that Mr. Arthur Schlesinger, in your December number, reviewing a book *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam*, says "William Empson wants to punish American airmen who drop napalm." I said nothing of the kind. I said, "A U.S. airman who has wrecked a village with napalm there is just as much a war criminal as the accused at Nuremberg." The hypocrisy of approving both the bombing and the legal executions was plainly the target of this brief remark. I think that legal trial of the defeated enemy by the victors set a very bad precedent, and the part of it conducted in Tokyo undoubtedly had a disastrously opposite effect to that intended—the whole nation admired the behaviour of the heroes who were being made martyrs, otherwise they probably would have admitted that some of their behaviour was bad.

Ever since ENCOUNTER was founded, I have noticed that its political contributors have great difficulty in opening their mouths without a lie hopping out.

WILLIAM EMPSON

London

I SHOULD of course have known that any statement by the author of *Seven Types of Ambiguity* was not to be taken on its face; and I regret my misunderstanding of Mr. Empson's remark.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

City University of New York

Witches, Assassins, & Wickedness

HOW SAD. Where has all the interesting wickedness gone? I have digested the thought that Richard III maybe didn't murder the Princes in the Tower, but it does hurt a bit to be told, and within so short a space of time [H. R. Trevor-Roper, "Witchcraft," ENCOUNTER, May-June; Bernard Lewis, "The Assassins," November], that both Witches and Assassins are almost as dull as any other historical political-religious group. So Witches don't worship ancient fertility gods and Assassins hardly ever assassinate.

The only sinister plot left seems to be the anti-American one, of people who don't like the Viet Nam war. Could it be that this is also a matter of dissident minority groups rather than B-picture wickedness?

OONAGH LAHR

London

Kavanagh

IN MY REVIEW in the December ENCOUNTER, I was assuming that the Patrick Kavanagh who wrote *On the Way to the Depot* was the same Patrick Kavanagh who wrote *The Great Hunger*. This was a mistake and I should like to offer my sincere apologies to both poets. The facts are the following. The late Patrick Kavanagh was born in 1905. After *Ploughman* (1936), *The Great Hunger* (1942),

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A Soul for Sale (1947) and *Come Dance with Kitty Stobling* (1960), a volume of collected poems was published in 1964. P. J. Kavanagh was born in 1931, the son of Ted Kavanagh (Tommy Handley's scriptwriter for ITMA). Heinemann published his first volume of verse *One and One in* 1959 and *On the Way to the Depot* is his second volume. He reviews poetry for *The Guardian* and in 1966 brought out an autobiography, *The Perfect Stranger.*

RONALD HAYMAN

London

Sugar in the Petrol

IT TAKES two months for ENCOUNTER to reach the Antipodes, so I have only now read the note in your July edition about the rejection by the board of governors of the National Theatre of Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Soldiers.*

I am interested in sabotage, chemistry and physics, not the drama. I write accordingly to say I find it hard to believe that my old adversary General Lahousen, of the sabotage branch of the *Abwehr*, could ever have approved of sugar being placed in aircraft petrol tanks. The General knew, as every schoolboy with an elementary knowledge of internal combustion engines knows, that sugar mixed in petrol has no effect whatever on the performance of a petrol-driven engine.

This "sugar in the petrol" nonsense has gone on for years. It is really time it stopped.

FRANCIS JAMES

Wahroonga,
New South Wales

Sex and Revolution

Eros on the German Left — By HORST KRUEGER

How times do change, *Gott sei Dank* [Interview with Günter Grass, ENCOUNTER, January]! Hardly is the Cold War over, scarcely is Dr. Adenauer departed from us and things began to happen in our land. The new style is called Revolution, and one can talk again about the class struggle, about oppression and exploitation, about socialism and the hopes of the masses. Our German journals and magazines are bulging with serious inquiries as to when and how (and sometimes even whether) the Western world—the "System"—can be done in. That hairy old carnivore, Revolution, has produced a new lot of nice little children. Those who used to make the historic scene, the worker and the peasants and the burghers, now sit at home and watch television or perhaps polish the car in the garage. It is the day of youth on the agenda of great public events.

From such zig-zag progress does one measure how old one has become, and how quickly irrelevant. In the old days when, say, I was a boy of Rudi Dutschke's years, it all went so much more slowly. I remember that autumn of 1945 when, just after the war, I found myself studying Marxism-Leninism: how dismal and difficult it was. I read 400 pages in *Das Kapital*, turned back to Hegel, sought guidance from Feuerbach, and none of it was fun. I read Stalin's monograph on the theory of language, hard and dry as a bone, almost like Konrad Adenauer's *Memoirs*. It was all so intellectually abstract. Today I realise what we were missing, what we forgot: we hadn't thought about sex. It is a far far happier time that we have now entered: the era of Sex and Socialism. Eros is on the Left and beautiful is our youthful rebellion. Make love and carry the banner of the Vietcong high. The wars of liberation are coming and glimpses of Happy Days (at least in Beckett's version) can already be seen.

We have truly moved into a new era and I watch it with some astonishment and bewilderment and not a little envy. Everything has become so lively and gay and colourfully mixed together. The new generation is here, dancing with Karl Marx on the streets and drinking with Fidel Castro in the back alleys: a drop of Mao, a touch of abandon, a little Viet Nam, a bit of a Happening. One feels so out of touch and so envious. How much better all this is than our dim arguments about Hitler and the Moscow Trials. The world has changed, and now Eros is giving new wings to socialism, or is that too old-fashioned a way of putting it? The festival of liberation has begun. And one of the latest score-cards without which you can't tell the players is called *konkret*, published fortnightly in Hamburg, and now just about the hottest thing going on the German newsstands. Here was a dull ailing little magazine that once was quite as *passé* as the old Left, but now its circulation is up into the hundreds of thousands. How was it done? How can you get through to the people with a bone-dry message of radicalism? It is worth pondering, not merely as a publisher's success story but as a lesson for such Internationals as are still in business.

This is the way *konkret* does it. On the cover, a picture of a familiar half-naked model, not too arty for it must compete with the realism of Axel Springer's products, *Hobby* and *Pardon*. Then cut into the multi-coloured block something like "SEBASTIAN HAFFNER ON HERBERT MARCUSE" and "RUDI DUTSCHKE ANSWERS RUDOLF AUGSTEIN." If this is beginning to sound too earnest, then you insert next to one of the naked limbs "SEX WITHOUT MARRIAGE?" and next to another "NEW! LOVE-TESTS!" (The awful question that is being put is, "*Are You a Sex-Grouch?*") Just so that all this doesn't become too entertaining, cut into those leggy leather boots in mournful script: "OPERATION NEGRO MURDER."

I CAN ONLY HOPE my friends on *konkret* won't take this badly and declare me to be a Socialism-*Grouch*, for cross my heart I am no reactionary.

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I devour it all eagerly, but am only trying to puzzle out the style of the collage. Who would have ever thought one could find so much alienation under capitalism? Still the record seems to show it: the evil of the Springer Press, the betrayal by Augstein's *Spiegel*, the intrigues in *Gruppe 47*, and "How Easy to Get are German Girls?" I shudder to try the questions of the Sex Test. "What animal do you find most sympathetic: rabbit, snake, cat, cock, or bull?" No comment. "What do you think of when you see a gun?" Ah, but I have read my *konkret*—"I think of Texas, and L.B.J., and pulling the trigger!" But that's probably not the right answer. "Freud" is what they had in mind, or maybe Ché Guevara and his slogan, "Create two, three, four more Viet Nams!" So does the pendulum swing between sex and socialism—over to Erich Fried's *Ode* against Israel and around to Munich's "Leopoldstrasse, where Women still Accost Men." So do the scales balance with a quarter-of-a-pound love and a quarter-of-a-pound class struggle, and what else can we do for you? Hardly anything, you're doing fine.

Are you as interested in the New Love as I am? —how two strangers in the night met in brief encounter, got on so well together and are now even prospering? What a merry marriage it has become! But shouldn't one sometimes wonder whether it is truly *progressive*? Who would call it *humanistic*? But what else can you expect from an Enlightenment under the miserable conditions of *Spätkapitalismus*? If the line has been changed again it's because of historic necessity: ultra-left, super-sexy.

I know that all this is only new for us Germans, and we are only trying our best to catch up with what began in San Francisco, Greenwich Village, Chelsea, and in the land of the Dutch *Provos*. What can we expect next? I note in the papers that in Scandinavia those fine Swedish film directors are weary of sun-lit nudism, and will now try to cut into the strips of tortured eroticism the latest documentary material from Viet Nam or Harlem. Surely this is not merely more timely and hard-hitting, but ethically more elevating. Think of the new montage of Ingmar Bergman's *Silence* which now would include a few burning Buddhists and Victor Charley corpses. Frivolous? heartless? But that's the way it is with the New Love: tough, shamelessly original, and one will simply have to get used to it.

But you won't get me going so far as to offer flowers for the happy couple—only a raised eyebrow and a quick wink. That they should after so long have found their way to each other: how nice! Our German Left has indeed become very very concrete, and now we can get an idea of what it's all about. Aren't the ways of love uncanny? The girl's name is Sex, and the boy is simply called Revolution. And just you wait till *they* have children!

Buchan's After-Thoughts

BEFORE OTHERS draw attention to the shortcomings of my *Questions about Viet Nam* [January], I wonder if I could briefly do so myself. There are three questions which I intended to raise and which somehow got left out of the final draft.

1. Even though it may be unlikely that Johnson will run the risks of the kind of local escalation which might hasten the collapse of North Viet Nam or the *NLF*, still less strategic escalation against China, what about the possibility that the war may spread to Cambodia, Laos, and even Thailand (*i.e.*, lateral escalation, if the metaphor did not sound so twisted)? Clearly, there has been a risk of this all through the last two years, and it is now heightened by the increasing use of Cambodian territory by the *NLF*, by rumours of its increased activity in Laos, and by the size of the American presence in Thailand.

But I can imagine the most profound reluctance in Washington to see this happen. Sihanouk is a considerable asset as a genuine non-aligned leader in South-east Asia, and in any case the Americans have long been reconciled to considerable use of Cambodian territory by the *NLF*. More active conflict in Laos, though it would be a considerable strain on North Vietnamese man-power, would also strain not only American man-power but also fray the remaining strains of negotiated agreement with the Soviet Union. Johnson is only a hundred thousand men or so from having to take the enormously unpopular domestic step of ordering mobilisation, which would immediately reverse the reviving popular support for the war. This suggests strong grounds for caution in Washington.

2. I did not give the proposal for an enclave policy the attention it deserves as a step in unilateral de-escalation. The difficulty with General Gavin's original proposal, *i.e.*, of American garrisons, was that it was militarily unfeasible, since with the increasing range of infantry weapons (even those available to the Vietcong) the outer perimeter has to be twenty or thirty miles beyond the core which it is intended to make secure. I can imagine an enclave strategy that amounted to American control of about half of the population of South Viet Nam forming one phase of the steps towards a negotiated solution. But this involves more than impregnability to external penetration. It means successful pacification within the enclave areas themselves, and this in turn probably involves diverting the highest quality American troops in Viet Nam (for instance, the Marines) from fighting to the control of communications and police duties within the secure areas. In other words, enclaves are not so much an alternative to an active victory campaign; they would probably require its abandonment.

3. Apart from the danger of American disillusionment with responsibilities in Asia, there is another. It is that whichever President makes peace in Viet Nam, or whichever candidate advocates it, may have to prove to the electorate that he is not a "softie"—by taking an increasingly hard line with the Soviet Union in such matters as ABM deployment, or the developing of new technologies to maintain an overwhelming strategic superiority over her. This, in turn, could imperil our rather fragile *détente* in Europe.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

Institute of Strategic Studies, London

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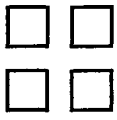

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LONDON AND NEW HAVEN

Left & Right

I AM NOT SURPRISED to note in Hellmut Jaesrich's letter from Berlin [ENCOUNTER, January] that after the outbreaks of student rebellion and general political turbulence some observers should have been struck by the onset of something they call "Left Fascism." It has long been a tradition on the European continent that *les extrèmes se touchent*. Especially in Germany *der Linksradikal* always had something in common with *der Rechtsradikal*.

The really curious development is that this should be happening in the United States where men on the Left and the Right seemed always by both principle and temperament to be poles apart. As the editor of the University of Wisconsin's *Daily Cardinal* recently said, "The extremists have broken down, intellectually and psychologically. Instead of people asking themselves: What is the problem? What can be done about it? They're asking: What is the most radical thing to do?..." I think your readers would be interested to know that a similar point was made (according to an account of "The Angry Campus" in the *N.Y. Times*) by Prof. John Silber, a liberal philosopher at the University of Texas, who is quoted as saying, furiously, of the new extremists on the left: "They are the new *Fascisti*.... They are indistinguishable from the far Right. One group wants bloody revolution, the other wants to blast the world. They share a contempt for rational political discussion and constitutional legal solutions. Both want to be pure. They know nothing about the virtue of compromise. They know nothing about the horror of sainthood and the wickedness of saints...."

It is not, thus, a phenomenon—for whatever consolation this brings to Dr. Jaesrich—confined alone to the poor benighted Germans. Here, too, in America—where Goethe thought we would always "have it better"—the extremes are beginning to touch. Ideology, like time, marches on.

K. S. EVERETT

Madison, Wisconsin

Publishing & Translating

HERBERT READ is mistaken in saying [ENCOUNTER, August] that T. M. Ragg's edition of *Days of Hope* was the first of Malraux' novels to be translated into English. *Les Conquérants*, *La Voie Royale*, *La Condition Humaine*, and *Le Temps du Mépris* had all previously been published in translation in the United States. And in this country Methuen had issued a translation, *Storm in Shanghai*, of *La Condition Humaine* in 1934. However, I think it worth pointing out that while the other authors Ragg introduced, Simenon and Beckett, are now fully available in translation, in this country (though not in the United States) Malraux' novels are as unavailable in translation as they were at the end of the 'thirties—the Penguin *Man's Estate* stands alone. If T. M. Ragg was courageous and did court financial failure then, surely the time has come when it is possible to repeat his venture here with further translations of Malraux' novels without much courage or fear of loss.

DENNIS MCWILLIAMS

University of Kent

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